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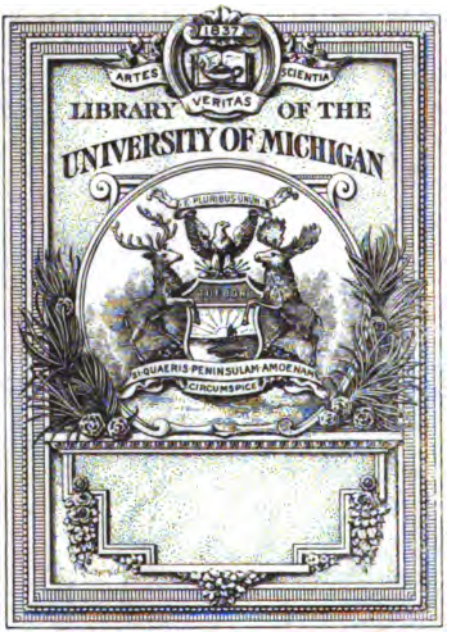
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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

VOLUME XLII.

FOURTH SERIES, VOLUME VII.

JANUARY, MARCH, MAY, 1847.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM CROSBY.
NEW YORK: C. S. FRANCIS & CO.
LONDON: JOHN CHAPMAN, 121 NEWGATE STREET.
1847.

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

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THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

JANUARY, 1847.

Art. I.—HUGO GROTIUS AND HIS TIMES.*

He who loves truth more than party, who by his candid spirit and moderate policy seeks rather to rebuke extravagances and reconcile strifes than to be the trumpeter of a sect or the pander to a faction, may hope to live in peace with his own soul and with his God, and may not despair of winning the respect of just men in his own and after ages; but he cannot anticipate that his name will be made the rallying-cry in the conflicts of opinion. He must be content to have many feebler and baser minds preferred before him; content with the censures of the many who mistake his moderation for cowardice, and the praises of the few whose word, however honorable to his worth, can give him little favor with the multitude. Such a man in some respects was Erasmus, the brilliant scholar of the Reformation. Such a man, beyond question, was Melancthon, the theologian of the Reformation, the superior of Erasmus in the devotedness

* 1. *History of Holland from the Beginning of the Tenth to the End of the Eighteenth Century.* By C. M. Davies. London. 1841–44. Three vols. 8vo.

2. *Hugo Grotius nach seinen Schicksalen und Schriften dargestellt.* Von Heinrich Luden. Berlin. 1806. Hugo Grotius exhibited in his Fortunes and Writings. By Henry Luden.

3. *Hugonis Grotii Epistolæ.* Amsterdam. 1687. folio. Letters of Hugo Grotius.

of his life, the master even of Luther in theological wisdom. Such a man unquestionably was Hugo Grotius, the Christian statesman, who in sacred scholarship caught the mantle of his illustrious countryman Erasmus, and, by his sufferings and labors in behalf of the peace of Christendom, merits from the friends of Christian union a higher name than he.

Identified with no party, Grotius has found few partisans. They who have most praised his virtues have most endangered his memory. Bossuet, Burigny, and Butler, in exhibiting the strong leaning of his later days towards the Roman Church, have won for him ambiguous honors from Catholics, much to the prejudice of his reputation with Protestants. Until the publication of Mr. Davies's excellent volumes, no ample history of Holland has existed in the English tongue, and it has been a task far from easy to form a satisfactory opinion of that country in the age of Grotius, and of his relation to his times. Even now, we have no adequate life of this great man in our own language. With the aid of the German biographers Schroeckh and Luden, we need not, however, complain of the scantiness of materials; especially not, if we can verify their statements by that best and most interesting illustration of the man and his times, the ample collection of the letters of Grotius.*

We now turn towards Holland; we go back two centuries to seek a Christian scholar, statesman, moralist, and theologian, whose history has important relations to our own times, and especially to our own country. We will start from a point of view familiar to us all. The year before the Pilgrim fathers embarked from Holland for their new home on this continent shall be the time. For eleven years, they had found a home among the Dutch, and for ten years had lived at Leyden, which Bradford, the second Pilgrim governor, has described as "a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation, but made more famous by the University wherewith it is adorned, in which of late it had been by so many learned men." The year 1619 was the time at which the famous controversy between the Calvinists and Arminians was at its

* We regret that one important source of information has been a sealed book to us. We have not seen the Life of Grotius by Brandt and Cattenburg, nor have we heard of a copy being in any public or private library in this country. The fact, however, that it is written in Dutch, and has been freely consulted by Mr. Davies, reconciles us to the deficiency.

height, and the notorious Synod of Dort closed its protracted sessions. The events of this period have for us a double interest, from the fact that the Pilgrims were so near the field of controversy, and were very much concerned as to the issue. To give point to our description, we can without any stretch of imagination suppose Robinson, the Puritan minister, who felt an intense interest in the leading theological questions, who had already sided warmly with the Calvinists, (little care though they showed for his comfort while living or for his memory after death,) and held debates with Episcopius, the chief champion of the Arminians, — we can suppose Robinson to have been in the capital of the Dutch republic, the Hague, in the month of May, 1619. He could easily walk thither from Leyden, for the distance is, we believe, but about ten miles. On the thirteenth of that month, he would have witnessed an act of sectarian bigotry mingled with political hatred, that might in some measure have moderated his dogmatic rigidity, and have had something to do with that mild and liberal counsel addressed by him to the Pilgrim voyagers, as he gave them his blessing on the sea-shore, and committed them and their frail vessel to the God of the deep. The most venerable citizen of the republic was on that day led out to die. More than threescore years and ten, older than the republic over whose liberties he had watched in their feeble beginnings and their matured strength, the aged Barneveldt, leaning on his staff with one hand, and supported on the other side by his servant, walked composedly to the place of execution. "O God! what, then, is man!" he exclaimed, as he ascended the scaffold. He knelt down upon the rough boards, and said, with a firm voice, — "My friends, believe not that I am a traitor. I have lived a good patriot, and such I die." He drew the cap over his eyes, and, bidding the executioner "be quick," bowed his venerable head to the stroke. The people, some from love, some perhaps from hatred, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood. So perished Barneveldt. His crime, however otherwise stated, consisted in his opposition to the war-party in politics, the Calvinistic sect in religion, and his determined attachment to republican principles in spite of the ambitious attempts of Prince Maurice and the house of Orange to gain unwarranted power. Among the laity, he held the chief place in the liberal party of that day, the Remonstrants or Arminians. A few days before his death,

the Synod of Dort closed its hundred and eightieth or last session, and Calvinism became virtually the law of the land.

The mantle of this venerable patriot and liberal Christian did not fall to the ground. It rested upon the shoulders of one stronger than himself, — a younger man, who had been arrested at the same time, and who had reason to expect a like fate upon the bloody scaffold that had been left standing fifteen days to overawe him into a confession of guilt. It was Hugo Grotius. His life was spared, and sentence of death exchanged for that of perpetual imprisonment. Comparing those times with our own, it was, in political respects, as if the venerable Franklin had been put to death in the party strifes subsequent to the Revolution, and his friend Adams had been doomed to imprisonment for life.

When the Pilgrims sailed from Delft Haven, Grotius was within the walls of the castle of Louvenstein. Little thought Elder Brewster and his companions how signally the theological contest which they left behind them in Holland would be renewed in the States to be founded by them in the Western wilds. Little thought they how soon another Leyden would spring up in the savage realm to which they were going, and the college founded by the Puritans would have in Mather and Leverett its Arminius and Gomarus, and that their successors in the old controversy, Mayhew, Chauncy, and Ware, the Edwardses, Morse, and Woods, would prolong the debate to so late a day, and with so various a result. We can dwell no longer upon the Pilgrims. We must return to the land which they left, and busy ourselves with Grotius and his fortunes. Merely observing that the time before us is a very interesting one, — that at the date of his imprisonment the old Reformers were all gone, both those who with Luther had shared in the first enthusiasm of the Reformation, and those who with Calvin had figured in establishing the more rigid dogmatism and conservative discipline of its second stage, — that the age had now come for testing the character and influence of the Reformed system, and comparing it soberly with the system which it had supplanted ; we pass on to our work, and will try to give some satisfactory idea of the previous life and subsequent fortunes of the illustrious prisoner.

Hugo Grotius, or, as he is called in his own country, Huig de Groot, was born at Delft, in 1583, four years after the seven Provinces of the Netherlands declared their inde-

pendence of Spain, and the famed Dutch republic was formed. His family was of high distinction, and to ancestral honors his father added conspicuous reputation in literature and law. The De Groot race was of ancient lineage, and in its very name, which signifies "the Great," bore the proof of its distinction. Its pure Teutonic blood had been mingled by the grandfather of Grotius, Cornelius Cornets, a Burgundian, with some of that more vivacious pulse which marks the French and other Celtic races. Cornets took the name of his wife to save it from extinction.*

From boyhood, the young Grotius seemed to be a prodigy of talent. At the age of eight he composed Latin verses, and at eleven entered the University of Leyden with great distinction. While at the University, he composed Greek and Latin poems, maintained theses in mathematics, philosophy, and law, and won the confidence of such veterans in literature as Joseph Scaliger. At fifteen, his fame had gone beyond the borders of his own country, and he was selected by Barneveldt to accompany him upon an important embassy to France. The object of the mission was to induce Henry the Fourth to continue the war with Spain, and not leave his Dutch allies to contend alone against the tyranny of Philip the Second. A youth of fifteen, so engrossed as Grotius had been with classical studies, would probably be little able to understand the diplomacy of courts. Yet it is worthy of note, that he was thus early brought into contact with great political interests, and that his sympathies were warmly enlisted on behalf of his country's independence and prosperity. He thought more of the scholars than the diplomatists of France, and his chief grief at the close of his year of absence was, that he had not become acquainted

* We may remark, that the Batavi, who peopled Holland or the Northern Netherlands, were a Teutonic race closely allied to the German races, and by this fact distinguished from the Belgians, who peopled the South Netherlands, and who, being in great part of the Celtic race, have had little sympathy with the spirit of Northern Europe, either in religion or government, as is evident from the history of Belgium. Why the Dutch have differed so much from their German neighbours, and have been so little disposed to philosophical speculation and theological laxity, may be explained in part from their maritime position, so much more favorable to practical thrift than to intellectual reverie, — in part from their government, which, giving the people some share in public affairs, does not drive them into theorizing as the only field of free thought, — and in part from the fact that the Dutch accepted the system of Calvin, so rigid and literal, — not the system of Luther, so much more free and spiritual.

with the renowned historian De Thou, or Thuanus, to whom he wrote immediately after his return to Holland. He had no reason to complain of neglect in France. Henry the Fourth placed upon his neck a gold chain attached to a portrait of himself, and exclaimed, as he did it, —"Behold the miracle of Holland!" A dangerous mark of distinction to such a stripling! They who accuse him in subsequent years of trying to curry favor with the Roman hierarchy might say, that this gold chain was of ominous portent, and was a badge of servitude to that timeserving policy which had led the Huguenot Henry of Navarre to surrender his faith for a Catholic throne. But for ourselves, we can say no such thing. The staunch little Protestant, who at the age of twelve converted his mother from the Roman faith, after the father had despaired of her conversion, was not of a nature to be won by flattery to any course of treachery.

Grotius returned home from France with the degree of Doctor of Laws, and entered immediately upon a brilliant literary career. During his residence at the Hague after his return, he was under the guidance of Uytenbogard, a distinguished Arminian preacher. In 1599, he published a learned edition of Martianus Capella, a Latin writer of the sixth century, and the following year he increased the wonder of his countrymen by his edition of the Greek Aratus on the Astronomy of the Ancients, in which he undertook to complete the translation left unfinished by Cicero. He dedicated this book to the States of Holland and West Friesland, and in the dedication proved the interest of his mind in political topics by asserting the superiority of a free aristocratic government over both monarchy and democracy. He had previously given proof of the practical turn of his mind by translating a treatise on Navigation from the Dutch into the Latin, then the common language of literature, and also by his success in the law. Yet poetry and history seem to have always been the delight of his leisure hours, and many historical and poetical fragments illustrate the nature of his youthful studies. The practice of the law was evidently far from congenial with his tastes, and he was glad to be rid of its routine by being appointed, at the age of twenty-four, Advocate-General of Holland and two other of the Dutch States, and also by being chosen by the States General, or Dutch congress, to prepare a history of the great struggle between the republic and the Spanish empire.

This history was one of the sacred labors of his life; and, although offered to the States in 1612, was withheld from the press, revised, and was not completed until near his death. His being chosen for this task proves the general estimation in which he was held for his patriotism, and the tendency of his mind, after the appointment, was such as to confirm the opinion. The treatise, published in 1609, on the Antiquity of the Batavian Republic, was an earnest defence of the national freedom from the charge of presumptuous innovation; and his previous work on the Freedom of the Sea evinced how well he understood the sources of his country's prosperity, and with what prophetic wisdom he sought to stigmatize the spirit that would make a national monopoly of the ocean, — that free highway given by God. Portugal claimed as her own the path to India discovered by the enterprise of her De Gama, whilst Grotius triumphantly vindicated the rights of Dutch commerce in the East, and the entire freedom of the seas. The principles which he asserted in opposition to Spanish tyranny he was ere long called to assert against English rapacity, and in 1613 he was sent upon a mission to England to negotiate in regard to the difficulties that had sprung up between the two nations in respect to maritime rights.

Grotius in England, in the prime of manhood, at the age of thirty, with a reputation and achievements far beyond the average lot of distinguished men at the close of a long life, brings England before us in an interesting aspect. Into what select society this great scholar must at once be ushered, and with what delight he revels in the companionship of the illustrious Englishmen of that day! we are ready to exclaim. His letters, generally so numerous and copious, how rich must they be in illustrations of the men and manners of England! At Stratford, he might find Shakspeare enjoying a pleasant retirement, rare enough for an actor and poet not yet an old man. In the high courts, he could have heard Sir Francis Bacon pronounce his profound charges, and in society have enjoyed the conversation of the man who had already written the Essays and the Advancement of Learning, and who was rising to brilliant political and philosophical honors, his official dignity not yet stained by fraud, and his intellectual greatness not yet consummated by the Novum Organum. Other men of note then flourished in England, and still greater were coming upon the stage. A little boy

of five years, named John Milton, lived with his father, the scrivener, in Bread Street, London; and in the fields of Huntingdon roamed the stout lad Oliver Cromwell, too wayward to submit to the discipline of school and to the proper preparation for college. But we are sadly disappointed in what Grotius says of England. He was well received by James, and succeeded in one part of his mission; but he tells us very little that we care to know. He complains somewhat of the predominance of the theologians, and yet does not appear to have been much in the society of men of letters and statesmen. He seems to have been most intimate with his old correspondent, Isaac Casaubon, the Swiss scholar and theologian, who, after being librarian of Henry the Fourth, had left France for England, and, in the enjoyment of a good benefice, was now meditating plans for the union of the Christian church. Grotius listened with great interest to his views, and undoubtedly found in them much to confirm his own previous thoughts. Both men had taken strong disgust at the intolerance of the Reformed sects; both had considerable admiration for the unity and grandeur of the old church; both were far from being admirers of Calvinism.*

It is evident that the mind of Grotius was becoming deeply interested in theological questions, and that while in England he thought more of the point at issue between the Calvinists and Arminians than of any thing else. King James was at that time upon the fence in regard to this subject, and told Grotius that both doctrines deserved toleration. He had not yet fully seen the hostility between the doctrine of arbitrary election and high church doctrines, nor realized how uncomfortable to kings and bishops are the men who ask nothing but the Divine decree to place them among the elect. Bishop Abbot had recently been called to the primacy of Canterbury, and always gave his influence in favor of the more Calvinistic principles; while at Oxford, one of

* It is worthy of note that Grotius states it as a significant fact, in illustration of the scanty patronage of literature in England, that a scholar like Casaubon was obliged to put on the theologian, and trust to a benefice for support. "I am just from England," he writes; "small is the patronage of letters. Theologians rule; pettifoggers have affairs in their own hands. Casaubon is almost the only one who has a sufficiently favorable fortune, although in his own judgment it is far from secure. Nor for him as a man of letters is there any place in England; he was obliged to put on the theologian." — *Epistolæ*, p. 756.

the heads of College, William Laud, was maturing those views which were to drive Calvinism from the English Church, substitute the rites of the Church for the decrees of arbitrary election, and make English theology so far Arminian. Abbot took a great dislike to Grotius, undoubtedly on account of his Arminian sentiments. Grotius, in some respects, had much sympathy with the rising party of Laud, although by no means the friend of its subsequent intolerance.*

Upon his return, he became deeply involved in the theological strifes that had been long agitating Holland. His views had been decided for several years, but he had not been prominent in religious controversy. The increasing bitterness of sectarian rancor seems to have led him to receive gladly the office of Pensionary or Syndic of Rotterdam, upon such terms as exempted him from removal, and entitled him to a seat in the assembly of the States General. This office was the more pleasing to Grotius, as it brought him into relations of intimacy with his old friend, the illustrious Barneveldt, who for nine years had performed its duties, and had now become Grand Pensionary of Holland. How intimately the fate of both men was to be connected we have seen. A few words we may be allowed upon the causes of the catastrophe.

The cause of the separation of the States of Holland from Spain was religion. Philip the Second, that worst of bigots, undertook to destroy the Reformation in the Low Countries by fire and sword. How atrocious were his measures, how infamous the conduct of his minion, the Duke of Alva, we need not describe. Their designs were signally baffled, and the rise of the republic of Holland was the result in 1579. In the Dutch Netherlands the Reformed or Calvinistic doctrines prevailed, probably on account of the proximity and influence of France, where the Protestants were generally Calvinists, not Lutherans. This fact, as we have hinted, has had a very great influence upon the destiny

* It must be granted, that, while Arminian principles favor human freedom by ascribing free agency to man, those who hold them have been often tempted to substitute for the principle of elective sovereignty and predestination the principle of sovereignty in the priesthood and ritual. Calvinism has always claimed freedom, civil and religious, for the elect, and favored republican government. It should be remembered, however, that its republic has consisted only of the elect, and has granted little privilege or mercy to those deemed non-elect.

of Holland. In the early contest with the Spaniards, there was something in the doctrine of predestined election that tended to animate the courage of the revolutionists in their desperate warfare. If they had lost the Pope's blessing, the soldiers were glad to feel that they were God's elect, and the more they magnified the Divine decree, the greater their reliance upon the success of their arms. It was the war of the Puritans against king and prelate, only under another form. It is obvious, however, that Calvinistic doctrines can never maintain for a long time an unquestioned hold upon a community, and in Holland their day of supremacy was to cease. We can but glance at the main points in the course of the controversy.

The leader of the more liberal party was James Hermann, or Arminius, who was born at Oudenwater, in Holland, in 1560, four years before Calvin's death, received his theological education at Geneva, the hot-bed of Calvinism, was led to reject the doctrine of arbitrary election while engaged in preparing a work in its defence, and who, notwithstanding a bitter opposition that reminds us of a recent controversy near by, was called to the theological chair of the University at Leyden in 1602. He died not many years after, in 1609, a year before the arrival of the Pilgrims at Leyden. Ill-starred man! a second Hamlet, whose mother, the Reformed Church, had been faithless, and brought upon him evil times that he vainly strove to correct. His position was little in unison with his mild temper and more generous creed. Graceful, eloquent, amiable, devout, conscientious, he adopted for his motto the sentence, whose truth, according to his biographer, Brandt, his whole life confirmed, — "A good conscience is paradise." He died at forty-nine, apparently a victim to constant excitement, and to the calumnies of those who too often think that a certain creed is the true paradise. We speak of his merits the more decidedly, as we have now the warranty of fair-minded Calvinists, and the great denomination of Methodists have become his champions. Few Orthodox men of New England will speak of Arminius as his old adversaries and some modern Presbyterians have done. The language on his death-bed, which is quoted by his adversaries in proof of his want of spiritual peace, points, obviously, rather to the unkindness of his foes than to any lack of religious confidence on his part: — "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me, a man of

strife and a man of contention to the whole earth! I have lent to no man on usury, nor have men lent to me on usury; yet every man doth curse me." As to the personal character of Arminius, we are content to leave it where Professor Stuart has placed it in his instructive article in the first number of the Biblical Repository.

The amiable and perhaps somewhat timid Arminius, though defeated and prematurely cut off, was not, however, to be forgotten. The best men in Holland took up his cause, and in Uytenbogard and Episcopius, Barneveldt and Grotius, his place was more than filled. As to Grotius himself, he had long admired the learning and virtues of Arminius, and had celebrated them in an elaborate elegiac poem. He had always inclined towards his views. But only after the death of Arminius does he appear to have realized the importance of the points at issue. Calvinism became more and more extravagant in its doctrines, and more disposed to domineer over literature, church, and state. By nature gifted with a very comprehensive mind, he could not submit to its dogmatism; of vast learning, and wont to admire the wisdom and virtues of the ancients, he could not believe that men like Socrates, Plato, Cicero, and Aurelius were so powerless in will and so hopeless in doom as Calvin and Beza taught, and Gomarus and Cocceius echoed. He was outraged by the exclusiveness of the Predestinarian party; he was perfectly willing that they should hold their opinions, but indignant that they should try to exclude from the church those who differed from them. He had accordingly taken a prominent part in the remonstrance to the States General, in 1610, which gave the Arminians the name of Remonstrants. The leading men of the republic were with him, and there was some prospect of the success of their effort in opposition to the exclusive system. We cannot, indeed, admire all their measures. They would be tolerant of varieties of opinion, but not of intolerance; and while the Calvinists sought to divide the church by intolerant measures, the Arminians sought to keep it united by measures equally severe. The error of striving to stop division by appeal to the civil force began with the Arminians, although they demanded of their adversaries no sacrifice of essential doctrines, but only mutual forbearance. They were able in most of the States to enact a decree in favor of forbearance and union between the parties. This decree, adopted

in 1614, and renewed in 1616, forbade the exclusion of believers from the church on account of non-essential points of opinion, and ordered the clergy to preach Christianity as the Scriptures do, and not intrude their own speculations. Grotius had taken a conspicuous part in establishing this decree, and used his great knowledge of the Scriptures and the ancient fathers to confirm its main position. Yet he could not succeed in keeping the church at peace. The Contra-remonstrants would have no alliance with the Remonstrants, and sometimes interrupted their assemblies by violence, as in the mobs at Amsterdam in 1617. In one instance, the women of the congregation defended the preacher, an Arminian, from the assault of his adversaries, and brandished the stools and benches with Amazonian energy about the heads of the Calvinistic assailants. In some cases, the Remonstrants, continuing in their early error, retaliated by appealing to the government, and troops were ordered out to keep their adversaries at peace.

Grotius was now in the midst of theological warfare, yet he did not allow his literary tastes to languish. History and poetry disputed the claims of divinity, and several important works were the fruit of this stormy period of six years, from 1613 to 1619. His friend De Thou besought him to abandon sectarian strife, and devote himself to less dangerous interests; but he replied in a noble letter, and asserted his determination to be faithful to the freedom of the country and the peace of the church. A man who, like De Thou, had passed through the horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew, might well give this advice, and in some points Grotius might well have taken it. Yet it soon became obvious how much the freedom of the state was identified with that of the church. Prince Maurice, the Stadtholder, sided warmly with the Calvinistic party, and enforced their interests by the vast weight of his political influence. He had long disliked Grotius and Barneveldt for the part they had taken in the peace with Spain. Maurice was a great soldier, and loved war as the theatre of his greatness. He could not bear the check of these distinguished civilians, who kept his prerogative within such careful limits. He was glad to favor the Calvinistic party, and thus at once win popularity with the mass of religious enthusiasts, and increase his official power at the expense of the authorities of the separate States. His influence was soon apparent in the

election of delegates in the several States, and in the general congress of the States General. A central Synod of the Reformed churches was agreed upon, in 1617, by the States General, to be held at Dort, the first of May, the following year. The meeting of the Synod was afterwards postponed, on account of the severe opposition, until November 1, 1618. The Remonstrant party looked upon the calling of this assembly as a great outrage on national, and especially on State, rights; — on national rights, because foreign churches were to be invited to send delegates, — on State rights, because the jurisdiction of the several States in matters of religion was to be destroyed by subjection to the general tribunal. How far the Remonstrants were justified in regarding the transaction as an act of tyranny appeared in the sequel.

Grotius was arrested on the twenty-ninth of August, together with Hoogerbeets and Barneveldt. They denied the jurisdiction of the tribunal before which they were arraigned, and claimed the protection of the laws of their own State. The claim availed them little. Maurice triumphed, to the great harm of the liberties of Holland. The Anti-Remonstrants were willing to allow a very dangerous power to the Stadtholder, for the sake of a signal triumph over the Remonstrants. The ablest men of the liberal party being thus under arrest, the Synod of Dort ere long held its session.

The Synod of Dort! What volumes have been written upon its deliberations, what lessons may be derived from its results! We can say but little of it at present. Its aim was to unite the strength of the Reformed or Calvinistic churches throughout Christendom, and it had among its members delegates from England, Germany, and Switzerland, and members were expected from France. It held its meetings, very fitly, in a building called the Doel, which had been used as an armory or place for drilling troops, had a hundred and eighty sessions, and cost the government a million guilders, or about half a million dollars.*

The Arminians seem to have been very unfairly treated, both in the mode of calling delegates to the Synod and in the conduct of its deliberations, although their opponents

* It was composed as follows: — ecclesiastical delegates from the Provinces, 38 ministers and 20 elders; 18 political commissioners; 28 foreign divines; 5 professors of theology from the Universities.

tried to maintain that all had been done justly. Though virtually arraigned for sentence, they were not allowed to state or defend their opinions in their own way, and were at last told by the coarse president, — "You are dismissed; go out!" Severe sentence was passed against them, and they were deprived of their offices, both ecclesiastical and academical. Subsequently, these decrees were confirmed by the States General, and severe penalties attached to teaching the liberal theology.* When the sentence was read to them by the political commissioners, Episcopius, the accomplished leader of the Arminian party, exclaimed, — "God will require of you an account of your conduct at the great day of judgment. There you and the whole synod will appear. May you never meet with a judge such as the synod has been to us."

They who would view the Synod of Dort without prejudice may turn to the letters of an eyewitness, the "ever memorable" John Hales of Eton, who attended as the chaplain of the English ambassador, Carleton. Hales was a very good Calvinist, when he went. From his experience there, or some other cause, he considerably modified his views. After reading his account of the proceedings, we are at a loss to understand the exclamation attributed to the famous Bishop Hall, — "O, if there were ever a heaven on earth, it was at the Synod of Dort!" — unless the full liberty of speech allowed to the Bishop, then Dean of Worcester, and considerably employed by him, made the place seem heavenly.†

Arbitrary and violent as the proceedings of the Synod were, the high predestinarian party triumphed in their measures rather than their doctrines, for the Acts of the Synod did not indorse the complete fatalism of Gomarus, or assert the reprobation of the non-elect by an eternal decree of God, without qualification. The Supra-lapsarian doctrine, that God previously to creation decreed to create a portion of mankind for sin and everlasting misery, is not set forth, nor

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* A portion of the States, however, long refused to sanction the decrees or accept the decisions of the Synod.

† The presence of English churchmen at this Synod seems remarkable, when we consider how soon the English Church was to adopt the Arminian doctrines. What a contrast between that age and our own! How many dignitaries of England, such as the Bishop of Llandaff, and the Dean of Worcester, were disposed to appear in the Evangelical Convention of London, in 1846, as their predecessors did at the Synod of Dort, in 1618?

is the origin of evil ascribed to the Creator's decree. Yet the doctrines asserted are predestinarian altogether beyond the modern standard of orthodoxy, as they declare that election proceeds not in any way from the foresight of faith or obedience, but solely from the gratuitous pleasure of God, and that Christ died only for the elect, and not for all. The ground taken by Arminius, which was much more rigid than that occupied by his followers, especially his later followers, was not far from the present standard of Andover orthodoxy. Arminius held a great principle, whose consequences he by no means carried out. There is, as regards doctrine, some truth in what Professor Stuart says of him, that Arminius was not an Arminian. The earnestness, however, with which he contended for the agency of man and the value of obedience place him fitly at the head of the Anti-Calvinistic party. In some portions of his writings he speaks with more latitude than in others, and gives us reason to believe that he was somewhat checked by the bigotry of the times in the development of his views.

The Synod of Dort closed its tedious and tyrannical sessions. We turn gladly from its deliberations to speak of the illustrious prisoners who were in confinement awaiting trial during this period. How soon after the close of the Synod Barneveldt was beheaded we have already seen. The month after, June 5, 1619, Grotius and Hoogerbeets were carried to the castle of Louvenstein, and their goods were confiscated. Such was the issue of the patriotic efforts of Grotius to preserve the peace of the church and the freedom of the States. Having sketched the features of his life while in the service of his country, we turn to its second division.

Grotius now comes before us as the captive and exile. What to an inferior mind is defeat, to a noble mind is triumph; and Christendom was to feel the power of his labors within the walls of Louvenstein. His noble wife, who, with Roman heroism, had refused to speak a single word of petition for his pardon, deeming such a request equivalent to a confession of her husband's guilt, with the true spirit of a Christian woman, asked to share his captivity. She obtained leave to visit him twice a week, and also permission to supply him with books for his favorite studies. Refusing to accept the small pittance voted for his support, she used every effort to add to his happiness without derogating from

his dignity. With his books around him, he was hardly a prisoner; for the castle-walls were thus expanded as by enchantment, and Greece, Rome, Palestine, were the domain of the illustrious scholar. Classic poets and sages, Christian evangelists and fathers, were his familiar companions. He busied himself with revising the dramas of Euripides and the ethics of Seneca; he wrote the first draught of his famous work on the Truth of the Christian Religion, in Dutch verse, for the use of Dutch sailors in their voyages and in their intercourse with heathen countries; he also labored upon his Commentary on the Scriptures, and planned a work in defence of his friends and of himself in their relations to the state and church. Yet liberty was dear to him, as his letters during this period show. No thanks to his enemies, it came to him within less than two years after his imprisonment. By a deception whose enormity we must leave to a jury of Christian wives to decide, his wife, in March, 1621, prepared for him the means of escape. He concealed himself in a chest that had been used to carry books to and from the prison. She intrusted the secret to a faithful maid-servant, who promised in spite of the danger to take charge of the conveyance. On a day when the governor of the castle was absent, Grotius having entered his hiding-place, his wife drew the curtains close around the bed, as if he were there sick, and, placing his garments in the chair, called in the soldiers to carry away the chest. Feeling the unusual weight of the chest, one of them exclaimed, in lifting it, — "How comes it so heavy? is there an Arminian in it?" "No," exclaimed his wife, without embarrassment, "only Arminian books." The chest was carried away, and, after a variety of curious incidents, reached a safe place at the house of a friend, when Grotius emerged from his narrow hiding-place, and soon made his way to Paris. The wife was detained at the castle a fortnight, but, notwithstanding the bluster of a few churlish magistrates, a better policy prevailed. All parties petitioned for the release of the noble woman who had preferred that her husband should be imprisoned rather than ask a pardon that implied his guilt, and who had shared his captivity and so resolutely procured him liberty.*

* It would seem from an assertion made by Davies, on the authority of the Dutch biographer, Brandt, that Grotius had less pride than his wife, and was willing after condemnation to ask of Maurice some employment in his

In France, Grotius once more breathed freely. The French government had always been friendly to his party, and disposed to moderate the tyranny of his antagonists. He had received much personal kindness from Frenchmen, and now the courtesy shown him when a boy by Henry the Fourth was continued by his son, Louis the Thirteenth. A pension was settled upon the distinguished exile, and protection was afforded him against the clamor of the Dutch government, which had been anew provoked by his Defence of the Remonstrant party, — a treatise which he completed during his stay at Paris. His life in France was in many respects full of privileges, and in others full of annoyance. He had much leisure for study, as his various productions at this period show, especially his great work on the Rights of Peace and War, which was published in 1625. His position, however, was painfully dependent upon precarious bounty. When, in 1625, Richelieu rose to the height of power, the independent spirit of the Hollander refused to yield to his dictation, and become the minion of his tyrannical schemes. He, moreover, pined for his own country, and cherished the hope of returning thither, now that Prince Maurice was dead, and his more friendly brother, Prince Frederic Henry, had become Stadtholder, and the Remonstrants were more favorably treated. He remained in France until 1631, busied with various classical, legal, and theological studies. In that year he started on his way to Holland. He went to Rotterdam, the city of Erasmus, which had so long befriended him. But vain were all his hopes of a peaceful residence there. His theology could be forgiven, but not his political course in reference to the power of the Stadtholder and the States General. A price was set upon his head, and the unhappy man went once more into exile. In the autumn of 1632 he retired to Hamburg, and was received with the greatest distinction. Here he had leisure for study, but few books to aid his researches and to beguile his sufferings. He was troubled at the prospects of his country, sick at heart in view of the horrors of the general war that was now filling Europe with misery and death, the famous Thirty Years' war. At this time he com-

personal affairs. We can hardly reconcile this with the assurance so strongly given in his letters, that he scorned to ask for pardon where no crime had been committed. In his scrupulous conscience he may have made a distinction between asking pardon and soliciting employment from a tyrant.

posed a dramatic poem, based upon the history of the Hebrew Joseph, evidently as a means of lessening the tedium of his position. But his great abilities were not to languish here. The courts of Denmark, Sweden, and Poland, and it is said that even Spain and Wallenstein, sought to procure his services. Sweden succeeded. Grotius met Chancellor Oxenstiern, in May, 1634, and at the beginning of the next year went, as the ambassador of Sweden, to the court of France. He fitly represented the country of Gustavus Adolphus. That great prince and hero had been a fervent admirer of the treatise on War and Peace, and although then he had fallen upon the field of Lützen, in death the victorious champion of Protestant liberty against the attacks of Spain and Austria, his spirit had not passed away. His daughter, and her minister, Oxenstiern, honored his memory in calling Grotius to represent Sweden at a court so important to the Protestant league as was France.

Now the third and last period of his life opens upon us. First, servant of his country, then captive and exile, he is now legate of Sweden. For ten years he remained at his post at the French court, faithful to his duties in the most perplexing relations, watching over the interests of Sweden with the most scrupulous care, not forgetting that every measure in aid of the Protestant league was in favor of his own country too, and would tend to save Holland from falling under the imperial yoke. Yet he was evidently little satisfied with the administration of Richelieu and Mazarin, little charmed with the intrigues of the prevailing diplomatists. They who wish to trace the history of his perplexities will find them described in Burigny to their heart's content. None can help being amused at his ideas of official precedence, especially at the claim set up by him for Sweden, of precedency over Leicester, the English ambassador, on account of the greater antiquity of the Swedish nation, which he undertook to prove by alarming displays of learning. How well qualified he was to argue such a point is obvious from his work upon the history of the Goths, and other ancestors of the nations of Northern Europe. Yet during the years of his embassy he often sighed for a life of retirement, where he might devote himself to study unimpeded by vexatious cares. Perhaps his literary labors already had caused at the court of Sweden some misgivings as to his diplomatic zeal, although there was no good ground to doubt his fidelity. He was

evidently pained by the presence of a special agent of Sweden at Paris, and in 1645 he desired to be relieved from his heavy responsibilities. With difficulty he obtained leave from Sweden. He was treated with distinction upon his passage through Holland, and honorably received at the court of Christina. Yet his position there did not please him. He was a foreigner, and as such was regarded with jealousy by the Swedish aspirants to office. It was not easy to find a suitable place for him. The queen was very generous to him, and apparently reluctant to lose his services. But he had decided to leave Sweden, and accordingly embarked for Lubeck, Germany. Whither he was intending thence to go, and spend the remainder of his days, is very uncertain. It is maintained by some that he wished to return to France, as legate from Poland. We should judge, however, that he designed to return to Holland, whose condition had now considerably changed since his last attempt. We cannot but fancy the honors of his reception and the peaceful decline of a life already extended to more than threescore years. But his ungrateful country was not to have the office of smoothing his path to the grave. Nor can we think that a return thither would have brought him all the happiness he imagined, so dangerous is it ever to test by experience the fond dreams which fancy always connects with a distant and long-lost home. A violent storm drove his vessel to the shores of Pomerania, August 17th, 1645, and Grotius, weary and sick, endeavoured to go to Lubeck in an open wagon. He was compelled to stop at Rostock, and there, on the 28th of August, two days afterwards, he died. His age was sixty-three. A Lutheran minister attended him in his last hours, and received his dying confession of faith. His remains were carried to Holland, and now rest near those of William of Orange, the Washington of the Dutch republic. A monument to his memory in his native place was erected more than a century after his decease. The inscription, from his own dictation, tells the chief events of his history: —

> "Grotius hic Hugo est, Batavus, Captivus et Exul,
> Legatus Regni, Suecia Magna, tui."

"Here rests Hugo Grotius, Batavian, Captive, and Exile, Ambassador of thy realm, Great Sweden."

Two medals have been struck in commemoration of his services. One of them is emblematic of his eventful life, and

bears a curious engraving of the chest in which he escaped from prison, surmounted by the crowns of Sweden and of France, whilst on the left hand the castle of Louvenstein is seen in the distance, and on the right the rising sun appears; the motto is, — "Melior post aspera fata resurgo." "I rise the better after misfortunes." The other medal bears the bust of Grotius, with the inscription, in French, — "The phœnix of his country, the oracle of Delft, the great genius, the light which illumines the earth."

Grotius died at a time eventful for his own country, for the great Teutonic race from which he sprang, and for the nations with whose interests he had become identified. The crisis of the conflict between the Protestant League, who were aided by France, and their adversaries, the Imperialists, was at hand, and in three years that peace of Westphalia was to be signed, by which the tyranny of the Imperial Catholics was to be stayed, and that balance of power between the European nations to be established, which remains in its essential features to the present day. England was entering upon her revolutionary era, and that very year Archbishop Laud had been brought to the block, and Charles the First had been defeated by Cromwell at Naseby. By a man of a cosmopolitan mind like Grotius, vast interest must have been attached to the great drama then enacting in Europe; and as he felt the shadows of death gathering around him, with his sighs of yearning for his wife and family, grave and earnest thoughts must have been mingled for the issue of the great contest, and the success of his cherished principles. But why speak of his case as peculiar? The world is always passing through a crisis, and to all dying men the curtain that is shutting earthly scenes from their view throws an impenetrable veil over affairs whose result the mind craves almost with agony to know.

We turn now from our survey of the life of Hugo Grotius, to speak more particularly of his works and character. His works we cannot mention even by name, so numerous are they. We shall speak of them by classes, and cannot dwell at any length except upon two of these classes.

We have not been at pains to examine his labors in classical philology. We only know enough of them to move us to wonder at the extent of the learning, and the force of the perseverance, that enabled him to shed so much light upon Capella, Aratus, and Stobæus, Lucan, Euripides, and

Tacitus. The reader of any of his works, upon whatever subject, must be convinced that the whole world of Greek and Roman thought and expression was as familiar to him as the affairs of his own day.

Nor have we any thing to say of his various political publications, whether relating to the laws of Holland, the freedom of the seas, the jurisprudence of Rome, or the rights of the magistracy in matters of religion. These made him famous in his day, but have little interest for our own time.

Of his historical treatises we have met only with his most mature and favorite work, the Belgic Annals. Its impartiality in treating of the author's personal enemies is remarkable. Its style evinces in every line his admiration of Tacitus, although it by no means persuades us to say with Schroeckh, that he has surpassed the illustrious Roman whom he strove to imitate.

As to the poems of Grotius, we have seen little to admire in them, except the elaborate structure of the Latin verse, and the copiousness and general pertinence of the classical allusions. The flowers of fancy seem rather to be taken from an ancient herbarium than from a living garden. It is very strange to us, that, in the age of Spenser and Shakspeare and Milton, men could be found, like Scaliger and Casaubon, to rank such artificial efforts among the master-pieces of poetical composition. Yet we must be sparing of our censure, and remember how much the scholars of that period lived in the classical past. We may fitly ask, Where would Milton have stood as a poet, if he had confined himself to the ancient language which he and Grotius so adroitly used? Who would have spoken his name in our time, if he had left only his Latin poems, with no Comus or Paradise Lost to commend him to English hearts? Perhaps, if begun in Latin, his great poem might have justified the comparison of Johnson, and the Adam of Milton spoken somewhat like the Adamus Exul of Grotius.*

* As we mention these two names, both so eminent in scholarship, both defamed by the same calumniator, Salmasius, we can hardly refrain from turning aside a moment to compare their eventful fortunes. Grotius and Milton met at Paris, in 1638. Milton, an enthusiastic young man of thirty, starting upon his travels, from which he was to be recalled to take part in the revolutionary struggles of England, and immortalize himself as a champion of liberty and a poet of the human race; Grotius, an exile from his country, ambassador of a foreign power, his heart chilled by the isolation of his position, and his ardor paralyzed by being compelled to utter his thoughts in

It is as a theologian and moralist that Grotius has chief interest in our eyes, and principal importance in this age. His position in both of these characters connects his name with the most momentous questions at present agitated. Christendom has gone through one of its great cycles of thought since his day, and in theology, especially, many leading minds stand nearly where he stood; and there is much, alike in the forward and the backward movements of the Church, to draw attention to his name and give consequence to his principles.

We presume that his position in the theological controversies of his age was more the result of circumstances than of choice. He was not a theologian by profession. Always devotedly attached to the Christian religion, he found himself moved gradually, by the state of the church and the claims of his country, to take sides with the Arminian party. His attachment to the principles of this party undoubtedly made him a more careful student of the Scriptures and the Fathers, although we should do him great injustice to ascribe to him chiefly a sectarian interest in sacred studies. In fact, his whole life was a protest against sectarianism, and he joined the Arminians because they favored moderate measures, and were opposed to the dogmatism that made faith depend upon opinion, and based communion upon doctrine, rather than because he was an enthusiast for the Arminian views, congenial as they were with his nature and education. His first strictly theological treatise was an effort to reconcile the rising strife regarding predestination and grace, and his latest desire was to heal the discords of Christendom, and bring together the scattered fragments of the Church into one fair temple of faith and devotion. If any bitter feeling interfered with the calmness of his mind and the impartiality of his judgment, it was his dislike of Calvinism. Who can wonder at this, when we consider how vilely he had been treated by the Calvinistic party, and how opposed, moreover, the sharp, schismatic, intolerant system of Geneva was to his comprehensive mind, enlarged learning, and pacific disposition?

His theological writings reveal the working of two elements in his mind, which are usually regarded as incompatible.

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a dead language, without the response of the national soul, which Milton's genius so felt and so inspired! Both, however, had their mission, both have done their work. We cannot linger upon the theme.

The wary rationalist and the believing churchman seemed in him to be contending for the mastery. The contest was not decided during his life, although it would appear that victory leaned to the side of the mother church, and believing Peter was getting the better of doubting Thomas. We would not, however, apply to him the term rationalist in an offensive sense, or insinuate that he ever had any tendency to question the miraculous claims of Christianity. He was inclined, by his profound knowledge and practical sense, to adopt the simplest views of religion; and in his laborious Commentary upon the Scriptures he shows no disposition to multiply marvels, either to enforce a doctrine or to deepen a mystery. We must place him at the head of the *rational*, we do not say of the *rationalist*, interpreters of modern times. Socinus was before him in the field, indeed, but his labors as a commentator are vitiated by his strong sectarian position, his passion for squaring the Scriptures to his sharply defined system, his tendency to bring the habits of the lawyer (so strong in the family of Italian jurists to which he belonged) into the studies of theology, and treat writings so varied and peculiar as the Scriptures like legal documents, upon which a special case must be made out.*

It was not so with Grotius. He tried to read the Scriptures as they are, — to give their meaning, and not his own theory. He was willing to interpret some passages in a way to offend his friends, and to leave those passages to their obvious sense which dogmatism had sought to enlist upon its side. He has been repeatedly charged with maintaining Socinian views, because in some points he agreed with the interpretation of the Socinian school. But unjustly so. He could not but see, with Socinus, that many passages in the Prophets that are usually applied to Christ referred to the events and characters contemporary with the writers. He could not find proofs of the preëxistence of Christ in his prayer for the glory that he had with God before the world was, deeming a sufficient explanation to be found in the fact that all things preëxist in the Divine mind, and that there Christ had been glorified, even as the Apostle declared that

* The Socinian school, originating among lawyers, has all the Aristotelian acuteness of the Calvinistic, and errs by too great passion for dialectic completeness. Both schools make too little account of faith in the Christian sense, in distinction from belief; both give to dogma more emphasis than to life.

he had been slain, before the foundation of the world. Yet Grotius was not a Socinian. He wrote a very elaborate treatise against the Socinian view of the atonement, and in favor of the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction. He, moreover, applies language to Christ not by any means consistent with Socinian views. But notwithstanding this, he needs the largest charity of the more liberal portion of modern Trinitarians to grant him a place in the Orthodox ranks. His Trinity is more according to the standard of Sabellius than of Athanasius. His doctrine of vicarious satisfaction would not much scandalize any man who can believe — as who of us do not ? — that the sufferings and death of Christ were a necessary part of the plan of mediation, and essential to the work of reconciliation between God and man. His theory, that Christ suffered, not as a literal substitute for man, but in order to satisfy the Divine justice, and make the exercise of mercy consistent with the Divine government, cannot but seem to us, however, as testing the Divine counsels by the standard of state policy. We leave the defence of Grotius on this point to the many of our Orthodox brethren who now repeat his view.

Opinions so liberal as Grotius avowed in his Commentary could not but bring him into odium. He was looked upon as a dangerous innovator, and every opprobrious epithet was heaped upon him. Bossuet and Baxter were two of his most able censors, and their criticisms show how much his influence had survived him. Bossuet carefully traced out the alleged evil of his method of criticism in some censures upon the French commentary of Simon, and Baxter pointed out the dangers of his method in a treatise upon the Grotian religion.

And yet this man, whose freedom of mind was thought to have carried him at least to the borders of unbelief, is claimed by the Roman Catholics as at heart a convert to their church. The Jesuit Petavius, who had frequent conferences with him at Paris, caused masses to be said for his soul when he heard of his death, and the work of Burigny was written chiefly for the purpose of showing his conversion to Rome. The reader of Hallam's Introduction to the History of Literature may be surprised, after the opinion expressed by this Protestant scholar, that any one can doubt the reality of the conversion. But we have been at pains to look over those letters of Grotius which smack the most strongly of Romanism, and, in common with Schroeckh

and Luden can see no ground to regard him as a Roman Catholic except so far as is implied in his recognizing elements of truth in the leading Catholic rites and doctrines, and in his earnest desire for the peace and union of Christendom. Mr. Hallam is wrong in saying that Grotius proved himself an apostate from the Protestant Church by refusing to accept the invitation to commune with the Calvinists of Charenton, during his embassy at Paris. The divines of Charenton had refused to receive him when first at Paris, and when he returned as ambassador of Sweden, they were unwilling to admit him as the legate of a Lutheran power. Grotius shrank from receiving as a badge of division a rite which should be a bond of union, and had Lutheran worship in his own house. It is true that he wrote an ode to the Virgin Mary, true that he regarded the doctrines of transubstantiation and purgatory as having some foundation in ancient authority. But we know of no proof that he ever entertained the idea of accepting the infallible authority of the Pope, or his right to subject the nations of Christendom to his dictation. He did not even believe in the Divine origin of the Episcopal power. In this point, as well as in his views of Church and State, the worth of ancient learning, the grounds of Christian toleration, and the essentials of Christian faith, he reminds us frequently of the late Dr. Arnold, although far more disposed to favor or excuse the pretensions of Prelacy than he. That Grotius looked upon Rome with more fondness than upon Geneva cannot be denied, — a tendency in which he by no means stands alone among generous minds. That he had many of the tendencies which appear in modern Puseyism, we must grant. How could he but feel otherwise than kindly towards a church whose members had treated him much better than the dominant Protestants of his own country? How could he identify Papacy with servitude, while at the court of a Catholic nation that had joined the Protestant League in opposition to Imperialist tyranny? Excommunicated, expatriated, how can he be blamed for thinking that Antichrist was by no means to be found solely in the Papal Church, and for indulging in visions of a church too broad for sectarian strife and too deeply seated to be shaken by party agitators? He dared not hope for the catholicity that tolerates differences of opinion. There was no truly liberal party in Christendom, as now. He knew how Laud and his party

had persecuted the English Puritans, and been persecuted by them; he remembered the bloody scenes of his own country; nor had he forgotten St. Bartholomew's. His golden age was in the past. He yearned for the return of the time when Christendom was one, — when Church and State were in mutual balance, — an age like that when Theodosius ruled, and Chrysostom and Augustine, Ambrose and Jerome, flourished. He delighted to turn from the dogmatism of Gomarus and Rivetus and take shelter in the shrine of John of Constantinople, and dwell upon a charity without narrowness and a Divine grace without fatalism. If what we regard as liberal Christianity be a delusion, as so many say, Hugo Grotius was not far from right.

As a moralist, he presents himself most conspicuously to us in his work on the Rights of Peace and War. He stands, beyond question, at the head of those men who in modern times have sought to apply the moral law to the perplexed relations of states and nations. To treat fitly of this great work would require an article by itself. They who read it in the expectation of finding remarkable metaphysical depth, insight into first principles, or deduction from first truths, will be disappointed. Although prodigal in its stores of learning, it aims rather to be a practical than a speculative book. It piles precedent upon precedent, ranges through classic historians and poets, ancient customs and modern instances, in order to prove what mankind have regarded as the laws of peace and war. Roman jurisprudence and Christian antiquity are equally consulted. Without any very bold attempt to apply Christian morality to the removal of war, as in itself utterly wrong, the author gathers all available evidence in favor of the more humane international policy, striving to subject the ambition of princes and the passions of the people to rules of justice, and to bring on the day when all disputes shall be adjusted by peaceful tribunals.

Unsatisfactory as the work of Grotius may be to us in our present stage of civilization, it was a great advance upon any thing extant in his own time. It was another proof of the catholicity of his soul, — his yearning for that universal unity which was his heart's desire in reference to politics as to religion. Let not our ardent philanthropists overlook or dishonor him. He desired to reconstruct European society, that had been so shattered in the previous century, — to unite the nations in a generous community, as well as the

sects in a comprehensive church. Let not the speculative reformer, who meditates upon the sins of mankind, and points out their remedy in the abstractions of a purely spiritual code, despise the practical reformer, who has confronted wrong in real life, and by his moderate measures won to peace minds whom extreme measures might have driven into disgust, or theoretic systems might have withdrawn from action. We will honor Grotius as a peacemaker, quite as much as the speculative Kant, and more than the sentimentalist Rousseau. He stands at the head of the practical school of international moralists. His direction has been followed by Puffendorf, Bynkershoek, and Wheaton. Leibnitz, Wolf, and Vattel have trodden in a more ambitious path of speculation. Kant, St. Pierre, and Bentham have set forth far more dazzling schemes of pacification. When shall the man appear who shall combine the excellences of them all, — the scholar, moralist, philosopher, and Christian, — who shall concentrate all the light of truth and force of influence now available for the subject, and show the sin of war alike against the laws of God and the good of the nations ?

We must leave Grotius now to our readers, with only a few words upon his character, — words, perhaps, which might as well be left to be inferred from our previous remarks as be explicitly stated.

His mind was strong and comprehensive, wonderful in its power of gathering and retaining particulars, yet not deficient in the faculty of deducing from them general ideas. If his intellect, however, disappoints us at all, it is in point of philosophical depth. He was a scholar and statesman, rather than a philosopher, and cannot by any means be ranked with the two commanding thinkers of his century, Bacon and Descartes. He did not discern the law of inductive reasoning, like the former, nor recognize the value of the human soul, like the latter. His mind was eminently practical, — so much so, that he valued science more for its available powers than for its wonderful truths. He was not by any means insensible to the dawn of that new age of science which Galileo, his contemporary and correspondent, was bringing on ; but, in a letter to Galileo, he shows the direction of his thoughts by a passing allusion to his discoveries in physics, and dwells chiefly upon his new method of calculating longitude, which, he thinks, will be of especial importance to the commerce of Holland.

He was remarkable for practical sense in all things. In his interpretation of Scripture he exhibited it eminently. His sober judgment saved him from the usual vagaries of interpreters, and his course in commenting upon that book so perilous to sanity, the Apocalypse, is such as will meet with little rebuke from the readers of Eichhorn or Stuart.

If we are to class him with one of the two chief divisions of intellects, we must rank him rather with Aristotelian than Platonic minds, — rather with those who go from particular instances to general truths, than with those who deduce particular instances from general principles. Poet though he was, he lacked inspiration, — the inspiration of kindling thoughts and overpowering emotions. As a theologian, he trusted not much in the soul, opposed as he was to the dogma that would make of it a passive clod. He regarded the soul not as immortal by nature, but by especial endowment, and sought more in the authority of Scripture and the enactments of Councils for intimations of eternal life, than in the instincts of his own heart, or the witness of the Divine Spirit. But a heart just and humane as his was could not have refused him assurances of peace. He was habitually devout.

He was a man of large affections. He had many friends, and never abandoned them. He clung fondly to the companions of his youth. He could not bear to give up any scene or object that had been familiar to him. For years a sad exile, he never ceased to care for and love his country. The minuteness of his references to Holland, in his letters, is remarkable. It is almost amusing to see how often he alludes to the chest in which he escaped from imprisonment, and urges his brother to try to find it.*

His life was undoubtedly a broken one, and his plans were much interrupted in consequence. To do justice to the force of his will, and to screen him from the charge of desultory effort, we must remember the influence of national position, the strength of his patriotic feelings, and the bitter loss of motive and aim which his exile must have caused him. To his honor, not to his shame, be it said, that, while he did not cease to feel like a son of Holland, he accepted cheerfully the lot which had been put upon him so cruelly, and labored for Christendom as a citizen of the world.

* The year before his death, he thus writes to his brother William: — "About the chest nothing? I should be sorry to have such a monument of the Divine goodness towards me lost." Such remarks reveal character.

Estimated from our point of view, the career of Grotius is full of important lessons. We might dwell upon its bearing on the principles now asserted by liberal Christians, and show how near his great scholarship and candid judgment brought him toward our own conclusions. We might trace the progress of the Arminian controversy, show the triumph of the doctrines for which he contended throughout the chief part of Protestant Christendom, and portray the vast changes between the times of the Synod of Dort and the recent Evangelical Union at London. We might set forth in what manner his mantle of patriotism and misfortune fell upon his illustrious countryman, De Witt, and his spirit of universality, with a far deeper philosophy, entered into Leibnitz, who was born the year after his decease, and who prepared the way for the Kants, Schellings, and Hegels who have swayed the empire of philosophic catholicity in recent times. We might vindicate the wisdom of his moderate political course, and prove how sadly Holland suffered from the neglect of his counsels, how long and painfully she oscillated, first towards the undue ascendency and regal prerogative of the house of Orange, then towards democratic licentiousness, then to military despotism, to settle at last in the somewhat equivocal repose of the present monarchical constitution. We might exhibit the course of Dutch theology, and show the issue of the Calvinistic triumph, first in a lifeless and merely nominal orthodoxy, then in the attempt to revive the Genevan strictness, and, as a counter movement, the recent rise of a more living, free, and spiritual Christianity in the school of Gröningen. We might compare the religious history of Holland with that of other Protestant republics, especially with Geneva and New England, who likewise began with Calvinism, — and end not there. But we must forbear.

We must pause from our review of the life and services of a man who deserves a place among the leading minds since the Reformation, with a single word of honor to his name for the universality of his thought, the catholicity of his spirit. Other men have cherished grander visons of the future prospects of our race. Few men of so large schemes have enforced their purposes by a life so practical and laborious. Some may assign to him almost a prophetic power in his dreams of Christian union under a Catholic Church. We deem him no such seer, however some events of this century may favor the thought. The catholicity of the age

of Theodosius, and still more of Hildebrand, cannot return. The giant race of Teutons have set their faces against it, and God calls mankind to new and unexplored scenes. What developments, what new powers and harmonies, are in store for the world, we will not predict. It is safe to say, that, whatever form the better spirit of our race may take, however much society may succeed in combining its new knowledge and resources with Christian love, if justice, humanity, and piety are still honored, the men of the new age will not forget the memory of Hugo Grotius.

S. O.

Art. II. — BEARD'S EXHIBITION OF UNITARIANISM.*

The immediate occasion of the preparation of Dr. Beard's volume, as he informs us in his Preface, was the passage of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, which suggested to the author the idea of "collecting evidences of one of the consequences of free inquiry, and the prevalence of Scripture knowledge, in the renunciation of the pagan and metaphysical notion of the Trinity." The event referred to furnishes in itself no trifling evidence, if not of the strength of Unitarian sentiments in Great Britain, yet at least of that growing liberality of opinion and disposition to respect the rights of private judgment, to promote which has been one important part of the mission of Unitarianism. The present work comes to us in good time, and fills a void in Unitarian literature which has been long felt and regretted. The members of the great body of Unitarians in different parts of the world have hitherto known too little of each other. The volume before us will have the effect of making them better acquainted with each other's condition, progress, and views, and we hope may lead to a more intimate union and sympathy.

No small portion of the articles in the book are from the pen of the compiler, Dr. Beard himself; others are from different hands, abundantly competent to the task committed

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* *Unitarianism exhibited in its Actual Condition; consisting of Essays by several Unitarian Ministers and others, illustrative of the Rise, Progress, and Principles of Christian Anti-Trinitarianism in different Parts of the World.* Edited by the Rev. J. R. Beard, D. D. London. 1846. 8vo. pp. 346.

to them. We cannot, in the brief space we can here give to the subject, present a minute analysis of the contents of the work, nor enter into any critical disquisitions on the merits of the historical sketches or "essays" which compose it. We shall attempt little more than to offer a few extracts relating to the existence and progress of Unitarianism, especially in those countries in respect to which its history is least known, believing that in this way we shall best meet the wishes of our readers, and at the same time recommend the volume to their favorable regard.

The work opens with a brief, but clear and satisfactory, account of Congregational Unitarianism in the United States, embracing its history, an exposition of what it is, and some remarks on its present condition. This was furnished by Rev. F. A. Farley, of Brooklyn, N. Y. We speak of it as satisfactory. By this we mean, that its statements are entitled to confidence, and the information it embodies is as full as the nature of the work of which it forms a part admitted, fifty-three pages being all that is devoted to the subject, constituting, however, a larger number than is given to any other article in the volume with the exception of two, those of Unitarianism in England and in Germany. American Unitarianism deserves to be treated at much greater length, and materials enough might be collected by diligent research to fill a volume. Mr. Farley has done, and done well, what he could within the limits prescribed by the necessity of the case. He will excuse us for mentioning one slight error, however, which he has allowed to escape him, relating to the constitution of the clerical part of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. He describes it as consisting of fifteen ministers of *Congregational* churches. The restriction limiting the choice to "Congregational" ministers no longer exists, having been removed in 1843.

For the greater part of the articles on the "Christian Connection," the Quakers, and the Universalist "Anti-Trinitarians," in the United States, the editor acknowledges himself indebted to Rupp's History, noticed in our September number for 1844. Rev. Mr. Cordner, of Montreal, furnishes the account of Unitarianism in Canada. The article on Unitarianism in England, by Rev. Mr. Turner, to whom we were indebted for the valuable paper on the same subject in our number for May, 1845, and whose volumes on the "Lives of English Unitarians" have also received notice in our jour-

nal, contains a succinct and rapid sketch of the causes and manner of the transition from Orthodoxy to Unitarianism in England, illustrated by an account of particular congregations; speaks briefly of Unitarianism in Scotland, and at considerable length of Dissenting Academies; gives a sketch of Unitarian periodical literature, and of Associations; and concludes with several pages of general remarks on the character, position, and prospects of English Unitarianism. We give a single extract, relating to individual liberty, and what the author calls "Congregational institutions," a subject in regard to which the experience of our English brethren may be worth attending to. We only wish that we could transfer more of his statements and reflections on this and some other subjects to our pages.

"The Unitarians," says he, "have derived from their English Presbyterian ancestors very enlarged notions of the just liberties, not only of distinct congregations, but of the individual members of each society. It may even be thought by some, that, in their earnestness to secure this object, they have sacrificed more than could have been wished of the practical advantages which are sought for in the formation of Christian communities. It is difficult for men to associate for any purpose, without some kind of constitution, and without surrendering a portion of their individual discretion to the direction of others; and the members of a society of Christian disciples seem bound to seek not only the things which make for peace, but those by which one may edify another. But it is feared that this latter object can scarcely be accomplished to the desired extent, where there is so little to link and bind the several parties together, and lead them to take a more active and habitual interest in one another's concerns. Of this opinion was Dr. Priestley, who repeatedly endeavoured to urge the congregations with which he was connected as a minister to revive somewhat of that church discipline which had been allowed to pass into almost entire desuetude. But his exhortations do not seem to have produced any considerable or permanent effect. It may be, that in these respects we carry our jealousy of all interference with our personal liberty to an extreme; and certainly it must be admitted, that it becomes all Christians, and especially those who are associated together as stated fellow-worshippers, to remember that they are brethren, and that Christianity is essentially a *social* religion, which calls upon us to consult not our own merely, but every man another's welfare.

"In some places it may, perhaps, be found that this distinguishing character of our religion has been too much overlooked; but

we are apt to think that in the greater number of Unitarian congregations a change in these respects has been silently going on for the better; a change evinced, not in a disposition to exercise a prying inspection, or to sit in judgment over the character, still less over the faith, of others, but in the increasing number of Congregational institutions which have for their object to promote mutual improvement, and the diffusion of just views both of the Christian doctrine and of the Christian life. But there is, for the most part, in our societies an entire absence of internal organization, except in so far as merely secular interests are concerned. Amidst some advantages arising from hence, one evil may result, that individuals are more intimately and more habitually brought together in other capacities than that of attendants on the same religious services. It may happen that many of the members of numerous congregations, especially in large towns, and where there is a considerable inequality of rank and station, have not even a personal acquaintance; so that they are sometimes connected together by a very slender tie, which is likely to be sundered by trifling considerations of convenience or of worldly interest.

"To this, among other causes, may be traced the early decline of many of the old Presbyterian places, some of which scarcely survived the generation of the original founders." — pp. 142 – 144.

Passing over the account of the Unitarian General Baptists, also by Mr. Turner, some remarks on the distinctive features of English Unitarianism, given in a letter to the editor, and an article, in which we were much interested, on Joseph Barker and the churches in connection with him, we give the following short extract from the paper on "Anti-Trinitarianism in the North of Ireland," by Rev. J. Blakeley.

"The number of Anti-Trinitarians in the North of Ireland is now considerably above thirty thousand; who, it must be admitted, are among the most opulent, peaceable, loyal, and best educated inhabitants of the country. In connection with their congregations there are several well inclosed burying-grounds; a number of efficient schools for giving instruction in general and classical education; many well attended Sunday schools for the accommodation and improvement of the children of the humbler classes, and a few libraries. Their meeting-houses are plain, substantial buildings, and are, without exception, in respectable order. In them the Lord's Supper is administered twice every year, at common communion-tables placed in the aisles; and the attendance on each occasion is about one fifth or one sixth of the number of persons belonging to each congregation. In some

of the larger congregations, such as Dromore, Killinchy, Monyrea, Downpatrick, and Banbridge, the communicants number from two hundred and twenty to four hundred and forty. Several, however, communicate only once in each year, otherwise the attendance at the Supper would be considerably increased." — pp. 174, 175.

In Dublin, and the South of Ireland, Anti-Trinitarian sentiments have made less progress, — those places, according to the remark of the writer, Rev. Dr. Ledlie, being "not favorable to the growth of any kind of Protestant Dissent."

Dr. Rees's account of Caermarthen College, Wales, which comes next, is a valuable historical document. "Anti-Trinitarianism in South Wales," and "Mission to the Poor," follow; we then come to "Anti-Trinitarianism in Germany," by the editor. This is a copious and difficult subject, and the author has treated it at considerable length, the article being the longest in the volume. "In general," says Dr. Beard, "the old Lutheran clergy followed the example of the Reformer from whom they took their name, and set forth the doctrine" of the Trinity "in its practical relations, and as something to be believed rather than defined." This was dangerous, for reason would interrogate, and insist that its questions should be answered. Part of the process which led to the rejection of the doctrine is thus described.

"When once the support of antiquity had been undermined, and that of the Old Testament almost removed, there remained no other resource but to define and prove the Trinity, in its details, from the writings of the New Testament. In this attempt, great diversities soon made themselves manifest. Trinitarians could not agree, in all cases, as to their statements of doctrine, nor as to their proof-passages. What one advanced, another denied. What one proved, another confuted. Paul Maty, dissatisfied with received views, came forward with a new theory, which amounted to nothing more than a modification of the theory of subordination. Souverain also lent his aid in undermining the historical ground. Even Leibnitz rather answered objections than put forth, much less established, any positive doctrine of the Trinity; for which what he calls his newly discovered logic was not more efficacious than the old and long tried methods of ratiocination. One after another, theorists propounded hypotheses, which seemed brought forward only to be confuted. Soon the attempt to deduce the Trinity from, or make it accordant with, reason, was abandoned as hopeless. The doctrine lost all support in the human mind and the spirit of the age. Then it only

remained for theologians to consign its body to the tomb. It was, at length, seen and acknowledged, that it was idle to waste time in disputing about the eternal generation of the Son of God, when men knew nothing about human generation. This was the opinion of the celebrated J. D. Michaelis. Accordingly, Semler altogether threw these scholastic distinctions out of the province of belief; they had, he held, no meaning for practical Christianity. The whole had become antiquated. Seiler and Flatt, however, undertook its defence, but conducted their arguments in a manner to show that neither reason nor Scripture afforded to Trinitarianism of any kind solid support; other German theologians made similar attempts, but they all inclined either to Tritheism or Unitarianism, and proved nothing else than the hopelessness of any theory which should bring reason and revelation into agreement on the subject. The tendency of the day is to represent Christianity as the revelation of the religious ideas, which were native to the human mind, in and through Jesus Christ, the Divinely commissioned teacher of the world. But among these religious ideas the Trinity finds no place. The Trinity, therefore, is not a part of the religion of Jesus Christ, through whom God revealed himself to man, as a holy Being." — pp. 234, 235.

Further on we find the following: —

"The more modern theologians of Germany have, by a high authority, been divided in regard to their views of the Trinity into three classes: first, 'they regard the doctrine of three Divine hypostases as a mode of representation which has been accidentally connected with Christianity, and therefore is to be separated from it as an unessential adjunct; among whom are Souverain, Löffler, Jerusalem, Henke, Eckermann, Cannabich, Wegscheider; or, secondly, they abstain altogether from any exact statement of the doctrine, and are satisfied with the teachings which they think they find in the New Testament; such as Morus, Döderlein, Storr, Knapp, Hahn, Baumgarten-Crusius, Steudel; or, finally, they set forth the church-doctrine in such a way that the essence of it, namely, the Trinity of Divine persons, is lost, since they distinguish in God three powers, or three activities, or three relations, or three revelations of himself.'

"If this classification is exhaustive as well as accurate, the Trinity subsists among the learned of Germany only in name; the patristical doctrine has been attenuated to a shadow, or reduced to nothing. If regarded as an unessential representation, the Trinity must now have lost its dogmatical value; if brought down into Scriptural form, it is abandoned; if converted into 'three somewhats,' it is no longer such as the creeds declare,

or their advocates recognize. Whether in relation to the tenet this age has superseded the earlier ages, or Matthew, Paul, and John have set aside the authority of Athanasius, or new and unmeaning terms have supplanted the old definitions, it is clear that *the* doctrine once taught and held for an essential article of Christian faith is virtually repudiated and silently disowned." — p. 239.

Again: —

"In truth, there is only one school of theologians in Germany, that profess to remain faithful to Ecclesiastical Trinitarianism. We refer to Hengstenberg, and those who think with him; — a class who are by no means uniform in their views, and are not held in the highest estimation by the best German scholars, either for solid learning or for impartiality and candor. Even this school are orthodox scarcely more than in relation to the modes of thought and systems of denials, in the midst of which the members live. If measured by the Athanasian standard, these members would be found wanting; for, bold as they are, they are not hardy enough to assert and maintain, in the midst of hostile facts, the generally repudiated forms of scholastic orthodoxy. Though less heretical than their brethren, some of them would be suspected, if not convicted, of heresy before the bench of English bishops." — p. 243.

From among the living divines of Germany, Dr. Beard then selects three "as being very distinguished, and as representing different casts of mind, which nearly comprehend the bulk of the reading, thinking, and learned population of the Protestant Church of that country," — Neander, Bretschneider, and Wegscheider, — and adduces evidence to show that these all hold Anti-Trinitarian sentiments. After some very candid remarks on the Rationalism of Germany, he proceeds to speak of the formation of the New German Catholic Church under Ronge, Czerski, Theiner, and others. Turning back to the Protestant Church, he then passes to a consideration of the "Gustavus Adolphus Institution," founded in 1843, on a basis so broad, as Dr. Beard maintains, as to embrace "under the name Christian, professors of Unitarianism." Another association which has attained great celebrity is that known under the name of "The Union of Protestant Friends," sometimes called "Friends of Light." At the head of these, though their public meetings are discontinued, stands Uhlich, of Pömmelte, in Saxony, from whose Confessions (Bekenntnisse von Uhlich, Leipzig, 1845) Dr. Beard gives the following extract.

"Uhlich thus sets forth his leading sentiments: — '1. I find myself defective, imperfect, in every excellence which is offered to me as a man among other creatures. Something is wanting; but not a longing for truth, virtue, peace. 2. While I seek satisfaction for this longing, I find it nowhere better than in Christianity, whose living model stands before me in its founder, Jesus Christ. 3. In him I recognize the most elevated messenger of God to man; man as he ought to be, the Lord and Master to whom my soul can give itself with full confidence. 4. His history, in its leading points, I believe; but my belief in him rests chiefly on the purity of his life, the truth of his doctrine, the life-giving power of his kingdom, and, as on the last and deepest ground, on the experience that the imitation of him makes me happy. 5. By Jesus I learn to know God as my Father, whom I strive to honor in spirit and in truth, especially by childlike reliance. 6. Through Jesus I have received, as the test of all my actions, the principle of love. 7. Through him I acknowledge holiness to be the great work of my life. 8. If I fail and become downcast in this work, Jesus announces forgiveness to me, on repentance and newness of life. 9. From him I have received the promise of the Holy Spirit, as a divine power which operates in all Christendom, which incorporates itself with every true effort, and helps me forward to my object. 10. For the completion of all my endeavours, Jesus directs me to a higher kingdom of God beyond the tomb, and therein to judgment and retribution, which, however, begin in this state. All these propositions are formed with a direct reference to Jesus, for so they correspond to the faith which fills my soul. In matters of doctrine I immediately think of him who has given the instruction, and preceded me in the practical observance of it; I rejoice that Christianity is not mere instruction, but has, also, the personal character of the Saviour, and so I preach it to my flock.'

"'The reader, perhaps, requires me to say what I hold respecting Jesus. I see two sides in him. One is turned to me, which is clear to me, — Jesus is my Saviour; in no one do I find so satisfactory an answer to my weightiest questions; for my life so excellent a guidance, both in his teachings and in his own life; for my heart so pervasive a satisfaction, and at the same time so worthy an object of my inmost honor and love. This is one side. The other is turned from me towards God, with whom Jesus stands in a more intimate relation than myself and all whom I know. On this other side there is much which is to me mysterious; how Jesus could be a man as myself, and yet so pure, so clear-minded, so deeply conscious of the union of his soul with the Father, a union such as I do not find in me in my

best hours, as I cannot hope to reach; this is a secret to me. Therefore it seems to me to be somewhat hard and cold to say, 'Jesus was a man as we,' when in so many important relations he was different to [from] what we know men to be. On this account, I have on a previous occasion said, 'Who Jesus was, I know not, an answer fails me; only what I have in him, that I know, and rejoice in the knowledge; my Saviour.'" — pp. 270, 271.

Dr. Beard proceeds to adduce evidence of the Anti-Trinitarianism of the "Protestant Friends," and of its general spread in Germany. He thus speaks of Holland: —

"In regard to Anti-Trinitarianism in Holland, we omit giving a separate essay, because we should, in the main, have to repeat evidences the same in substance with that which has been here set forth; for, wherever the influence of German theology has made itself strongly felt, the constant and almost immediate effect has been the overthrow of the Orthodoxy of the sixteenth century; and no country has shared more largely in the advantages conferred by the new learning of Germany than its neighbour, Holland. There, indeed, every successive phase of that learning has been caught and reflected. Accordingly, the decline of extreme negations, and the revival, with renewed life and increased ardor, of an attachment to an historical Christianity, including miracle as an important element, by which the German church is now distinguished, has extended its benign effects to the sister institution of Holland." — p. 282.

From Germany, Dr. Beard passes, in another article, to the French Protestant Church, the views of the "Anti-Trinitarian majority" of which he gives mostly in passages taken from M. Coquerel's work on "Modern Orthodoxy," an authority entitled to the highest respect. The article on "Anti-Trinitarianism in Transylvania," which follows, was, the editor informs us, written by a distinguished member of the Unitarian Church in that country, and translated by John Paget, Esq., who added the notes. The ancient fame of the Unitarians of Transylvania and Poland will cause this article to be eagerly read. We cannot give in detail its contents; and, passing over what belongs to the past, — the introduction of Unitarianism into Transylvania, its progress and various fortunes, — we will offer the following somewhat long extract relating to the present numbers, character, and condition of our brethren in that distant region.

"The Unitarians in Transylvania are generally reckoned at 50,000, of whom the majority are Szeklers, the rest Magyars.

Though still in much smaller numbers than they were formerly, they seem to be now gradually increasing. Many of those professing other religions do not hesitate to say that they agree with the Unitarians in their belief. The Unitarians live for the most part in villages, though there are many to be found in the towns of Keresztur, Thorda, Abrudbánya, Maros Vásárhely, and Klausenburg. In the villages, to each of their churches a small elementary school is attached, in which both boys and girls are taught. Besides these they have two Gymnasiums, one in the village of Keresztur, near the town of the same name, founded in 1790; and the other at Thorda, which flourishes since the sixteenth century. Their chief College is in the capital, Klausenburg, which is still also the seat of their Superintendent. These institutions are entirely supported from Unitarian funds, for the body enjoys no support either from the country or sovereign. Almost every church maintains its own church and schoolmaster. The Gymnasiums of Thorda and Keresztur, the professors of the College of Klausenburg, the Superintendent or Bishop, and the treasurer of the community, are paid out of the common funds.

"The affairs of each Unitarian church are managed conjointly by the clergyman and elders of the church. The churches are united into Deaconries, over each of which there is a Deacon, a Notary, and two or more lay-Curators. The clergymen, schoolmasters, and Curators of the Deaconry, assemble at certain fixed times, under the presidence of the Deacon, for the transaction of business. The affairs of the Unitarian community are intrusted to the General Consistory (Consistorium Supremum Unitariorum). The members of the General Consistory are, among the clergy, the Superintendent, the Deacons, the Notaries of Deaconries, and some clergymen of distinguished merit; among the laymen, the chief Curator of the Unitarian community, the Curators of Deaconries, the Curators of the Colleges and the Gymnasiums, and certain of the more distinguished among the Unitarian gentry, especially such as hold office under government. As the general meetings of the Consistory are held only twice a year, smaller meetings are held more frequently, generally every Sunday after church at Klausenburg, which are attended by such members of the General Consistory as happen to be there, and in such meetings the current business of the Deaconries, Churches, and Schools is transacted. The Superintendent and General Curator (both, if present, or either one) are the presidents, by right, of the Consistory. The General Notary, commonly one of the professors of Klausenburg, acts as Secretary to the Consistory; and though by the fulfilment of this office he obtains no right, yet he is generally considered as the

successor of the Superintendent, and is almost always chosen as such. The proceedings of the weekly meetings of the Consistory are laid before the half-yearly meetings, to be approved or disallowed, though the latter rarely occurs. Matters of great and general moment are always reserved for the general meetings. Of these two meetings one is always held in Klausenburg; the other, distinguished by the name of Synod, is held in each of the Deaconries by turn. It is only in the general Synod that the election of a Superintendent and Chief Curator, or the ordination of clergymen, can take place.

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"None are eligible to the office of clergyman, professor, or schoolmaster, who have not gone through the whole course of study in the College of Klausenburg. The nomination of clergymen to the churches, and professors to the village school, from the students of the College, as well as the transfer of clergymen and professors from one place to another, is the duty of the Superintendent, though he is considerably restrained in the exercise of this duty by the rights of members of the church themselves. The Professors of the College and the two Gymnasia are chosen by the Synod. The mode of election to a Professorship is this. The Professors of the College propose to the Synod those of the students whom they consider to have shown such evidence of superior talent as fits them for the place, from which the Synod chooses one, who is then provided with funds, and sent to complete his studies in some foreign University. One of the German Universities is commonly chosen; formerly Göttingen was the favorite; but since recent events have deprived it of its fame, Berlin is preferred. Those students who have enjoyed the advantages of study in foreign Universities are mostly placed in the College of Klausenburg, where they teach the higher branches of science, the lower ones being taught by young men who, having finished their studies, are waiting to be appointed to some vacant cure, under the superintendence of a Professor, called Pædagogarcha. There are four Professors in Klausenburg, of whom one is always General Notary, another Rector, and a third Pædagogarcha.

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"The Unitarians are very anxious about the welfare of their schools, and the instruction of the youths placed in them. Even from the smallest village schools annual reports must be sent in to the great Consistory, which bestows praise and rewards on such teachers as have distinguished themselves by their zeal and capacity, as well as reprimands and punishes those who have neglected their duty. The consequence of this is, that those professing other religions are obliged to confess, that, in propor-

tion to their numbers, more intelligent, well informed young men are sent out of the Unitarian schools than from any others, and, consequently, many Catholics and Calvinists avail themselves of them for the education of their children. Out of the two hundred scholars in the Unitarian Gymnasium of Thorda, no less than forty belong to other religions." — pp. 310 – 312.

The writer refers to proofs of the eloquence and learning of the Unitarian clergymen and writers of Transylvania. He adds : —

"The Unitarians are no longer disturbed in those rights and privileges which have so often been assured to them by the laws. They enjoy the same liberties with the other established religions, and two of the highest posts under government are at present filled by Unitarians, — that of Counsellor of State, by Michael Sala, and that of President of the Royal Table (the Supreme Court of Justice), by Elek Daniel, who is, also, Chief Curator of the Unitarian community." — p. 313.

The following interesting particulars were furnished, as appears from the initials, by Mr. Paget, already referred to as the translator of the article.

"The order of church service differs but little from that of England. It commences with an introductory hymn, after which is a Canticle, in which the whole congregation joins: prayer: Canticle, standing up: sermon, followed by benediction: Canticle. The churches are mostly modern structures, plain in style, but generally with tower and belfry, and when the congregation can afford it, furnished with an organ. The pulpit and clerk's desk differ little from those in England, except in the plainness of their materials, being mostly of unpainted deal or oak. There are no pews, but open seats, on the one side for the men, and on the other for the women. As no church is ever heated, it requires some courage to sit during a service in a winter scarcely less cold than that of Moscow ; and nothing but furs and sheepskins enables one to hold out. On Sundays, there is, mostly, service twice a day, and in some places prayers every morning soon after sunrise.

"When a vacancy occurs in a Unitarian church, the congregation names three eligible persons for the office of pastor, from whom the bishop nominates one to the situation. There is no right of patronage (a sort of right of presentation) in the lord of the manor, as among the Calvinists. No person is eligible who has not gone through the full course of education in the College of Klausenburg, and, except in certain prescribed cases, served three years as village schoolmaster. The office of schoolmaster,

therefore, must be considered as a transition one, and introductory merely to the ministry; though there are cases in which, from want of talent or knowledge, it becomes permanent. The Unitarian clergy receive no payment from the crown now, except, in a few cases, the legal tithes. Their payment, however, is generally in kind. Every head of a family, and every householder, gives a certain fixed quantity of corn, commonly in the sheaf; in some cases a small sum of money is added from a charitable fund, and there is for the most part some glebe land, varying from two or three acres to thirty or forty. This the clergyman generally cultivates himself, and mostly with his own hands, though he can often reckon on some help from his flock during harvest-time. Even the richest of the Transylvanian clergy are poor, and the poor have barely enough to find their families in a sufficiency of the plainest food. The greatest part of their clothing is spun and woven at home. The payment of the schoolmaster is commonly about half that of the clergyman. In parishes which are too poor to maintain a clergyman, a layman, under the name of Levite, performs the service. The clergyman enjoys the privileges of gentility, although of ignoble origin; but this rank does not become hereditary in his family. In common with other members of the privileged class, the clergy are free from all tolls and taxes." — pp. 313, 314.

The remaining articles in the volume are "Anti-Trinitarianism in Geneva," a short contribution by the editor, and "English Unitarian Writers," by Mr. Turner. Appended is a "List of Anti-Trinitarian Congregations and Ministers in England and Scotland," with some other statistical matters. The number of Unitarian congregations in England and Scotland is about two hundred and fifty; in the North of Ireland, thirty-six; in South Wales, thirty. On the whole, we can say with truth, that the volume, if we except some marks of carelessness in the translations, and some inaccuracies of expression, reflects great credit on the editor, and affords gratifying evidence of the firm position and prospects of Unitarianism in different portions of the world. We see nothing in the general views it presents to dishearten us, but much to encourage future and earnest efforts to diffuse abroad a knowledge of the pure and simple gospel of Christ

A. L.

Art. III. — ODE.

"Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued; Jesus hath conquered death. Child of immortality! mourn no longer."

FIRST VOICE.

Strike, strike, my lyre, the solemn notes of woe,
For all that 's fair is fleeting here below!
Swifter than April gleams they pass away,
The joys, the hopes, that rise but to decay.
They seem our own,
We know no fear;
But they are gone
For ever here!
Our life's long hopes, our joys, — all vanished in a day!

SECOND VOICE.

Yet there is gladness round.
Why list we only to the voice of sorrow?
Hark! that full joyous sound!
Sweet child, so gay, so thoughtless of the morrow,
O, turn on me thy smile,
The sunny promise of a day so bright!
Let it my soul beguile,
And shed on me its hope, its love, its light;
Yes! let it banish care, and sorrow's gloomy night.

And hark! the voice of Spring!
It sounds full cheerily;
The blithe young greenwoods ring
Merrily, merrily!
And see the buds all opening fair and bright,
Promise of loveliest flowers!
And see the trees all decked in virgin white,
Gladdening the bridal bowers!
O, 't is a world of life and love! A joyous world is ours!

And there is many a sweet young form
Too fair to die;
And strong and high
Beats many a heart with feelings warm;
And there are heads round which the laurels twine
In earliest youth;
There are blest spirits hallowed at the shrine
Of holy truth;
O, these are lovelier far than Spring! — these cannot fade and fly.

FIRST VOICE.

Thus may'st thou sing whose spring-tide hour is bright,
On whom no wintry storms as yet have burst;
Who hast not seen cold Autumn shed his blight
On beauties, spring and summer joys had nurst.
Now Hope is round thee, —
Soon she 'll fly;
Sorrow hath found me, —
Let me sigh!
Stay not my song of grief for joys that fade and die.

Once too for me the laughing day
Poured sweets around;
Life was in all most bright and gay; —
Too soon I found
That Death is in the world; his dreary pall
Once seen is ever near,
And coldly sheds his ghastly gloom o'er all,
Filling the soul with fear,
And telling thee thy brightest hopes must fall.

Why does that mother always mourn, nor raise her drooping eye?
Why does a cloud o'ershadow all, and never pass her by?
Her morning star is hid in gloom,
Her daughter sunk into the tomb!
Why does that matron grieving sit within her palace-gate,
Nor heed, while years roll tedious by, her noble mansion's state?
Her thoughts are ever in the grave; her only hope and trust,
Soon with her husband and her son to mingle in the dust.
O, gloomy is this narrow vale! — sad, sad is mortal fate!

Yes! there has been a gladness in my soul,
Like that of infancy;
Now heavy sorrows o'er me roll,
I 've lost its buoyancy.
And my young hopes were gay and fair,
Like sweet bells ringing,
Like green leaves springing;
But never more shall happiness be there, —
Deep sorrow takes its place, and dark corroding care.

THIRD VOICE.

Thou sorrowing child of dust, why grieves thy heart
That earthly joys depart?
When the green earth its choicest treasures brings,
It tells of heavenly Springs;

The dying year touches with fairest hues
The drooping trees and flowers,
Which in our souls the sweetest thoughts infuse
Of ever sunny hours,
Where the blest tree of life shall be for ever ours.

E'en when Death circles in his icy arms
All that thou hast most dear,
And from thy sight vanish all earthly charms,
A heavenly hope is near.
Faith gilds the mists of human feeling,
Love glows more brightly near the tomb,
Peace, on the sorrowing bosom stealing,
Gleams sweetly through the thickest gloom;
All a blest glimpse of better worlds revealing.

Such was the faith that cheered the dying bed,
As o'er her son the mother leant,
And soothed with tender love his drooping head,
On whom her fondest hopes were bent.
"These sufferings of a day
Soon, soon shall pass away,
And I shall see my dear Redeemer's face.
My mother, follow me to that loved place,
And let us all together share our Heavenly Father's grace."

And would that mother call to earth her son,
To share the toils of life's perplexing way?
No; though in grief her course she now must run,
And o'er his vacant seat the tears must stray,
Religion's soft control
Illumes her inmost soul;
In hopeful trust she says, — "Thy will is best,
My Father! be thy name for ever blest;
I would not take my son again from his eternal rest."

Death blights not, chills not, but awakes,
The soul's immortal, pure desires;
O'er the dark vale a glory breaks
From heaven, to which the soul aspires.
I 've seen the wife and mother dying,
All her fair earthly visions flying;
And, as her life was ebbing fast,
These accents were her last: —
"My Father! 't is a glorious morn; all, all is bright within!"

Live in the power of an eternal life!
'T was thus the Saviour, dwelling still on earth,

O'ercame its cares and sorrows, toils and strife.
And thus his followers of the second birth,
To whom immortal hopes and joys are given,
Fear not to die; —
The holy ties of earth can ne'er be riven;
For soon on high,
The ransomed shall partake their purer bliss in heaven.

Let hope and joy kindle their fairest rays
In all that 's lovely here;
Faint earnest of a brighter blaze
In the celestial sphere.
Let pain and sorrow shade the dazzled sight,
Unused to such excess of light;
Death draws the veils aside,
Which heavenly mansions hide,
And opens to the soul its home of glories bright. M. C.

Bristol, England.

Art. IV. — THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS.*

Will any one collect the statistics of moral heroism, of integrity, and of charity? Until we have such a collection, our view of the progress of nations must be very imperfect. We are not merely concerned to learn the amount of iron which has been raised from the depths of the earth, the number of bales of cotton which are annually exported from different countries, or the quantity of cloth which is manufactured within certain limits. It is delightful to know that a very satisfactory collection of religious and moral statistics might easily be made. Having assurance of this fact, we can look with pleasure upon that side of the great subject of national progress which Mr. Seaman has presented. The discussion of such a subject is certainly not foreign from the purpose of a religious journal. The lover of truth must well understand the spirit that rules the hour, and must adapt his words to the tasks and necessities of living men. Now it is the age of labor, of profitable labor. Profitable, we say;

* *Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, Civilization, Population, and Wealth; illustrated by Statistics of Mining, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Banking, Revenues, Internal Improvements, Emigration, Mortality, and Population.* By Ezra C. Seaman. Detroit. 1846. 8vo. pp. 455.

for the old Roman toiled like any modern operative, while he dragged through morass and forest his incredible burden, or built up or battered down strong walls ; but he toiled to no good purpose. We are growing rich through our own efforts, and not by robbery ; though this last method, we are sorry to say, has not entirely gone out of fashion. Property is now the great fact in human life ! "The Purse is the State," has taken the place of "*L'état c'est moi.*" In times of war, it was important once to have an Epaminondas or a Washington ; now the great requisite is a good credit. "The capitalists are the captains' captains." The Jews rule the nations, after all. Rothschild has succeeded to emperor and pope. His demand of Peter's pence is never contested.

Such being the condition of things, we are bound to pay special attention to those moral laws, which are given to direct and restrain the spirit of industry and the power of capital. Labor must be consecrated. Wealth must be claimed as a trust from God. The deeds which the hand findeth to do must serve to instruct the soul. By every new accumulation of capital, new power must be gained over matter and the senses. Moreover, the religious man cannot choose but set a high value upon a moderate degree of prosperity. A faithful ministry to the soul includes a ministry to the body. "Neither poverty nor riches," expresses the happy medium which is favorable to the best culture ; and one who has at heart the cause of the poor will be deeply interested in every enterprise that offers to them the means of relief from excessive labor.

Mr. Seaman has more than fulfilled the promise of his title-page. Besides twelve essays upon the topics which he professes to treat, he has given us five preliminary chapters, that are chiefly devoted to the moral bearings of his subject. In these chapters he discusses the laws of nature, with their operations upon the condition of individuals and of nations ; then, industry and exercise ; then, the course of civilization, from the life of the herdsman to that of the modern manufacturer ; and finally, the influence of governments, civil and ecclesiastical, upon the operations of industry. In these preliminary essays a healthy moral sentiment is manifested, yet we are compelled to notice the besetting error of the political economist. The author lays too much stress upon external resources, and underrates the power of the soul. For

example, he regards it as almost certain, that, if the inventions in mechanics, which have been such sources of wealth to England, had been made a quarter of a century later, the British Isles must have been conquered by Napoleon. It is true that the wealth of England gave her an immense advantage in the struggle with France. More than £ 11,000,000 was paid in subsidies to different European powers, during the last year of the great struggle. But what if England had been poor? So long as the national heart beats strong and responsive to the truth, extermination may be possible, but not conquest. Bankers are formidable, but there be that are higher than they.

We have also observed in our author a few statements which, as it seems to us, need to be much qualified. He attributes the decline and fall of the Roman empire to that union between church and state which was formed in the fourth century of our era. According to his view of the matter, the tyranny of the ecclesiastics crushed the Roman spirit. But is it not matter of history, that the work of destruction began before Christianity had gained a hold upon the Roman heart? Christianity could not save that ancient civilization. The old paganism ought to bear the burden of the catastrophe. It was powerless to check the luxury which consumed the life of the Roman, and left nothing save bodies to be destroyed by the barbarian. We have in mind another writer, who attributes the decline of the Roman empire to the neglect of agriculture in Italy. Once more; Mr. Seaman brings forward the case of Galileo, in evidence of the hostility of the Romish Church to physical science. But Galileo, so impartial history seems to us to teach, brought upon himself his sentence by appealing to the Romish tribunal against some scientific opponents, and by his own dogmatical temper. He would have been allowed, we think, to teach his physical doctrine, had he not insisted upon it as a demonstration, which it then certainly was not, and maintained that it is taught in Scripture, which is at best only doubtful. When the hostility of Catholics to the physical sciences is under discussion, let it be remembered that the learned and candid author of the "Connection of Science and Revealed Religion" is Dr. Wiseman, a Catholic and a cardinal. With these qualifications, we have been much pleased with the preliminary essays. They are certainly not spirited, but they are full of useful information, and of exceedingly judi-

cious remarks. The style is not elegant, indeed, not always even correct, yet the author succeeds in making himself understood, and has generally a very good meaning. His Essays are adapted to strengthen the conviction, that a large and liberal culture is the true spring of national prosperity.

We pass now to what may properly be regarded as the main work. Our limits will not allow us to give even a brief account of the various topics which are discussed in this portion of the book. From what it contains on agriculture, the mechanic arts, the metals, commerce, railroads, canals, and the proper division of employments, we gather this as Mr. Seaman's doctrine, — which is confirmed and illustrated, again and again, by new arguments and facts, — that the skill of the mechanic, acting by and through the materials and forces of nature, is the prime cause of wealth. We learn thence, that agriculture is subordinate to mechanism, that the mechanic contrives and prepares tools for the farmer, whilst the manufacturer affords him a near and safe market for his crop. The statistics which our author has accumulated do, indeed, show that it is the "age of mechanism." It has been said that any thing can be proved by figures. At all events, tables of statistics are liable to be abused. To the careless eye, they seem to tell the whole, when they really tell only a small part. But the general doctrine which Mr. Seaman advances seems to be well supported.

England furnishes a striking proof of our author's position. To some it may be a significant fact, that Sir Robert Peel is the son of a cotton-manufacturer. The spinning-machine of Wyatt and Paul, the spinning-jenny of Hargreaves, the spinning-frame of Arkwright, the power-loom of Cartwright, the carding-cylinders invented by Paul and improved by Lees and Arkwright, with the mule of Crompton, have made human labor twenty times more productive for the manufacture of cotton than it was prior to 1767. An English nobleman was the inventor of the steam-engine, but it was not brought into notice until reinvented by Savary, and was comparatively useless until improved by Watt. Machinery and the steam-engine saved to the United Kingdom, in 1840, the labor of fifty-seven millions. The wheat-crop in Great Britain was three times larger this same year than in the year 1765. The Irish are mainly an agricultural people, and this fact in part explains their poverty. By means of the steam-

engine, from thirty to thirty-five million tons of coal are annually raised from the English mines. If the island of Great Britain were one great forest, and an amount of wood equivalent to this amount of coal were to be annually cut off, two thirds of the trees would be levelled in the course of a century.

Turn now to our own country. In the manufacturing State of Rhode Island, the earnings of labor and capital amount to one hundred and ten dollars annually for each person. In Massachusetts the amount is one hundred and three dollars. In the agricultural State of Indiana it is only thirty-four dollars. These estimates are taken from tables which are considered too favorable to agriculture.

Now we have nothing to do with the political bearing of these facts. We do not look at them with the eyes of a politician; it is our object rather to consider them as economists and as lovers of moral truth. And first, we are urged to say, that the case of agriculture is not so bad as it may at first appear. The cultivation of the soil can hardly be as profitable as some other occupations, yet it is safe. And, moreover, it may be made tolerably profitable by the same application of science which has secured such wonderful results in the mechanic arts. Agricultural chemistry is still in its infancy; and yet it is already almost certain, that a small farm, scientifically cultivated, and not too remote from a market, may be made a mine of wealth. This matter is not well understood. There is no wisdom in our practice of dispersing ourselves over immense tracts of country, out of the reach of schools, churches, and markets. Individuals, and the nation at large, are insane upon the subject of territory. A vast amount of grain is every year wasted in our country, because it cannot be brought to market. We have no right, except in cases of necessity, to go into the wilderness. The culture of choice fruits and of fine vegetables, the dairy, the poultry-yard, and the flower-garden, are not made sufficiently prominent. There are articles suitable to be eaten besides beef and pork. Let the Eastern farmer remain at home, and make the old farm more productive. We cannot dispense with the influences of agriculture. It is a most captivating and ennobling employment; the children of the earth gain strength from the touch of their mother, and drink in health with her warm, sweet breath. And through the aid of system and of sci-

ence, we can accomplish all that is necessary in a thickly settled country, and escape dangers to which our Western friends are exposed.

Mechanism is, however, the great fact of the day. And the wonderful extent of manufacturing operations imposes upon us inquiries as to their moral tendency, and their influence upon the wages of labor. Some moralists look with extreme anxiety upon our manufacturing villages, and to the poet the factory is hardly an agreeable object. Hear Wordsworth upon the subject.

> "Then, in full many a region, once like this
> The assured domain of calm simplicity
> And pensive quiet, an unnatural light,
> Prepared for never-resting labor's eyes,
> Breaks from a many-windowed fabric huge;
> And at the appointed hour a bell is heard,
> Of harsher import than the curfew-knoll
> That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest, —
> A local summons to unceasing toil."

In attempting to form a conclusion upon this subject, we ought to bear in mind that great advantages, as well as great evils, may flow from collecting a large number of persons within a small compass. All that is good may be brought to bear upon them, as well as all that is evil. We believe that well disposed persons begin to acknowledge the value of the influence which is exerted in our modern manufacturing cities. It should be further considered, that a large proportion of the operatives are employed in manufacturing only for a short term of years, and are kept in the right path by the prospect of a return to their homes. Yet we cannot too closely watch or too earnestly labor for these communities of manufacturers. Religious worship, social entertainments, reading, the formation of homes when this is possible, every thing which can in any way instruct or adorn mind and heart, should be sedulously promoted. Our wonderful resources demand corresponding efforts on our part to be faithful in our stewardship, — that the time may come,

> "When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by the might
> Of this dominion over nature gained,
> Men of all lands shall exercise the same
> In due proportion to their country's need;
> Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
> All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
> Upon the moral law."

The other inquiry relates to the wages of labor. When

nature is compelled to work for man, they whose calling it is to toil with their hands ought to be gainers. Are they gainers? It seems to us that the time has hardly arrived for a reply. Statistics show that the labor of the English operative is not worth one half so much as it was thirty years ago. But, thirty years ago, machinery had not been generally introduced on the Continent and in the United States. From 1800 to 1815, coarse cottons were at least four times higher than they were from 1842 to 1845. In the natural course of business, the laborer can hardly look for the first large monopoly prices, and yet, if we allow for the burdensome Corn Law and the enormous taxes, we may find that the English operative has of late years received more now than formerly; that is, he may have gained something from mechanism. Could he be relieved from excessive taxation, as he has been relieved from the Corn Law, one might answer more decidedly. In our own country, so long as the great West is open for emigration, the price of male labor cannot be greatly reduced. It is frequently imagined that the increase of machinery must lessen the demand for human hands. But the increase of the population in manufacturing countries seems to prove that this is not the case. The amount of production is so much greater now than it was formerly, that there is a great demand for labor; and as prices decrease with the increase of the supply, the laborer, so far as he is a consumer of manufactured articles, must be benefited with the rest of the community. The modern factory system has, however, placed labor most distinctly in contrast with capital. Formerly the artisan owned workshop and tools; now he is a mere artisan. And it would seem that the laborer is very much at the mercy of the capitalist. Moreover, if we consider the effect of competition upon prices, the necessity for close calculations which it often imposes upon the capitalist, we must admit that hard-handed toil is often but poorly rewarded. If the laborer has been the gainer by mechanism, he has hardly gained his share.

How, then, shall the poor obtain something more than gleanings? Will direct legislation avail them? We cannot see how. Suppose that the legislator undertakes to determine the number of hours which may be spent in labor; — the employer can regulate his price accordingly. The laborer must rather strive to be himself a capitalist. There is, if we have been rightly informed, in our American Manchester,

a cotton-mill the stock of which is entirely owned by the operatives. Moreover, there must be a more general application of science and of mechanism, in all departments of industry. Every thing which is necessary to comfort must be made cheap. There is, without doubt, a great deal yet to be realized from scientific and mechanical improvements. Production and consumption are still imperfectly understood. Again, it is clearly the duty of the wealthier portion of the community to provide the multitude with a generous education, intellectual, moral, and religious, to put within their reach galleries of art, well furnished libraries, and public gardens, and to provide literary and musical entertainments. There is hope for a community which can boast of Lowell Lectures as well as of Lowell manufactures. And yet again, it is the duty of every Christian man to cherish and manifest and recommend a genuine spirit of humanity, a spirit which in these latter days shall break down the middle wall of partition between employer and employed, as in ancient times it made Jew and Gentile one in Christ Jesus. The Christian religion, faithfully applied to the human heart, will make all things new; especially, in our age, will it subordinate the love of gain to the love of God and of his children.

One word in answer to the inquiry, Whose duty is it to elevate the condition of the laborer, and to make the progress of nations sure? In every highly civilized community, there is a large class of persons who are men of wealth and of leisure. Such persons often lead unprofitable lives. Frequently they illustrate the saying, — "The fathers earn, the children spend." Now, upon them especially rests the obligation to labor for others. They ought not to be mere consumers. Many persons who have succeeded in accumulating fortunes have lacked judgment and taste in the employment of their wealth; the sons of such persons enjoy every advantage of education, and should devote the portion of goods which they inherit to the highest uses. Times of wealth need not be times of sensuality and of impending ruin. No man comes into this world for idleness, for pleasure, for frivolity. It is too dark and sorrowful a world for such persons to live in it. No man, in whose bosom there beats a warm Christian heart, will complain that he is idle of necessity, idle merely because he has neither profession nor trade. We could name many a town in our

State where the cause of education languishes, because men of leisure will not devote themselves to it. Why, again, are the poor in our cities overcharged for miserable tenements? Because men of leisure will not build suitable dwellings, to be leased at moderate rates.

"M. Quetelet, a learned Belgian writer," says Mr. Seaman, "in his *Essais sur l'Homme*, on the authority of M. Villermé, of Paris, shows that the mortality, annually, in the poorest district of Paris, is nearly twice as great as in the wealthiest district, — that the mortality increases regularly, from the wealthiest to the poorest district, — and that it is very little affected by any cause, except the degree of comfort, and the wealth and ease or poverty of the inhabitants. The lives of the poor are not shortened in Paris by want of food, as much as those of the rich are by high living, over-eating, and want of exercise, which often bring on the gout, dyspepsia, and a long train of diseases which greatly shorten human life. The cause of the great mortality of the poor in Paris, and in all civilized countries, is not a want of food, but a want of warm, dry, comfortable dwellings, and a want of sufficient good bedding, clothing, and fuel, to keep up as near as practicable a uniform temperature of the human system day and night, during the year." — p. 167.

Those who have leisure to inquire what the world is doing will be much interested in the book which has occasioned these remarks. We shall indulge the hope that those who read will be prompted to direct aright the mighty energies of our modern world, to secure a result which shall be something more than mere worldliness. A million of tons of iron is raised each year from the mines of Great Britain; let it be made into ploughshares, not into swords. Four hundred and ninety-two million bushels of grain were raised in this country in 1839. Our land is capable of producing fifteen times as much. Let it go to the bakehouse, not to the distillery. Labor is a Divine appointment, and if it is only directed aright, the toilsome hands that are busied about us shall build up the new heavens aud the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. The great paths of civilization are distinctly marked out, and we can hardly leave them, but the way may be made smooth, and beautiful with light from other worlds. R. E.

Art. V.—THE GERMAN CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.*

John Ronge received an address from Dresden, with seven hundred and seventy signatures, among which was that of "Ernest Edward Luther, *a descendant of Martin Luther.*" The address contained the following sentences:—"May you also take courage from the fact, that Luther concluded his warfare against Rome with the same stroke of the sword with which you have opened it; for it is remarkable, that in his last sermon, preached at Eisleben upon the 14th of February, 1546, four days previous to his death, this bold champion of light and truth denounced this Coat of our Lord at Treves."†

This was a pleasant point to make in a congratulatory address, but the coincidence is entirely superficial. For Luther's attack on relic-worship was a trivial element of the old Reformation; while Ronge's crusade against the Holy Coat was the nucleus of the new movement. And in both cases the reform was only latent, waiting for some happy accident to determine its force and direction. It is generally conceded now, that Luther was only the instrument of a great popular feeling, gradually moulded by silent accretion during several generations. The attack upon indulgences was the

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* 1. *The New Reformation: John Ronge and the Holy Coat.* New York. 1845. 12mo. pp. 172. [Protestant-Evangelic.]

2. *History of the Robe of Jesus Christ: translated from the French, with Notes.* Philadelphia. 1845. 12mo. pp. 75. [Catholic.]

3. *The German Schism.* By W. R. Greg. London. 1846. 12mo. pp 52. [Protestant-Liberal.]

4. *The Mission of the German Catholics.* By G. G. Gervinus, Professor of History in the University of Heidelberg. Translated from the German. London. 1846. 12mo. pp. 66. [Protestant-Liberal.]

5. *The Apostolical Christians and Catholics of Germany.* By Henry Smith. London. 1845. 12mo. pp. 209. [Protestant-Evangelic.]

6. *Recollections of a Summer Tour in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland.* By J. W. Massie, D. D. London. 12mo. pp. 548. [Protestant-Evangelic.]

7. *Laing's Notes on the Pilgrimage to Treves.* London. 1846. 12mo. pp. 253. [Protestant-Evangelic.]

8. *The Protestant Friends.* A Circular. By Pastor Uhlich. Translated by Hebbe. New York. 1846. 8vo. pp. 24.

9. *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung.* Halle. 1846. [Protestant-Liberal.]

10. *Theologische Quartalschrift.* Tübingen. 1846. [Catholic.]

† "How has the Devil dressed up dead bones, garments, and vessels into *the* holy bones, garments, and vessels, etc. What results have been brought about by this parading at Treves of the Coat of Christ?" These words are from one of Luther's sermons. The robe was exhibited, during Luther's lifetime, in the following years: 1512, 1531, 1545.

fortunate rashness which gave all the vague presentiments a "questionable shape." But it is not understood that Ronge's relation to the new movement corresponds altogether to Luther's relation to the old. It devolves upon us to show, in the first place, that certain parts of Germany were ripe for reformation, and that Ronge was only the providential man to turn to good service Bishop Arnoldi's most providential blunder.*

For fifty years Rome had been incessantly harassed by bold Catholic remonstrants in the heart of Germany. Many priests, of sound intellect, but of acuter conscience, whose names and special protests are well known, continued to employ the alternate threatening and conciliation of a church whose diplomatic skill has so literally fulfilled the injunction to "make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Her treatment of independent thinkers, and over-curious or over-conscientious children, has almost always been sagacious and decisive. Many a budding Luther has been made mute and inglorious, and many an indignant remonstrant has been content to blush unseen. A change of air, or a transfer to a fresh field of labor, or a few evenings' bland talk with a fatherly old bishop, has placed many a vexed question in a more favorable light, and stifled the movements of dissent. Still, a few have surlily withstood this treatment, and have continued to agitate delicate questions of faith and discipline, in spite of threats and cajolery. And whenever the Church has sought to tamper with a truly firm and earnest man, the enormous *prestige* of her strength and resources has suddenly collapsed, and the bold innovator has planted his foot on a *caput mortuum* of puny quackery.

Catholic writers endeavour to impose upon us the idea, that repose and unity exist within the Church, as the result of her system, and that Catholic dissent is an anomaly. The absurdity of this notion has been nowhere so completely exposed as in Germany, within the last half century, where repeal has been the loud and almost menacing demand from all classes, primate, priest, and laic. Liturgical reform has been pressed from all quarters. Conspicuous in this movement was Von Wessenberg, Prince Bishop of Constance,

* "But to compare Ronge with Luther," naïvely says a Catholic journal, "is the greatest impiety toward the latter; and it would please him as little as it would Alexander the Great, should one compare him with a captain of militia."

who went so far as to read the Gospel in German. Different priests issued specimens of rituals. The clergy of the Breslau diocese petitioned, more than twenty years ago, to have their missal reformed, to use the German language, and to issue a popular hymn-book. The bishop complained of their absurdity in asking for what he could not give. The Catholics of Offenbach memorialized their diocesan in 1845 in this style: — "We require that there be expunged from external worship whatever is incomprehensible and lifeless, whatever neither enlightens the reason nor warms the heart, but rather, by its want of the 'beauty of holiness,' substitutes insane forms for spiritual observances."

We have the names of five distinguished bishops, and a dozen priests, not counting the less notable, who have been within the last quarter of a century determined opposers of Catholic abuses. They have demanded, not only a liturgical reform and the introduction of the vernacular tongue into the church service, but also the administration of the sacrament under both kinds, the suppression of auricular confession and the accompanying absolution, and the abrogation of the celibacy of the clergy. Most radical works have been published, advocating the above reforms, and the necessity of giving the Bible to the laity. One in particular, entitled, "The Imperfections of the Catholic Church, especially in Silesia," created considerable excitement, and drew a very unfortunate degree of attention to the *soi-disant* infallible mother. To all this the sturdy Catholic, unappalled by the extent and depth of the defection, simply replies, that the fact of dissent proves the movers to be no Catholics, and that the Church is no less infallible and homogeneous, — for their dissent is infidelity.

The principles of reformation flourished most successfully in Silesia. There, the first decisive movement was commenced by Dr. Theiner, an able and conscientious Catholic, in 1826. During that year, he was appointed to a chair of theology and canon-law in the University of Breslau, but he immediately commenced his exposures of the corruptions of the Church, and was for a long time the leader of a society of thirty of his clerical brethren, who were pledged to advocate reform in Papal doctrines and discipline. In 1828, he published a book, entitled, "First Triumph of Light over Darkness in the Catholic Church of Silesia," and shortly another, "Against Celibacy." The Prince Bish-

op of Breslau issued an extremely weak and trivial circular, which was ably shown up in a reply; and the cause, in the first flush of its success, gained many adherents. But the fortunate opportunity was lost, simply because Catholic intrigue decided the government against the movement, and diplomacy again repaired defective arguments. An appeal of the clergy aud laity to the king had no result, and the movement was suppressed. Theiner was ejected from his professorship, and retired to the small living of Hundsfeld, in the vicinity of Breslau, where he was content to realize, in the narrow circle of his flock, the cherished reforms which he had advocated as a new theory for the Church.

The protest was by no means extinguished; a lively sense of the abuses continued and increased. The senseless dogmatism about the only saving communion, which the spirit of the age had long ago repudiated, — the dispute about mixed marriages, with the Catholic decision that the children should be reared in the doctrines of the Church, — and a very bold sermon by a preacher named Falk, upon the doctrine of salvation, increased the agitation, and swelled the number of tolerant, protesting Catholics.

The sluggish Teutons were getting fairly roused, and these ominous murmurs were not inaudible to infallibility in the Vatican. Indeed, the matter was becoming serious; many important secessions had taken place, virtually, though not in a form to warrant excommunication. Therefore diplomacy, handmaid of holiness, quietly entered the field again, and the veteran Society of Jesus, men whose cunning is of the "supernatural order," took a contract to supply with chicane the lack of saving grace. These Roman feats of intrigue in Germany, designed to recover lost authority by adroit moves of knights and bishops and castles, only succeeded in oppressing the refractory provinces they could not cajole. The most stringent measures were undertaken, and the old system was fully enforced. Rome grew daily more infallible, and the only saving confession more and more homogeneous. The king of Bavaria, whose homogeneity was open to suspicion, was promptly reprimanded; the Bishop of Augsburg was officially censured for paying to the uncatholic queen-mother the funeral honors which are dispensed only to those who depart in the odor of sanctity. The Protestants of Bavaria must no longer assist their brethren in the faith, and their religion is unconstitutionally restricted; the Protestant

soldiery must kneel when the Host passes. The Archbishops of Cologne and Posen rigidly enforce the odious law of mixed marriages. In Austria, the people of the Zillerthal migrate from the land of their birth, to avoid the stress of persecution. Papal prohibitions are issued against the circulation of the Bible, extremely absurd Romish catechisms * are forced upon indignant and protesting communities, and restrictions are attempted upon the freedom of the Catholic press. Ultramontane influence was severely testing German patience, and there was a brief interval of forcible reaction against the spirit of reform.

It was precisely in this posture of affairs, that Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, misled by the appearances of returning homogeneity, ventured to put a new piece of cloth into the old garment, whereby the rent was made worse. In other words, this Episcopal tailor, strongly swayed by the relic-mania of the hungry faithful, — who had seen nothing for half a century more authentic than two of the stones which the Devil showed Jesus, and the one which struck Stephen on the forehead, — sponged and trimmed the famous old coat, and invited every Catholic to a sight which he promised should be not only good "for *sair een*," but a complete anacea and "miraculous restorative." The puff preliminary guarantied also that the spectator should believe the garment was "covered with that bloody sweat which bedewed Christ's face on the Mount of Olives." Such a rich bill of combined attractions secured a wide excitement, long before the day of the first performance; and the long train of dilettanti, struggling to see the *poisson d'Avril* of some hoaxing editor, never showed such desperate determination to get their

* Here are specimens from one which was raked out of the fifteenth century for the benefit of the Catholics of Hanover. It is proper to say, that the indignant opposition of both clergy and laity forced the government to interfere, and the catechism was withdrawn.

"How do we obtain pardon for sin? — By auricular confession, not only of venial, but also of mortal sins."

"Where do we find true priests? — Only in the Catholic Church."

"How long does Christ continue in the Holy Host? — Till the substances are consumed."

"Why do we make the sign of the Cross? — To keep off the evil fiend."

"Why did Christ keep his wounds? — In order that, by showing them to his Father, he might move him to compassion towards us."

"Why must the head of the Church be always visible? — Because the Church must always be visible."

"Is there veritable fire in hell? — Yes; for Dives says, — 'I am tormented in this flame.'"

money's worth, as these columns of possessed pilgrims to pay their kreutzers for a look at the bishop's blouse. We do not insinuate that the bishop saw in apocalypse the million of dollars destined to adorn his pet cathedral, or that some Saint Dives had returned to whisper of a surplus. If respectable Catholic authorities aver that the bishop's motive was homogeneous with the austere simplicity of the Vatican, we acquiesce. But the coat paid extremely well, and as the pilgrims were too possessed, or their passage too hurried, to scrutinize the fabric, the cheat would have never been discovered, except through the irreverent glasses of some antiquarians posted in the gallery. But in vain did they announce that the border was figured, and failed to match in front, thus revealing the decisive fact of a seam; in vain did they comment on the richness of the stuff, so superior to the condition of Jesus; in vain did they establish the genuineness of "the twenty other holy coats"; the mighty current of the faithful still swelled through the city, the living "Epos and *clotha virumque cano*,"—to quote Carlyle.

That which men do in vast masses and with deep excitement has impressiveness and dignity, apart from its object. This pilgrimage must have been a great and touching spectacle. That million of men and women, marching with banners and chanting their hymns, an unquestioning faith inspiring every countenance, and moulding all the meagre details into a worthy whole, was sublime. They were simply deluded; the Cagliostro bishop only seems pitiful. We are reminded of the Crusaders' first day in Jerusalem, nor are curious to know whether those fervent kisses warmed the identical stone of the Holy Sepulchre. Bishop Arnoldi might have bought his garment of a Jew for thirty pieces; but the moral impression made by those benighted pilgrims was at least genuine. It reminds us what power and triumph would attend the human will intelligently directed to a moral object, and we yearn for mighty pilgrimages pledged to testify against some human woe, to concentrate the whole magnetism of a pure opinion upon some venerable wrong.

A great body of respectable Catholics was opposed to Arnoldi's projected pilgrimage. During its progress and after its conclusion, many of their journals continued to protest, and to declare that a greater scandal had seldom happened in their Church. Several of the clergy had maintained that the bull of Leo the Tenth, which legitimated the

relic, was not binding, and that every one had the right of private judgment in the matter. Licht, a clergyman in the diocese of Treves, published a book, entitled, "A Little Book on Pilgrimages," designed to check the growing enthusiasm. He was paternally admonished, but he nevertheless reiterated his convictions, and advised his flock to stay at home and worship God. Probably nothing created more disgust in the German mind than the mawkish and puerile publication of the miracles alleged to have been performed by the holy coat. These were sedulously circulated throughout Catholic communities. We have one of them before us, detailing half a dozen astonishing cures, mostly of paralytics and nervous weaklings, and, strange to say, generally of a crooked leg or weak spine. They are precisely such as may be effected by a sudden fright, or an intense excitement, or a pair of galvanic rings. A live countess was cured of a very painful contraction of the left leg, "which had defied the efforts of the most eminent physicians," etc., — all told in the most persuasive style of patent medicines. The countess really straightened out her leg when she saw the holy relic, and a domestic carried home her crutches, while she withdrew, supporting the arm of her grandmother and glorifying God; a touching picture. The crutches were hung up in the cathedral as a votive offering, indicating, like a Roman tablet, the nature of the trouble from which she had gained release. In two or three days they were sent for in a great hurry, and it is maliciously whispered, — some people so hate the regular practice, — that the bishop's nostrum failed to render permanent relief.*

From numerous causes, then, the seeds of discontent were widely scattered throughout Catholic provinces. An earnest

* The bishop may discover, with the help of a bull of Gregory the Sixteenth, much more Hibernian than his own, that the coat at Argenteuil is the "genuine preparation." It is a notorious fact, that Gregory, who sanctioned this pilgrimage to Treves to adore a holy coat, also recognized as holy the garment at Argenteuil, by a bull of August 22, 1843! So much for homogeneity. A Catholic book, issued for the emergency, gravely discusses the relative merits of the two garments in a chapter of considerable length, deciding, in apparent ignorance of Gregory's bull, that the French garment is a cloak, and not a tunic; that it may be holy, but is not seamless. It is but just to mention, however, that the bishop, like many other sons of the Church, will not be "haunted by the ghost of a consistency"; for a late gleaning from a foreign paper mentions his recantation, in which he acknowledges his folly or his knavery, and repudiates all relic-pilgrimages! Is this news like some of Punch's "tales to the marines"?

desire for reform was shared by numbers. Silesia in particular was ripe for a revolt, since it was here that the Church had met with its most determined opposers. The new reformation was waiting for some definite expression, some lucky stroke, to consolidate its half-formed crystals, when Ronge's bold and sinewy letter appeared, the precise thing for the crisis, and instantly dissent took heart and shape.

But before we sketch the history of the new movement under the guidance of Ronge, another stream must be traced to its junction with the principal current. Ronge's own history, and the gradual revolution in his opinions, are already well known, through a cheap reprint which has obtained a wide circulation among us. But another entirely independent projector of a similar movement is known to us only through a few meagre details in the public journals.

John Czerski was a Roman Catholic priest in Schneidemühl, a little town in the duchy of Posen. His portrait before us is that of a man of moderate culture and limited reach of thought, but entirely honest and conscientious, — a bad subject for Episcopal diplomacy, holding his slowly won opinions with extreme tenacity, but cautiously retaining them till they can be fully expressed without danger of repeal. His moral sense predominates over his intellect, and moulds it; — the reverse is not presumptively true of those who revise their statutes often. We shall see, however, that Czerski, through his dogmatic predilections, has modified his first position of dissent. When he was first led to compare the Catholic dogmas with the Bible, he says, — "The scales now fell from my eyes, and though I did not yet see clearly, I perceived that the pure light of the Gospel had been obscured by human additions." He had much difficulty in procuring the free use of the Bible and other important works, for obvious reasons: — "The clergy train the young plant according to their contracted views, and water it with the streams of the Tiber, in order that the tree may produce Roman fruits."

Like Ronge, he has given a short account of his life, principally of his spiritual experiences. We may smile at the prolonged mental struggles, the hesitation, the agony, of a man who is only seeking to rid himself of Catholic absurdities. If we acknowledge that no trifle is secured by such struggles, we may nevertheless wonder at a process so long and dangerous to elaborate such a clear and easy

freedom. But to a young Catholic, born in the most bigoted of duchies, in an ignorant little village on the confines of Poland, and brought up in gymnasia where all the scholars are forced "into a coat manufactured in the looms of the Vatican," and their native acuteness is tempered with "a pair of Roman glasses," the attainment of such freedom is neither clear nor easy. *Via lucis, via crucis*, is preëminently true of a young Catholic in the forlorn position of Czerski, who struggled instinctively towards the light, as plants in caverns grow toward the sunshine, but whose whole education consisted in a scientific obstruction of every avenue which might conduct him to the light and air.

The account which he gives of his examination of the Bible, and his serial comparison of Catholic doctrines with its statements, has not only the common interest attaching to a tale of progress, but it is extremely acute and satisfactory; that is to say, considered from his partial point of view. He was first struck with the incongruity of the priestly character, as manifested in his brethren at Posen, with the standard of Paul and Timothy. There was then but one step to the examination of the assumed sanctity of the priestly caste; he read that "no man cometh unto the Father but by me," and again, "there is one God, and *one mediator*." The duty of the confessional seemed incompatible with the exhortation, "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged." He read in Timothy, that "a bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife"; and found there the prophecy, that in the latter times "some shall depart from the faith, speaking lies in hypocrisy, forbidding to marry"; and he says, — "It is a scandalous comfort which is given to the young warm-hearted disciple, doubtful of his power of abstinence, when he enters on the life of a priest, '*non unam habebis, sed mille pro una habebis*,' and 'if not abstinent, yet prudent'!" The injustice of the law against mixed marriages was next made clear to him; the prohibition of graven images suggested the mockery of image and relic-worship; and the text in Corinthians, — "Except ye utter by the tongue words easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye shall speak into the air," — fortified his common sense with an argument against the Latin service. Could he, then, continue a Roman Catholic priest, —

> "To hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
> And see God made and eaten all day long"?

After the following qualifying statement, — "I leave the Pope, and the erroneous doctrines of the Romish hierarchy, but I remain a Catholic Christian; I will not become a Lutheran, a Calvinist, a Mennonite, or a Greek; I remain a Catholic,"— he announces his secession, and then concludes in words which savor of the olden time and the "half-battles" of a Luther: — "Now launch your anathemas against me; kindle your holy fires; forge your chains. Here *I also* stand, — so help me God! Amen."

So Czerski excommunicated Gregory. The exhibition of the holy coat commenced August 18, 1844. Czerski resigned his priestly office on the 22d. Ronge's famous letter did not appear till October 1st. Thus a slight priority of time belongs to Czerski, and the little community at Schneidemühl; and the two protests, occurring almost simultaneously on the banks of the Oder and the Vistula, without a possibility of collusion, and stimulated by different causes, prove the extent of latent defection, and the perfect conscientiousness of the reform. When we say that the protests were stimulated by different causes, we mean that Czerski protested from the natural tendency of his thought, but that Ronge, though convinced of the Catholic absurdities, like Czerski, through his private investigations, might have longer delayed an open rupture, had he not been so thoroughly scandalized by the exhibition of the holy coat. But the differences in the origination of the two movements are as trivial as the theological differences between the leaders, which led to Czerski's virtual secession, after he had united with Ronge's more vigorous demonstration on the ground of mutual dissent from Rome. With relation to Rome, the reformation is homogeneous, though Czerski assumes an Evangelical, and Ronge a Liberal, position. But this anticipates the progress of events.

The scene of Ronge's movement was Silesia, which already lay fallow and expectant of the seed. His letter created there an astonishing excitement, not on account of the novelty or richness of the thought, or the captivating nerve and daring of the style, but simply because it expressed happily the universal consciousness. This is Ronge's only merit, apart from the fact that he had boldly thought himself out of Roman fetters.

He was immediately the object of an ardent interest and sympathy. Presents and addresses reached him from all

quarters; public banquets were given in his honor; "his carriage is hung with garlands; and files of youthful maidens, dressed in white, hasten to offer the wreath of laurel, and celebrate his praises in graceful strophes, even in the house of God." It cannot be denied that the demonstrations of his adherents were rather noisy and in doubtful taste, but one sees nothing in this to justify the severe denunciations of his movement by Evangelical journals. If his theology had turned out more Orthodox, the feasting and carousing would have been so likewise. These do not prove that his movement was merely national and popular, designed only to secure a wider political and social freedom. The harsh doctrines and austere method of Czerski strike us as disagreeably as the more genial, and, if you will, extravagant, measures of Ronge's friends strike a more Evangelical critic. The Orthodox journals were sufficiently well inclined toward Ronge, and even winked at his banquet oratory, so long as he promised to prove troublesome to the arch-pope of the Vatican, without disrespect to all the little popes of the Augsburg Confession. But now Czerski is the only legitimate Luther, and Ronge is consigned to the limbo of Communists and Rationalists, and the rejoicings of his followers are deemed only the unholy orgies of Jacobins and demagogues. In these matters Ronge has been entirely passive. A strong popular movement of the middle and lower classes, excited by his letter, wishes to pay him honor as the representative of conscience and courage, and the ready utterer of their long cherished convictions. He himself is modest and distrustful, and is far from courting these popular demonstrations.

In the mean time, religious ideas and a deep religious fervor are equally the basis of the Liberal and the Evangelic party; the followers of each have ranged themselves according to their respective progress, culture, and temperament. If the former cordially hate oppression, and utter with emphasis the name of freedom, it is because they feel the intimate connection of a religious with a social life, and believe that the healthiest forms of the latter depend upon the glad, unfettered development of the former. If the latter party lay more stress upon doctrine and discipline, and were long in discarding some prominent Catholic absurdities, such as transubstantiation, it is because they doubt whether a free life and pure moral action can be divorced from definite dogmas and sharp intellectual expressions of supposed Scripture.

To judge either party rightly, we must make allowance for our own position; while to refuse recognition of religious ideas as the basis of either is to oppress them with the narrow episcopal dogmatism against which they struggled. Above all things, the accusation, that the Rongean party affect subversive politics, is quite preposterous, and can arise only from ignorance of the character of their meetings and the spirit of their concessions. It cannot be denied that a perfectly untrammelled religious life might conduct to important political and social changes, might compel the long suspended gift of a liberal constitution to Prussia, might abrogate all the petty tyranny of duchies and principalities subject to Papal diplomacy, and might dissolve the fatal union of church and state throughout all Germany; but the Rongean party, though they speak much of freedom, enjoy a unity of religious convictions only, and would divide on any special political question. Therefore they are not to be confounded with any political scheme or party, whether moderate or ultra; while we are to consider the tendency of their position as ultimately favorable to the most desirable reforms, and in the healthiest way.

Of course Ronge was furiously assailed by the Catholic press. Though till this moment a priest, they suddenly find gross immoralities in his previous life, as if these might be venial save in a Catholic remonstrant. They call his movement the result of modern skepticism, of the preaching of humanity. They assert even that Ronge was not the author of that letter, but only a man of straw set up by designing Protestants. Because the daily press of Germany countenanced the movement, it also is attacked; particularly in a famous sermon by one Förster, preached November 10, 1844, from the text, — "But while men slept, his enemy came." It was an unfortunate sermon, since it was the immediate cause of the formation of an independent Christian-Catholic church in Breslau. This was the first attempt made to organize and consolidate the movement; for Ronge seems either not to have anticipated that result, or to have been too diffident to propose the experiment.

After Förster's extravagant sermon, in which he accused Ronge of wishing to subvert all institutions and all social order, and which went through seven editions in fourteen days, a meeting of sixty Catholics was held to deliberate

how their social and political existence might be best secured against the fierce hostility of such men as Förster. This had no other result than the assent of about twenty only to an address to be presented to the Breslau Chapter, asking whether that sermon would be sustained, and whether, consequently, those who desired progress were to be brought into conflict with the Catholic Church and faith. So much of this as refers to the security of certain social rights from hierarchical invasion was elicited by the extravagant attack of Förster, which they feared was german to some "refined husbandry of the Jesuits."

But his sermon had results more important. On the 15th of December, Dr. Regenbrecht, a professor in the University of Breslau, in consequence of its publication, announced his secession from the Church of Rome. He wrote a capital letter to Dr. Latussek, vicar-general of that diocese, the same who excommunicated Ronge, from which we extract the following.

"At this very hour, the zeal of men devoted to God's service nerves them with boldness to hazard their lives in the deserts of Africa, that they may root out from among the blacks that Fetish service of the evil spirit, which is a disgrace even to them, low as they are in the scale of being. But what, I ask, is the office which the higher clergy in this land assign to themselves, since they have risen again to wealth, and honor, and power? They hold forth an old rag as a Fetish on their altars, for the reverence and worship of an ignorant and credulous multitude. We see an ecclesiastical corporation shamelessly desecrating their sacred fane by the splendid ignominy of such an exhibition."

Under the auspices of Regenbrecht, the movement gained a more decided character. The first idea was that of a general Christian church, in union with the Evangelical churches. But this was soon abandoned, since the existence of mutual prejudices would have imperilled their harmony; and to pass over *into* Evangelical societies would have given them little security, in their present constrained and dependent relations, against the despotism whence they had lately fled. And so they resolved to form an independent society out of the protesting Catholic elements in Breslau. This was done on the 4th of February, 1845.

It was natural that many Protestants should support this movement; therefore the Catholics imagined that it was an intrigue of Liberalism. And yet a greater number of Protes-

tants did not openly testify the sympathy which they really felt, because they hesitated to give the Catholics a pretext or a show of argument. The general support tendered by the daily press roused the ire of the latter to the most quixotic outbreaks. Dr. Baltzer appeared in a pamphlet, entitled, "Press-freedom and Censorship with Regard to the Pilgrimage." He characterizes the daily press, of Silesia in particular, as filled with the subversive spirit of German Year-books,* with revolutionary and Communistic notions; and charges it with seeking to undermine both church and state. This mightily stirred up the press, and Baltzer was never heard of again.

Pastoral letters were issued by sundry bishops, admonishing the faithful to cleave to Rome and to avoid the mortal sin of schism. These, and the appeals in Catholic organs, were distinguished for all the fierce zeal and gross rabidness of those who fear that which they misrepresent. Far different was the spirit of the pastoral address of Dr. Kaiser, the venerable Bishop of Mayence. It is "a decided protest against the fierce proceedings of the Jesuits and Ultramontanists, *it clearly recognizes the right of Protestantism*, and gives prominence to the declaration of St. Paul, 'Though I have all faith and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'" There was no concealing the fact of much disaffection and dissent. The tunic was no longer without seam, and paternal diplomacy has failed to restore its homogeneity.

The community at Breslau separate from Rome. They refuse to frame a creed, or establish an organization after a Gallican or Episcopal model. They insist upon faith as the product of free inquiry and internal conviction. They deny the sanctity of a special priestly caste, and hold the parish to be the source of religious action. They admit the influences of science and of life, and esteem them above those of dogmas; and, in general terms, they assume the Christian idea of love as their fundamental principle. They declare that Protestantism has failed to fulfil its mission, because it has grown intolerant and exclusive; the infallibility

* These are books published twice a year, at the commencement of the summer and winter terms, giving an accurate programme of all the university business and the courses of instruction. They also contain essays upon impending topics, written in a very liberal spirit. One before us opens with an essay upon Schelling, and includes one upon the Jews.

of Orthodoxy being little less obnoxious than that of Rome. No wonder that a jealous pietism scented heresy in their after-dinner toasts, and conceived of Ronge as being tenfold more the child of hell than he was before.

The new congregation rejected the Pope, confession, celibacy, the use of Latin, transubstantiation, indulgences, fasts, pilgrimages, and the worship of saints and relics. They preserved only two sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper, — the latter to be enjoyed under both kinds; and they agreed that the external form of divine service should always accommodate itself to the religious wants of the age. But they now approached the decision of the most difficult point, — What should their Confession of Faith be? After much discussion, they agreed to adopt the Apostolic symbol, but to accommodate it to the wants and knowledge of the time. On the 16th of February, their principles of belief were drawn up in a constitution of twenty-four articles; and they assumed the style of Christian Catholic Church, to indicate that their point of departure was Christ instead of Rome. The Orthodox now commenced their fire, and they found comfort in stating, among other things, the fact, "which affords a convincing proof how little decided Christianity is required by Mr. Ronge's creed, or according to his view of religion, that he has found many of his most liberal supporters and ardent admirers among Jews!"

The new congregation celebrated divine worship for the first time, on the 9th of March, numbering about twelve hundred members. It is an important fact, that they elected their own pastor; * Ronge being their unanimous choice. In his sermon he explained his idea of the true church of Christ as comprehended in the two precepts, — "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," and "Love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." This position was too exclusively ethical and philanthropic for the old lovers of the Augsburg Confession, one of whom is mentioned by Gervinus as appealing triumphantly to his congregation, "whether they had ever known or heard him preach morality from the pulpit."

* There are but few places in Germany in which this has always been the custom; among others, the duchies of Juliers, Cleves, and Berg. There is generally no appeal from the choice made by the authorized commission.

We must omit the formation of the numerous other societies which sprang up about this time in different provinces, and return to the Schneidemühl transaction. Czerski had formed a little society here, almost contemporaneously with Ronge's letter. This also grew rapidly, and the reception of addresses from numerous quarters indicated the general sympathy. The Catholics could not suspect Czerski of being the tool of Protestant intrigues, neither could they confound his rather slavish faith in the letter of the Scripture with the so-called humanitarian spirit of the age; but they tried to carry him off by night, and they attacked him in the most atrocious style on the subject of celibacy, and his approaching marriage; — for Czerski consecrated his secession from Rome by substituting a more legitimate connection; his marriage was performed by the Protestant clergyman of the village. The Catholics forged a miserable and inhuman letter, purporting to come from his mother, and designed to destroy his peace or effect a recantation; and respectable organs in Silesia continued to insist upon its genuineness, long after the trick had been exposed.

The Schneidemühl Confession of Faith, apart from its Catholic reminiscences, such as the preservation of the seven sacraments, the mass, etc., was essentially the Apostolic. But after all, Czerski also assumed the fundamental principle, that it is sufficient if the *spirit* of Christ penetrates the disposition and manifests itself in the life. To this he held, in spite of his dogmatic formulas, at least till after his visit to London and examination by a select committee of the Evangelical Alliance; witness his participation in the first service at Breslau, and his final assent to the articles established at the general meeting of the new societies. But that visit seems to have confirmed his wavering Orthodoxy, as it is certain that he mistook the spirit of that Alliance, and expected a tolerance such as he had manifested toward Ronge and experienced from him. But he had yet to learn that even hatred of Catholicism is not a passion strong enough to tempt a relaxation of papal Orthodoxy's homogeneity. It seems, however, that the examination in London satisfied the leaders that Czerski then believed in the Trinity, and that he repudiated the doctrines of Ronge's party. This was rather soon after he had pledged himself to the latter, and consented to merge all minor differences for the sake of unity; but it was enough to have procured him a seat in the Alliance,

if his name had been proposed. We are not quite satisfied with the Orthodox explanation of the latter omission, namely, that, "in the present stage of the movement in Germany, Czerski's connection with the Alliance might retard the progress of the work."

But we return to the time when Czerski saw no reason in dogmatic differences for withholding his fellowship. It was the middle of March, and over twenty societies had been formed. Preparations for fórty more had been made in as many places. It seems that all the societies, except those of Breslau and Schneidemühl, were composed of, and hitherto entirely conducted by, laymen. It was a genuine popular movement. In Berlin, divine service was conducted by a layman. It is evident, then, that, when they came to organize, and to harmonize their shades of difference in a uniform Confession, they needed practised intellects; for the German requires an elaborate set of articles as the basis of union, and is not content with the natural sympathy which organizes itself and makes a spontaneous expression. We are inclined to smile at Czerski's wish to have the general meeting postponed, because "we must have more divines, — also, the weather must change." The weather must change all the world over, before a multiplicity of divines can secure uniformity of belief; and our chief hope of the New Reformation is, that it will attempt to realize the idea of a pure moral and spiritual union on the basis of no theology or symbol, on no intellectual expression of assumed doctrine, but on the principle which supported all the law and the prophets, — love to God and man. Nothing else can neutralize the spirit of Catholicism, which builds up infallible absurdity on texts of Scripture; nothing else can secure to goodness and knowledge an unvexed and unimpeded development.

The weather did not change, but a number of Roman Catholic divines, no less than thirty, among them Schreiber and the celebrated Theiner, had joined the movement, thus giving a noble proof of its sincerity and depth. And the need of union and connection, as the societies increased, suggested the plan of a General Meeting, which was held at Leipsic, March 23, 1845. Deputies appeared on behalf of eighteen congregations, and two sent in written adhesions. The results of this three days' meeting, during which the discussions were conducted with much feeling and affection,

and at the close of which the deputies "were unable to repress their emotion, but gave vent to the inmost feelings of their souls, by heartily embracing and kissing each other," we condense as follows.

The conclusions of the Synod were to be considered only as propositions left to the sense of each society. In respect to the Confession of Faith, divine service, and congregational organization, they took essentially the position of the Breslau parish; and it was at this juncture that Czerski, with slight hesitation, coincided with the great majority. Their bond of union consisted of those propositions upon which all Christian sects agree; these formed the essential subject-matter of their doctrinal theory, without intruding upon individual conviction in respect to its intellectual statement. They referred the dispute upon dogmas and propositions decisively to the domain of science. Divine service was to have a Catholic, but not a superstitious, character; the liturgy was to be Apostolic, yet conformed to the spirit of the age. They abolished Latin and surplice-fees. The constitution of the congregation was to conform to the primitive constitution of Presbyters, and the point of force was to lie in the congregation. This contains an important and radical reform for Germany, and is a decisive blow at the dependence of the church upon the state. It is a virtual establishment of the voluntary principle in its whole extent, with the complete independence of each congregation. And it is a great advance upon the exclusive spirit of sect, both in Germany and America, because these congregations which have assumed the voluntary principle are not compromised to each other by a common Confession; therefore, so long as they adhere to their principle of moral and spiritual union, a system of exclusion, sectarian zeal, and Papal alliances are impossible.

The new congregations, then, choose their own organs; namely, spiritual curators and elders, — the former for worship and instruction, the latter to conduct the temporal affairs. The appointment of the former is for life, "and their deposition can be effected only in conformity with the legal enactments of the state where they minister. All grounds for deposition, which do not come within the jurisdiction of the law, can be decided only by the Provincial Synod which shall be established."

Czerski took exception to the absence of any confession

of Christ's divinity in the simple creed they adopted. But, as already mentioned, he waived this point for the greater good of moral unity. The Orthodox journals grow very tender over the lamentable occurrences of the Leipsic meeting, and affect to say that the mask was torn from the movement, and Rationalism and infidelity unblushingly declared. From the Evangelic stand-point this is all correct; for if the Trinity is not roundly stated, if the Divinity of Christ is left an open question, if the right of private judgment is not limited within the circumference of a creed, but only within that of reason, we have the latest form of infidelity and the legitimate result of Liberalism. We, then, will assume the movement ourselves; it is, we rejoice to say, liberal; and, so far as we may venture to name its average belief, it is Unitarian. This is strikingly confirmed by an incident at the close of the Leipsic meeting.

The day after its adjournment, a banquet was given at Halle to Ronge and his associates, at which they effected a coalition with a large and increasing Protestant party, styled "The Friends of Light." In a stirring speech of Dr. Schwarz, a leader of the latter party, occurs the following: — "We hold out to you the hand of fellowship across the chasm which still divides us. We desire that the separation should continue awhile, — to the intent that no sudden combination may take place, but that a union, founded on well understood and well based elements, may one day link us together." Ronge instantly responded, and Czerski "*re-echoed* the sentiments expressed by his colleague Ronge." And we also find that the Friends of Light, at one of their meetings, voted an address to the German Catholics, signed by three hundred and twenty-four of their number, in which they greet the former "as of one and the same mind with themselves."

These Friends of Light are Unitarians, so far as we may take their average sentiments and designate them by a name. The complete development of this new Protestant movement is far beyond our present limits. It interests us almost as much as the Catholic movement itself, and is a notable sign of the times. We forbear to speak of it now, except to give a general idea of its position, which will be found to coincide with that of Ronge's party, — thus composing virtually a Janus-movement of dissent, with one face

turned against Catholicism, and the other against exclusive Protestantism.

In Protestant Germany, at present, three parties will include all its tendencies and positions. The Orthodox party plant themselves upon the past, upon their symbols and their books. The Friends of Light assume the Christian principle of freedom, and are ready to meet its consequences; and they accuse the Orthodox party of having fallen away from the Protestant spirit, and of being Catholic in secret. And the men of the *Juste-milieu* point to the Act of Union, and regard themselves as its preservers and fulfillers. The last party take ground against both extremes, but rather more decisively against the Orthodox party. They desire complete toleration, and a new church organization, which shall better embody their religious life. These sentiments call out the whole strength of the first party, who virulently attack in turn the Liberals and the *Juste-milieu*. Their productions manifest shades of difference, but they generally insist upon the Augsburg Confession as securing a common standard of faith. Some waste their logic in an attempt to harmonize the church and freedom. Hengstenberg says, "the Bible is the word of God, which we do not direct, but which directs us"; thus leaving unsettled the whole question of private interpretation. He opposes the development theory only so far as it rejects the grains of truth in previous systems. A Catholic authority justly retorts this upon Hengstenberg himself.

A pamphlet, dedicated to the Friends of Light, and entitled "The Spirit of the Evangelical Church-journal," declares that the intolerance of that organ of Protestant Orthodoxy towards Rationalism, whether ultra or liberal, must stimulate a liberal movement, just as the exposure of the Holy Coat excited Catholic dissent. The movement of the Protestant Friends was suggested by the endeavours of Orthodox dogmatism to perpetuate the past. It acquired an external existence in 1841, and its originator is its present distinguished leader. This is Pastor Uhlich, of Pömmelte, in the Prussian duchy of Saxony. Other notable writers are Wislicenus, of Halle, who is more rationalistic than Uhlich, whose "Ten Propositions" express the average of New England Unitarianism; Theodore Mundt, of Berlin, a man of high talents and culture; and C. B. König, a pastor in Braunschweig. Uhlich says: — "We are called infidels,

because we believe in the Saviour, but not in an incarnate God; in God, but not in the Trinity; in our imperfection, but not in our original sinfulness; in the forgiveness of sins, but not in a sacrifice by blood." We also cannot forbear quoting his Ten Propositions, as contained in his "Confessions," and repeated in his Circular entitled "The Protestant Friends."

"1. I find, that, with all the dignity assigned me in the scale of created beings, I am deficient and imperfect. I lack something; but my longings and searchings after truth, virtue, and peace never leave me.

"2. Amidst all my endeavours to satisfy this longing desire, I succeed nowhere better than in turning to the Christian religion; and in doing so, I see before me Jesus Christ, the founder of this religion, as its living and incarnate representative and prototype.

"3. I recognize in him the most exalted ambassador of God to man; himself a perfect man, such as man ought to be; the Lord and Master, to whom my soul can surrender and dedicate itself with implicit confidence.

"4. The history recorded of him is to me, in the main, credible; but my belief rests principally on the purity of his life, the truth of his doctrines, the inherent life-giving power of his kingdom, and, as its last and most indwelling support, on the actual experience of happiness resulting from following him.

"5. Through Jesus Christ I know God as my Father, whom I strive to honor and worship in spirit and in truth, principally by an unconditional, childlike surrender of myself to him.

"6. Through Jesus Christ I acknowledge the law of love to be the only guide and rule of my actions.

"7. Through him I recognize the sanctification of my heart, as the sole end and object of my whole life, which, though approaching the goal, yet, after every accomplished step, has still not reached the desired point.

"8. When remiss in the pursuit of this grand object, and sorrowing on account of it, Jesus, at the same time that he commands me to reform my mind, proclaims the forgiveness of my sins.

"9. From him I have the promise of the Holy Spirit, as a divine influence, which operates throughout Christendom, and which, if faithfully sought after, will swell within my soul, and assist me to reach the goal.

"10. Jesus points me to a more glorious kingdom of God beyond the grave, for the attainment of the object of all my efforts, and to a judgment and retribution, which, however, already begin here below."

Such is the position of the Protestant party which most strongly sympathizes with the Rongean movement. The Orthodox party has attacked it with all the virulence of the Papal pamphleteers who sought to crush the German Catholics with odium. We have before us a few specimens of their delicate attentions. Souchon, a French preacher in Berlin, calls these German Unitarians false Christs and false prophets, "who esteem the faith of their hearers decrepit and effete, — who have left the stronghold in which their fathers fought and conquered, — who regard it as a ruin, and only respectable as a memorial of the past, — these *Finsterniss-Licht-Freunde* [dark friends of light]."

We return to the Rongean movement, which, at this period, still reckons Czerski as an adherent. The societies rapidly increase, and the effect of the dignity and harmony of the Leipsic meeting is felt in the increasing popularity of its position. The want of preachers renders mission-journeys necessary. The circuit of Kerbler in Saxony and on the Rhine is especially successful. He was formerly a Roman Catholic chaplain in Lindenau, went over to the Breslau congregation on the 7th of March, and was excommunicated on the 25th as an "adherent of the modern paganism." Czerski worked in the Prussian provinces and the duchy of Posen, in concert with many new allies there obtained. Ronge visited the congregations in Silesia, and held meetings in the open air, which created deep impressions. He also visited Lusatia, the province of Saxony, the Mark, and the kingdom of Saxony. Highly promising for the Silesian movement was the accession of two Evangelical theologians, Hofferichter at Neumarkt, and Vogtheer at Perschütz. The former asserts that he found no church in the Evangelical fold; and that, instead of proceeding at the old sleepy pace, instead of only dreaming, wishing, and hoping, they have both acted courageously, yet prudently. "We do not sail for a land whose coasts have not been explored; we already tread the land, and have kissed it as our mother earth." Others have followed the lead of these two Evangelical theologians. And we must take notice that these accessions bring out and strongly define the principles of the movement. It is no longer one only of Catholic dissent, demanding reform in the bosom of the Church; it is a movement, sustained by men rallied from all parties, to establish an independent church, based on freedom and moral union, designed to embody more felicitously a religious life.

Now this very relation, which it necessarily holds to all extremes, answers, of itself, sundry speculations with respect to its mission and future character. We must see that the hope of a universal church, of which this movement may be a germ, is vain. The majority of both extremes will never unite, either morally or theologically, with this bold interloper which has worked them so much ill, and has, moreover, consolidated all the floating principles of freedom and true spirituality, which they fear, and therefore heartily detest. We may safely say, at least, that a universal church gathered upon a common theology or confession is perfectly quixotic and impracticable. The stand-points which mutually cancel each other, yet each of which is obstinately maintained, and the conflicting analysis of a thousand intellects, will for ever postpone the dream of Leibnitz, who wasted many a precious year in vain diplomacy, and many a fruitful midnight hour over insane plans, for a union of the Confessions. If modern Orthodoxy would cease to be papal and exclusive, if Catholicism would resign the name of an infallibility which it never had, and its homogeneous absurdities which even superstitious Orthodoxy cannot brook, and if the liberal parties could forget the blood of their numerous martyrs, which continually cries to them, — then we might expect a church of concord for moral and spiritual purposes, for the elevation of the individual, and the reform of life through all its relations; but a theological union, never. It is a moral impossibility. The dissonant cries of human intellects, asking what is truth, will never cease, even though the glad anthems of human hearts who have discovered what is goodness rise and subdue them. If you demand concord on moral grounds and for the sake of life, you must confine the intellect to the din of its laboratory, and leave it to mutter for its grand arcanum, while the heart is turning every thing to gold with its simple secret of love to God and man. And if you demand concord on intellectual grounds, you wish that which is impossible, and make shipwreck of the only practicable thing which would give your attempt a Christian use.

Right action is based upon right opinion only when it is an opinion about *moral* principles. Opinions in the domain of science have no legal connection with right or wrong action. Epicurus had an opinion that pleasure was the highest good; in his own case right action ensued, because the opinion was

balanced and directed by personal uprightness. Wrong action ensued with his disciples, because they yielded to a faulty moral principle. Therefore *moral* opinions are not indifferent. But the Athenian youth caught no corruption from the rationalized mythology of Socrates, because opinions in the domain of science are indifferent with regard to life. We are apt to confound this legitimate distinction, and make the word truth stand both for doctrine and ethics, without a sharper definition. The truth which sanctifies is moral and spiritual; that which theologizes or philosophizes is indifferent, except as it implicates independent moral elements. Belief or disbelief in the atomic theory influences no man's practice, and men are applying the word *essential* to fewer intellectual points, except within the intellectual province. To raise the restriction altogether, and to assume that no opinion is morally essential which has no termination in moral life, is the mission of the New Reformation.

It interests us chiefly on the ground that it will find this possible and desirable. A more golden opportunity Germany never has produced. The movement is irrevocably established in the hearts of the people, and men of all Confessions have sought it for its freedom. This is the first condition. It should next agree, that all morally indifferent truth shall be referred to the domain of science, and that the nature of Christ is of less consequence than the nature of his beatitudes. This it has distinctly done; and in the process of thought it will be perceived that many other mooted points are equally non-essential, save in the province to which all scientific truth belongs. Unless it embrace this truly sanctifying position, German Catholicism will only be a transition movement, likely to end in nothing. It is timely and praiseworthy to expose the narrowness and grossness of Romanism on the one hand, and the fixedness of papal Orthodoxy on the other; but this is not enough to found a church or sanctify a movement. Sneers at superstition and shouts for freedom compose no central principle of life or action, and will make nothing new. It is bad to worship holy coats; it is worse to worship an effigy of liberty which represents nothing but a selfish emancipation from vexatious observances; it is worse than all, to trample upon Papal relics, yet to bow before the Fetish of a creed, and convert the soul into a reliquary where dogmas are enshrined, whose authenticity is at the mercy of your credulity. Czerski has done

the latter; Ronge would have done the former, if, after the first flush of freedom, he had not proclaimed that Christianity which is the sole hope of the future, — love to God and man.

It may not be uninteresting to follow the movement down to the present time, and to state its prospects and accessions. The congregation at Berlin adopted the Leipsic creed; but it met with violent opposition from a few members, who desired to recognize the Divinity of Christ and to subscribe the Apostles' Creed. These members, therefore, seceded, and issued a protest, which was followed by a highly Orthodox confession of faith. They desired to adopt the Episcopal form of church government, and to obtain a speedy recognition by the state. About the same time Czerski addressed a letter to all the Christian Catholics who were discontented with the Leipsic creed; and, in a reply to the counter declaration which this elicited, he says, that he only signed that creed "as being a party present," and not because he meant thereby to signify his adhesion to its sentiments. We doubt whether Czerski has ceased wearing the "Roman glasses" which they gave him at the gymnasium; for this quibble is nothing more nor less than a pious fraud to cover his retreat. We charge this with regret upon one who so established himself in the sympathy of the whole Protestant world by his noble self-emancipation; but the fact is too palpable, and it harmonizes too well with his subsequent vacillations. So that, after having united with Ronge, during the month of March, in the first divine service of this very congregation at Berlin, — Ronge reading the mass, and he preaching the discourse, — he repudiates it all in May.

All those who coincide with Czerski, and are willing to follow his fortunes, have united to form a distinct body, bearing the name of the Christian Catholic Church, to distinguish it from the Rongean party. Secessions to this church, which is virtually Orthodox, comprise all the societies in the duchy of Posen, with others in various provinces. But the weight and influence still remain with Ronge. We may mention that neither movement has advanced in Austria, owing to the vigilance of the frontier police. But Bohemia, in spite of precautionary measures, has been more fortunate; for Ronge's letter was translated into the language, and created there a deep enthusiasm. The precise direction and fruits of this feeling, however, are not accu-

rately known to us. The Catholics in America have received the impulse, and we anticipate a strong expression of dissent upon soil so genial. A flourishing society, which has already been compelled to enlarge its place of worship, is established in Cincinnati. Information has just reached us of a respectable secession in New York, also. A body of more than two hundred Catholics, headed by a priest who was formerly a Franciscan friar, has been engaged for some time in a comparison of Catholic doctrines with the Scriptures. The result is an avowal of their conversion to the Rongean movement, and, as far as we can judge, an adherence to the Breslau Confession.

The Berlin society is very flourishing. The civil functionaries, whose sentiments are so liberal that the king rebukes them, voted a thousand dollars a year for three years, in order to sustain it; and no less than three thousand Catholics have left their church and joined its Confession. The following table, extracted from one of our authorities, indicates the growth of the whole movement, during 1845. The number of congregations was

113,	having	17	ministers, in	May,
127	"	17	"	June,
201	"	—	"	July,
291	"	43	"	August.

It is also stated that the congregation at Breslau numbers eight thousand souls. In Prussia, up to September, 1845, societies had been formed in twenty-six towns. The society in Königsberg includes one third of the Catholics in that city. The following is the latest estimate of the whole movement for 1846.* It rates the number of societies at three hundred and twenty-one; another account making it four hundred and seventeen. The number of clergymen is seventy. The Berlin society has diminished to two thousand two hundred and fifty; the remainder having seceded, as above stated.

We perceive that Orthodox journals in Great Britain quote with much satisfaction the account of Dr. Theiner's withdrawal from the movement. The cause assigned is the Rationalistic character of Ronge's discourses, delivered during a mission tour through Southern Germany. He is

* Christian Reformer, quoted in "The Unitarian," the miscellany edited by Rev. George E. Ellis.

said to have seriously damaged the cause by his indiscretion, and to have incurred the disapprobation of his own society at Breslau, which even refused to admit him again to their pulpit. Dr. Theiner is Orthodox, and inclines to the Czerski party. The liturgy which he framed for the use of the society at Berlin recognizes the Trinity, total depravity, redemption by Christ, and his resurrection for the justification of man. The society did not use it, objecting both to its length and its Orthodoxy. We may well imagine, then, that Ronge's freedom might have alienated this distinguished scholar, without having degenerated into license. Yet we do not venture to form an opinion, till some more definite accounts of Ronge's precise tone and position reach us. The last steamer brought also the intelligence, that Ronge had been denied liberty to preach in Prussia. This, also, may be quite explicable from the strong predominance of Orthodox influence in Berlin. But we forbear to enter into further details, as nothing is known with certainty respecting the movements of the last two months.

But none can doubt that the New Reformation is a "fixed fact," and that the German people of all Confessions wish for its prosperity. It was living long before the letter of Ronge called it into shape, and it depends no longer upon his presence or his character. We are inclined to believe none of the floating scandal respecting him; its sources are questionable, and demand a large deduction from its grossness before we can lend it credence. Therefore our affection is still embarked with the Rongean movement, with little reference to its accidental leader, who may not be adequate to the emergency, though we have faith that he is. The liberal Christianity of every country owes the movement a hearty God-speed, since it assumes the same position and embodies like principles with those for which we have contended. It is full of hope for Germany, torn by so many factions, and oppressed by such manifold shapes of dogmatism. Untrammelled by party connections of any kind, it is left to create its own broad and genial style, and to renovate, with its pure spirituality, art, science, polity, and social life. We wait with mingled feelings of anxiety and hope for its spiritual development of its first literal utterance, — that Christ left us not his *coat*, but his *spirit*.

J. W.

Art. VI.—LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN FOSTER.*

Few individuals in the secluded situation occupied by John Foster have awakened more curiosity as to person or character than he. When, in 1805, the volume of Essays by which he attained his celebrity first appeared, and the reading world, secular as well as religious, were talking about "Decision of Character," and "The Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion," there was an earnest anxiety to learn something more of the man who, with all the disadvantages of his elaborate and cumbrous style, still made every body willing to search out his meaning, confident that, when they had found it, it would be worth the seeking. And now that he has passed in a venerable age to his grave, the curiosity will be abundantly satisfied in the volumes before us; of which we propose in this article only such a notice as may enable those of our readers who desire, to learn something authentic of John Foster; — what manner of person he was; in what retirement he lived; with what exactness he thought, and with what inconceivable slowness he wrote; how careless he was of his dress, and how fastidious in his style; kind at heart, and in reality not wanting sensibility, but outwardly and provokingly austere; wooing the lady of his affections with elaborate dissertations on things in the abstract, and making them quite as effectual to his wishes as the tenderest effusions; walking like a hermit over London, as one having no portion in this world, and speculating with deep practical wisdom, when he returned home, on its resources and temptations and sins. Here, too, it may be seen, how cheerless and sombre were his views of man's life and destiny, while he could be humorous even in his sermons, and delight in Schiller and tales of fiction; how earnest he was in his defence of liberty, and how hearty his hatred of levellers and mobs; how, with much zeal for Orthodoxy, he had leanings for a time towards Arianism, and an invincible repugnance always to denunciatory, or, as he termed it, "damnatory," preaching; how unpopular he

* *The Life and Correspondence of John Foster.* Edited by J. E. Ryland. With Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion, by John Sheppard, Author of "Thoughts on Devotion," etc. In two volumes. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. Small 8vo. pp. 306 and 338.

was in the pulpit with the multitude, not failing to thin churches wherever he went, and with what eager attention and delight both in and out of it he was heard by a few; how, with the scantiest resources, he contrived to accumulate a library of some thousands of volumes, of which, as he says, "some were very expensive and many *wholly unread*"; and what a den was his study, "infested," notwithstanding an excellent wife, "with the dust, damp, and chaos of all sorts of accumulation," so that the mere assisting to clear it out, from which he long shrank with horror, threw him into a sickness from which he was with difficulty restored.

It would be easy to extend this assemblage of characteristic traits and incidents, but we select from his biographer a few of the leading passages of his life.

John Foster was the eldest son of respectable parents in humble life, and was born September 17, 1770. At an early period, even in boyhood, we see the germs of those peculiarities which were afterwards so clearly developed. "When not twelve years old, he had," to use his own words, "a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality." His observation of character and events resembled that of a person arrived at maturity, and obtained from the neighbours the appellation of "old-fashioned." Thoughtful and silent, he shunned the companionship of boys, whose vivacity was merely physical and uninspired by sentiment. "His earliest associations were intensely vivid." "His imagination was imperious and tyrannical, haunting him with fearful images,"—"so that the time of going to bed was an awful season of each day." At seventeen years of age he became a member of a Baptist church in Hebdenbridge, near the place of his birth, and at the same time a theological student under the direction of his pastor, Dr. Fawcett, a truly venerable and excellent man, of whom he retained through life the most respectful and grateful remembrances. Here his application to study was intense. Frequently did he spend whole nights in reading or meditation, and his favorite resort for the latter purpose was a grove in Dr. Fawcett's garden. His scholastic exercises, like all his writings afterwards, were marked by great labor, and accomplished very slowly; and it may be observed, as a curious indication at that early age of a taste that distinguished him, "that he had a great aversion to certain forms of expression which were much in vogue among some religious

people," — meaning what he so emphatically denounces in one of his Essays as *cant*, — "and declared, that, if possible, he would expunge them from every book by act of parliament." He was also early distinguished by the quality which with such ability he has recommended in the most celebrated of his productions, "decision of character." We are told, "that it was the habitual characteristic of his mind; that he formed his purposes, and then proceeded to execute them, nothing wavering; permitting neither wind nor weather, night nor day, to oppose any obstacle. He accomplished what he intended."

After spending three years at Brearly Hall, under the care of Dr. Fawcett, young Foster was admitted into the Baptist College at Bristol, then under the direction of Dr. Caleb Evans, an eminent divine of his persuasion; and there he formed those friendships with Robert Hall, and his scarcely less gifted associate, Joseph Hughes (honored here as the founder — certainly one of the earliest promoters — of the British and Foreign Bible Society), which were followed by the happiest influences, and interrupted only by death.

The first scene of his ministry, when in his twenty-second year, was in the North of England, at Newcastle upon Tyne, in an ancient room, not capable of holding more than a hundred persons, with an average attendance much below this number. Here, as well as in other places which he afterwards filled, — Chichester, Dublin, Downend near Bristol, and Frome, — it was his lot strangely to divide the opinions of his hearers. "The man is a fool," said one, after the manner of certain critics of our own day. "I don't know," said another, "what he has been driving at this afternoon, unless to set riddles." Or, "He is going to take us to the stars again," would be remarked by a third. But while, from the infelicities of his style and delivery, he failed of attracting the multitude, there were always among his auditory some few who could appreciate his gifts, and, when they were accustomed to his peculiarity, become strongly attached to the man. Mr. Foster himself was never sanguine as to the effects of his preaching. He rather entertained of it the same discouraging and desponding views with which he was accustomed to regard human affairs and human efforts generally. "My public addresses," says he, writing, while at Chichester, to his parents, "are not, I think, particularly defective in point of animation. . . . . As to being in any

great or considerable degree useful, it is a thing quite out of the question. I never conceive any such hope."

After serving as pastor of two or three churches in succession for about fourteen years, Mr. Foster was compelled, in 1806, by an affection of his throat, to relinquish public speaking, and for a considerable term of years was dependent wholly on his pen for his livelihood. His contributions, chiefly to the Eclectic Review, were frequent and valuable. In one year they amounted to seventeen, and in another to twenty-one articles; and the whole number from 1806 to 1839, or for a space of thirty-three years, was no less then one hundred and eighty-five. Among these will be found elaborate criticisms upon many of the most important productions of the day; and the surprise, which might at first be felt, that one who wrote with such extreme labor should have written so much, will cease with the reflection, that during this considerable portion of his life Mr. Foster had little else to do, and that the slowest pen is never so likely to be quickened as when it is employed to procure bread for one's household.

Of his studious and secluded, not to say "old-bachelor," habits, long after his marriage, and when his family was increased to the number of five children, he has himself given a graphic description in a letter written to his mother, so late as 1815, after she had become a widow, and during a period when, as his biographer remarks, and we take pleasure in recording, "her son not only, as he had uniformly done during his father's lifetime, contributed liberally to lessen the pressure of outward circumstances, but, by writing more frequently than before, endeavoured with the most sedulous affection to cheer her loneliness and alleviate the increasing infirmities of age."

"I am sitting alone in my long garret, in which I spend a considerable part of every day, excepting the days on which I go out to preach. Here I have a little fire, and, excepting along the middle of the floor, the room is crowded and loaded with papers and books, intermingled with dust that is never swept away. Along this middle space of the floor, I walk backward and forward, as much as several hours every day; for I cannot make much of thinking and composing without walking about, a habit that I learnt early in my musing life. Formerly I used to walk about the fields for hours together, indulging imaginations and reflections, thinking of myself and innumerable other objects,

reviewing past life, and forming plans or vows for the future. Since I came to this village, I have walked in the fields in this way comparatively but little; this garret has served me instead. I have been more in habits of such kind of study as required to have books and pens at hand. But, nevertheless, I probably walk not much less than I did when it was in the open air. It would be a marvellous number of miles, if it could be computed how far I have walked on this floor. It would be a length that would reach to the other side of the globe. If all my musing walks, since I was twenty years old, could be computed together, it would not unlikely be a length that would go several times round the globe." — Vol. I., p. 255.

It was during his residence in Frome, between 1804 and 1805, that his Essays were published. "They appear," says his biographer, "to have originated in his conversations with the interesting friend (afterwards Mrs. Foster) to whom they were addressed, while on a visit to her brother-in-law, the late Dr. Joseph Mason Cox." It is certainly honorable to this lady, and the proof of no ordinary intellectual power, that she was capable, not only of relishing, but of suggesting and promoting, discussions of which the world has reaped the benefit in the treatises they occasioned. And it would seem that no small portion of that "sunny period of life," usually devoted to the cultivation of the affections as preparatory to marriage, was set apart by Mr. Foster and his betrothed to the consideration of topics in which not themselves alone, as is most usual, but the whole human race might be interested. Nor, as far as his biographer enlightens us, should we infer, that, either by his lips or his letters, were these discussions in the slightest degree interrupted by any tokens of attachment, other than might be inferred from their highly instructive interchange of thought. The following we select as a specimen of the correspondence of Mr. Foster with his friend, before their marriage. However little to the purpose in personal regards, it is published in these Memoirs as introductory to his Essays.

"TO MISS MARIA SNOOKE.

"*Near Bristol, August* 30, 1804.

"My dear Friend: — In our many conversations while you were here, it could not fail to occur to us, by what a vast world of subjects for consideration we are surrounded. Any glance into the distance in quest of a limit found no limit to the diffused

and endless multitude of subjects, though it would soon find one to the power of investigating and understanding them.

"It appeared that all things in the creation are marked with some kind of characters, which attention may decipher into truth, — pervaded by some kind of element, which thought may draw out into instruction. Amidst these various views, it could not fail often to occur to us, how many exercises of the judgment are absolutely necessary to secure the attainments which form even a tolerably accomplished human being. In these letters I shall revive some of the subjects which engaged and interested the social hour, and shall perhaps recall some of the hints or views that then presented themselves, in order to display them with greater amplitude and precision. And any topics on which I have or have not thought before will be introduced, just as my mind may be in the disposition to select them, or as casualty or observation may suggest them.

"For myself, I hope to gain by this course of writing some advantage in respect of intellectual discipline. A little studious labor will indeed be amply repaid, if it will assist to reclaim my mind from its inveterate and unfortunate habits of indolent, desultory, musing vagrancy, into something like method in its operations, and conclusiveness in their results. If this reformation cannot be effected now, I may justly despair of its ever being possible. But I am determined not, without an effort, to surrender my mind finally to the state of a garden which produces a few scattered flowers, only to make one regret its being irretrievably abandoned to weeds." — Vol. I., pp. 195, 196.

So also, at an earlier period, when on a visit to London, he indites four letters to the same friend, each of the usual length of a sermon, which but for the date and address might more appropriately be designated as dissertations on cities. They abound, however, in just and original remark, and are pervaded by that profound and compassionate feeling with which it was his habit to regard any assemblage of human beings.

"*March* 14, 1803.

"My dear Friend: — London is really a wonderful place. . . . . The extreme activity that prevails on every side would seem partly allied to cheerfulness; but I own that the reflections by which I am subject to be haunted, amidst this vast display of eager and gay activity, are not of a very cheerful cast. I should have a mean opinion of the moral sensibility of the man that should not be mournfully impressed by a view of the depravity that is obvious and apparent, and which is but

the slight external sign and indication of the enormous measure of unseen evil. This great city in desolation and ruins would be deemed a most melancholy spectacle; but is it not much more melancholy to see on so vast a scale the dignity of man in ruins? Do you not feel it an awful consideration, as you traverse the city, that there constantly rests on a few square miles around you a measure of vice sufficient to poison a universe of corruptible beings?" — Vol. I., pp. 157, 158.

Again: —

"Perhaps one of the first ideas of a total stranger to great cities, on entering London, would be, that such an immense concourse of human beings, so closely contiguous to one another, must make it a very social state. Where almost the very air is warmed with the emanation of human life; where man meets the countenance of his brother every moment; where hundreds of families reside in a line, with only a few bricks between their abodes, and hundreds of others confront them at the distance of a few yards, — he might perhaps imagine a lively and ample circulation of fraternal kindness. Placed in such an intimate vicinity, they will almost have all things in common. What pleasures and pains of sympathy would he not imagine, where there are so many to excite and share them? He would soon find with surprise, that this crowded, contiguous state is the most dissocial of all possible states of human beings. He would find that men are drawn to the mass, and that the mass is drawn together, not by sympathetic, but by selfish, affections. It is a large company of strangers, each one of whom is considering how he may make his advantage of the rest, and totally unconcerned about their interests, if his own be successful." — Vol. I., p. 159.

Take also the following: —

"The absolute certainty of being surrounded by a multitude of cheats and miscreants, such a number as could exist nowhere but in an immense city, with the difficulty of knowing who they are, or rather who they are not, has a baneful influence on extended kindness in this city. It produces necessarily a reluctance to confide, a quickness to perceive the *worse* indications of character in a man's manners, a suspicious watchfulness, a promptitude to hostility. It has often struck me, even in passing along the streets, that the defensive and vindictive feelings reside very near the surface; the most trivial incivility would kindle anger; and the sort of half-resentful inquietude may be excited even by an earnest or lingering look. The social decorum is a kind of armed neutrality, and each man carries a ready-written

declaration of war in his pocket, to be forthcoming at a moment's warning." — Vol. I., p. 161.

The publication of his Essays brought with it the usual solicitude of authorship. A second edition was soon called for, and the autumn and the greater part of the succeeding winter were devoted to a careful revision of the work. Of the fastidiousness of which we have spoken, and incessant labor in correction, the author himself gives this account.

"I have been excessively busy this and many past days. If you ask, Busy about what? I answer, Mending and botching up bad sentences, paragraphs, and pages. That book that I published had at least five thousand faults; and two or three thousand I have felt it necessary to try and mend. Many of them I have certainly mended; but perhaps in some places I have made new faults in trying to correct the old. . . . . One great advantage I believe will be, that there will be much fewer obscure passages." — Vol. I., pp. 181, 182.

And to the same purpose, in a letter to Joseph Hughes, whose assistance he had requested in the revision of part of his work, and then asked liberty to correct in his turn his friend's corrections, he writes: —

"How little a reader can do justice to the labors of an author, unless himself also were an author! How often I have spent the whole day in adjusting two or three sentences, amidst a perplexity about niceties which would be far too impalpable to be even comprehended, if one were to state them, by the greatest number of readers! Neither is the reader aware how often, after this has been done, the sentences or paragraphs so adjusted were, after several hours' deliberation the next day, all blotted out." — Vol. I., p. 204.

Besides his letters, several extracts are given in these volumes from Mr. Foster's journal, which strikingly illustrate his biography; and some of them are inestimable as expressions of personal feeling, or as supplying maxims of conduct and life. It is seldom that so much wisdom is condensed within so narrow a compass, and for their weight and solidity they were well described by one in our hearing recently, as "a collection of golden ingots." We have room for only a few.

"210. When we withdraw from human intercourse into solitude, we are more peculiarly committed in the presence of the Divinity; yet some men retire into solitude to devise or perpe-

trate crimes. This is like a man going to meet and brave a lion in his own gloomy desert, in the very precincts of his dread abode." — Vol. I., p. 109.

"267. I have seen a man, a *religious* man, press his foot down repeatedly on a small ant-hill, while a great number of the poor animals have been busy on it. *I* never did such a thing, — never. O Providence! how many poor insects of thine are exposed to be trodden to death in each path! Are not *all* beings within thy care?" — p. 110.

"507. One of the strongest characteristics of Genius is, — *the power of lighting its own fire.*" — p. 129.

"631. I heard lately an educated lady say she did not admire Shakspeare at all. *I* admire *her*. It has often struck me as curious to observe the entire, unhesitating *self-complacency* with which characters assume to admire and detest, in opposition to the concurrent opinions of all the most enlightened and thinking minds. . . . . With all this self-satisfied feeling, the most ignorant, or the most illiberal, hearers of sermons pronounce on the talents, etc., of the preachers." — pp. 137, 138.

"771. Conversation on the philosophy of *Prayer*. Certain fact, that, whenever a man prays aright, he forgets the philosophy of it, and feels as if his supplications *really would* make a difference in the determination and conduct of the Deity. In this spirit are the prayers recorded in the Bible." — p. 152.

How much of true humanity is summed up in the following!

"794. It is a great sin against moral taste to mention ludicrously, or for ludicrous comparison, circumstances in the animal world which are painful or distressing to the animals that are in them. The simile, 'Like a toad under a harrow,' has been introduced in a way to excite a smile at the kind of *human* distress described, and perhaps that human distress might be truly ludicrous, for many such distresses there are among human beings; but then we should never assume as a parallel a circumstance of distress in another subject which is serious and real. The sufferings of the brute creation are to me much more sacred from ridicule or gayety than those of men, *because* they never spring from fantastic passions and follies." — p. 155.

And here, in the last place, is proposed a query which we should like to see well answered.

"796. *Qu.* Whether two much attached friends, suppose a married pair, might adopt a system of confidence so entire, as to be *total confessors* to each other; disclosing, for instance, at the

end of each day, all the most unworthy or ungracious ideas and feelings that had passed through their minds during the course of it, both with respect to each other, and any other question or thing ?

"What would be the effect of this on characters of given degrees ? and what degree of excellence must exist on each side, to prevent its having a most unfortunate effect on their mutual attachment ? "— pp. 155, 156.

Of the theological opinions of Mr. Foster we gather frequent intimations ; and in some few passages, chiefly in letters to his most trusted friends, he expresses himself with the utmost freedom. In common with all studious and reflecting men, who have not bound themselves to subscriptions or creeds and cannot rest in what they have attained, his mind underwent many changes in the course of his thoughtful life. At one period, as has been seen, he strongly inclined to Arianism, which, however, he was not long in exchanging for a vague and shadowy form of Trinitarianism, contenting himself, as he leads us to infer, with a general admission of an inexplicable mystery. Those who should insist upon claiming him as a Calvinist could unquestionably urge something in support of their claim.

But, both as a theologian and a reformer, he differed essentially from those with whom he was usually associated. His abhorrence of "cant," so distinctly exhibited in his essay on "The Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion" ; his repugnance, not at all concealed, to some of the favorite devices of Orthodoxy ; the tone of moderation pervading alike his writings and his practice ; but more than all, his utter rejection of the docrine of eternal punishment, so closely interwoven with the Genevan system, set him at a wide distance from most of his denomination. In truth, as was said of the first Hollis Professor of Divinity in Cambridge University, for whom the same designation, with little reason, has been claimed, Mr. Foster was, after all, "but a sorry Calvinist" ; and, by his frequent diversions from their trodden paths, must have sorely perplexed and troubled his friends of the straiter sect.

In a letter to a young minister, who had stated his inquiries and difficulties on the subject of the eternity of future punishments, Mr. Foster, in a reply of great length, thus writes.

"I acknowledge myself *not* convinced of the Orthodox doc-

trine. If asked, *why* not? — I should have little to say in the way of criticism, of implications found or sought in what may be called incidental expressions of Scripture, or of the passages dubiously cited in favor of final, universal restitution. It is the moral argument, as it may be named, that presses irresistibly on my mind, — that which comes in the stupendous idea of eternity."— Vol. II., p. 263.

Some years since, it was a common and often repeated charge against the Unitarian clergy of New England, that they concealed from the people the sentiments they inwardly embraced. From the concluding paragraph of the same letter, and in reference still to the same doctrine of eternal punishment, it would appear that the charge of concealment might have been made with at least equal justice against some of the *reputed* orthodox of Mr. Foster's day.

"A number, not large, but of great piety and intelligence, of ministers within my acquaintance, several now dead, have been disbelievers of the doctrine in question; at the same time not feeling themselves imperatively called upon to make a public disavowal; content with employing in their ministrations strong general terms in denouncing the doom of impenitent sinners. For one thing — a consideration of the unreasonable imputations and unmeasured suspicions apt to be cast on any publicly declared partial defection from rigid orthodoxy — has made them think they should better consult their usefulness by not giving a prominence to this dissentient point; while yet they make no concealment of it in private communications, and in answer to serious inquiries. When, besides, they have considered how strangely defective and feeble is the efficacy, to alarm and deter careless, irreligious minds, of the terrible doctrine itself notionally admitted by them, they have thought themselves the less required to propound one that so greatly qualifies the blackness of the prospect. — Vol. II., p. 270.

And still more distinctly, in a letter to his friend, the Rev. Dr. Harris, written but a few months before Mr. Foster's death, he says : —

"I hope, indeed may assume, that you are of a cheerful temperament; but are you not sometimes invaded by the darkest visions and reflections, while casting your view over the scene of human existence from the beginning to this hour? ..... That thousands of millions have passed, and thousands every day are passing, out of the world in no state of fitness for a pure and happy state elsewhere. O, it is a most confounding and appalling contemplation!

"And," he continues, "it would be a transcendently direful one, if I believed the doctrine of the eternity of future misery. It amazes me to imagine how thoughtful and benevolent men, believing that doctrine, can endure the sight of the present world and the history of the past. To behold successive, innumerable crowds carried on in the mighty impulse of a depraved nature, which they are impotent to reverse, and to which it is not the will of God in his sovereignty to apply the only adequate power, the withholding of which consigns them inevitably to their doom, — to see them passing through a short term of mortal existence (absurdly sometimes denominated a *probation*) under all the world's pernicious influences, with the addition of the malign and deadly one of the great tempter and destroyer, to confirm and augment the inherent depravity, on their speedy passage to everlasting woe, — I repeat, I am, without pretending to any extraordinary depth of feeling, amazed to conceive what they contrive to do with their sensibility, and in what manner they maintain a firm assurance of the divine goodness and justice. Yet I see numbers of these good men preserving, apparently without great effort, a tone of equanimity, sometimes excited to hilarity, while everywhere closely surrounded by creatures whom, as not being the subjects of divine grace, they deliberately regard as the destined victims of eternal fire; and must regard as if created on purpose that, by passing a few fleeting sinful moments here, they might be prepared for it.

"I meet with a few intelligent and pious men who join in the disbelief; and suspect, that, unavowedly, many others are repelled into strong doubt, at the least, by the infinite horror of the tenet." — Vol. II., pp. 289 – 291.

Mr. Foster's mind was often exercised on politics, and the great questions of social reform. In common with most of the Dissenters in England, he was an earnest advocate of liberty rightly understood, and looked with an indignant abhorrence, which he never wanted inclination to express, upon every form of tyranny and oppression. For kings, and those who hold their authority by birth, purchase, or any such accident, he certainly had no extravagant respect; and never could have been blinded by his loyalty, as was Sir Walter Scott, to the vices of such a monarch as George the Fourth. The Church of England, "as by law established," and identified through its patronage and its dignitaries with the government, he regarded as "a mere corporation"; and among other questions that mark any thing but confidence in its purity, he appeals to a friend who had complained of the severity

of his language in regard to its clergy, and asks, — "Who were the most constant systematic opposers of an improved education of the common people? *The Established clergy.*" Referring to Ireland, he asks, — "What is, at this very hour, the most fatal and withering blight on the interests and hopes of the Protestant religion in that country? *The Established Church.*"

But he was far from insensible to errors and abuses from other quarters; and in writing to a friend upon public affairs, in 1837, at a crisis of great interest, he says, — "One great desideratum is — what we cannot have yet, nor for a long time — a *genuine* House of Commons. In the present thing so called, there are many scores of knaves and fools, who get there by the vilest means." And in referring to another, who had recently been elected a member, he says, — "Our good M. P. has but little in prospect in that public capacity to set against what in his private one he feels so painfully. I wish he were out of it, if there were only another honest man to take his place. But that sort of thing is most scandalously scarce, — the very sort of thing, that is to say, which every man in the world ought to be."

But Foster dealt equal justice to all; and while he had no delight in lords, or kings, or prelates, he had a hearty hatred, as we have intimated in the beginning of this article, of levellers and demagogues. In writing to one of his nephews, in 1842, on public affairs, he speaks of such personages, and "*their brawling about*" their rights, in terms that leave us in no doubt as to the state of his affections towards them.

"You have," says he, "the pestilent Chartists in your part of the country. They are a very stupid and pernicious set; some of their leaders great rogues; the whole tribe a sad nuisance. They have done what they could to frustrate the exertions for obtaining the only public benefit which there is the smallest chance of getting at present, or for a long time to come; that is, an alteration or abrogation of the corn laws. ..... And while they are doing this mischief, they are brawling about universal suffrage. ..... They say, unless they can get this, they will accept no other change for the amendment of their condition. What fools! And to judge of their recent proceedings, they are *themselves* wholly unfit for such a suffrage. ..... They have yet a great deal to learn, before they will be fit for a considerate and judicious voting for members of the legislature." — Vol. II., p. 224.

"I wish," he says afterwards, "the people *had* the universal suffrage, provided they were better educated, more sober, more intelligent, more moral; but not in their present state of ignorance and rudeness." And he concludes, — "There is no chance of popular rights, till the people become better educated and are morally more respectable."

It will be easily seen, from these notices, that Foster was accustomed to take strong views of subjects that engaged his mind; and, among other emotions, was not incapable, when fit occasion tempted, of an earnest indignation. Like his friend and bosom companion, Robert Hall, he had a keen sense of the absurd and ridiculous, which he always had words to express; and for some things, as well as persons, he had a deep aversion. He hated Frome, for example, a village in Somersetshire, where he once preached, and where the natural ugliness of the place, to which we can bear our cordial testimony, conspired with the remembrance of his own unpopular ministry to beget an intense disgust. He could not be persuaded, for a long series of years, to revisit the scenes of his birth, though he loved his parents, who lived there, and sustained them in their old age with an exemplary piety. His views of life and of the world were dark. He had a dislike to strangers, to whom his manners were forbidding; and he could write to a friend, — "I have long wished, as one of the sublimest means of enjoyment, to attain an habitual indifference to life itself; and am firmly of opinion, that, to a good man, there can be nothing so happy in life as a noble occasion of throwing it away."

But while, from temperament and distrustful views of life, aggravated by fixed habits of seclusion, such as left him for whole weeks without making or receiving a visit, Foster sometimes gave way to what seemed like misanthropy, his disposition was essentially kind, and within the narrow circle of his personal friendships he was the object of a profound affection and respect. His biographer, in summing up his character, relates some incidents that present it in the most amiable light. He was remarkable for humanity to animals, the very least and meanest, — "his sensibility producing a quick and powerful sympathy with the whole circle of animated nature." Yet more remarkable was he for civility and kindness to small tradesmen and work-people. He used to complain that women were generally underpaid, and would often give them more than they asked. He abhorred driving

a bargain with poor persons; and was especially considerate to people serving in shops, insisting on the impropriety of occasioning them needless trouble in showing their goods, or in sending small parcels to a distance. His example, in such matters, we may commend to the imitation of some of both sexes, who are in the habit of *shopping* with no very definite ideas of their wants, and with very careless comparison of the vexation they give with the little they buy. "Foster," says Mr. Ryland, "has been known to go back to a shop, and pay something more for what he thought had been sold to him too cheaply. 'It is not often we meet with persons that do that,' was the remark of a young woman, on his turning back and paying a shilling more for a lithograph which he had just bought." It could have been only with the severest economy that Foster practised generosity like this; nor can it be expected that the relations of buyer and seller will be usually thus sustained. But there are those who, with a thousand times his resources, can condescend to the meanest devices, and think they have achieved a triumph when they have made for themselves some petty gain to the loss and sorrow of the seller.

In his domestic relations, Mr. Foster was eminently happy, except in bereavements, of which his was a large and painful allotment. Of five children, he lost three, — one an only son, who strongly resembled his father in his peculiar traits. His marriage, which from straitened circumstances on both sides was delayed till he was thirty-seven, he gratefully regarded as the prime felicity of his life; and in writing to his parents, eight years afterwards, he enumerates his blessings in terms much exceeding in fervor his usual sobriety of expression.*

"What a life," says he, "of providential indulgence mine has been! A life of health, of much favor from fellow-mortals, of never-failing temporal supplies, of innumerable intellectual and religious means and advantages, and nearly nine years of a happy domestic connection. I do not think I forget any day to be grateful to Heaven for this last circumstance. My dear wife is one of the most estimable and one of the most affectionate of

* In adverting to a marriage less happy than his own, of some one of his friends, Mr. Foster writes in his journal, — "Their courtship was carried on in poetry. Alas! many an enamoured pair have courted in poetry, and, after marriage, *lived in prose.*" His own marriage, as we have seen, was precisely the reverse of this.

her sex. I constantly feel how much she deserves to be loved, and I love her as much as at the commencement of our happy union. I often tell her fondly how grateful I am to the Almighty that she is mine, and that she has been mine so long; only regretting, as I told her this morning, that she had not been mine earlier in life. But that was as Providence ordered it." — Vol. I., pp. 300, 301.

Mrs. Foster died in 1832. "She had been," writes his biographer, "his affectionate and invaluable companion for nearly a quarter of a century. Her intellect was, in an extraordinary degree, strong and correct; and for a refined perception and depth of reflective feeling, her husband declared he had never known her equal." She had gone for medical relief to some distance from home, and on his return to his house at Stapleton, after her funeral, Mr. Foster wrote to a friend, in whose domestic trials there were some striking coincidences, a letter, which, for its simple and touching expression of grief, no one can read without emotion.

"I have returned *hither*," he says, "but have an utter repugnance to say, returned *home;* that name is applicable no longer. You may be sure I am grateful for your kind sympathy and suggestions of consolation; not the less so for its being too true, that there is a weight on the heart which the most friendly human hand cannot remove. The melancholy fact is, that my beloved, inestimable companion has left me. It comes upon me,—in evidence, how varied and sad! and yet, for a moment, sometimes I feel as if I could not realize it as true. There is something that seems to say, *Can* it be that I shall see her no more, — that I shall still, one day after another, find she is not here; that her affectionate voice and look will never accost me; the kind grasp of her hand never more be felt; that, when I would be glad to consult her, make an observation to her, address to her some expression of love, call her 'my dear wife,' as I have done so many thousand times, it will be in vain, she is not here? Several times, — a considerable number, — even since I followed her to the tomb, a momentary suggestion of thought has been, as one and another circumstance has occurred, — 'I will tell Maria of this.' Even this very day, when I parted with Dr. Stenson, who out of pure kindness accompanied me a long stage on the road, there was actually for a transient instant a lapse of mind into the idea of telling her how very kind he had been. I have not suffered, nor expect to feel, any overwhelming emotions, any violent excesses of grief; what I expect to feel is, a long repetition of pensive monitions of my irreparable loss; that the painful truth will speak itself to me again, and still again, in long

succession, often in solitary reflection (in which I feel the most), and often as objects come in my sight, or circumstances arise, which have some association with her who is gone. The things which belonged to her with a personal appropriation; things which she used or particularly valued; things which she had given me, or I had given her; her letters, or my own to her; the corner of the chamber where I know she used to pray; her absence — unalterable absence — at the hour of family worship, of social reading, of the domestic table; her no more being in her place to receive me on my return home from occasional absence; the thought of what she would have said, or how she would have acted, on subjects or occasions that come in question; the remembrance how she did speak or act in similar instances; — all such things as these will renew the pensive emotions, and tell me still again what I have lost, — what that was, and how great its value, which the sovereign Disposer has in his unerring wisdom taken away." — Vol. II., pp. 136, 137.

Through the remainder of his own life, Mr. Foster seems never to have lost his sense of this bereavement, even in his most cheerful moments. Among its influences was an earnest meditation and almost restless curiosity as to the nature and employments of the future life. In a letter addressed about a year after to his friend Joseph Hughes, who was then on his death-bed, he says: —

"I have affecting cause to think and to wonder concerning that unseen world; to desire, were it permitted to mortals, one glimpse of that mysterious economy, to ask innumerable questions, to which there is no answer, — what is the manner of existence, — of employment, — of society, — of remembrance, — of anticipation of all the surrounding revelations to our departed friends? How striking to think, that *she*, so long and so recently with me here, so beloved, but now so totally withdrawn and absent, — that she experimentally knows all that I am in vain inquiring!" — Vol. II., p. 156.

It was about this time, — October, 1833, — that the celebrated Rammohun Roy visited Bristol, in the course of his tour in England, where his peculiar character and position excited general curiosity. Foster, with his usual aversion to strangers, had at first no wish to see him. "I had entertained," said he, "a strong prepossession against him. . . . . But my prejudice could not hold out half an hour after being in his company. He was a very pleasing and interesting man; intelligent and largely informed, I need not

say ; but unaffected, friendly, and, in the best sense of the word, polite."

After the sudden death of the Rajah, which occurred during his short visit to Bristol, in a house bordering on Mr. Foster's garden, the late Dr. Lant Carpenter, desirous of refreshing his memory as to the opinions expressed on a certain occasion by Rammohun Roy in regard to the Divine authority and the resurrection of Christ, sought the assistance of Mr. Foster, who was present at the conversation, and obtained from him a very precise and satisfactory reply. In the Appendix to his discourse on the character of the Rajah, Dr. Carpenter adverts to this friendly correspondence, and writes of Mr. Foster as "one, whose religious sentiments, he was well aware, would in the estimation of many give a superior sanction to his testimony ; and whose uprightness of mind, in connection with his well known acuteness of discernment, and the profound reflective character of his understanding, would secure that testimony a ready reception in the judgment of all who knew how to appreciate him and his writings." We cite with pleasure this language from so candid a judge as was the lamented Dr. Carpenter.

In another individual of a different description from the Indian philosopher, — a young lady of singular intellectual endowments, — who died of consumption, at the early age of nineteen, Mr. Foster took the liveliest interest. He was a keen observer of youth, and he declared that "he never met with any young person, male or female, comparable to Sarah Saunders,* for ingenious, varied, and felicitous conversation." During her protracted illness, in which she exhibited the most remarkable traits, he visited her often ; and nine long letters which he wrote to her to aid her in preparation for death, published with these Memoirs, display a richness of spiritual thought and a tenderness and depth of affection most creditable to the mind and heart of the writer.

Mr. Foster himself died on the 15th of October, 1843. His disease, like that of his young friend, was consumption ; and for many months previous he had suffered greatly at in-

* Among other incidents related of this remarkable person, it is said, that, before the age of four years, having failed in some small duty, her mother remarked to her, — "Sarah, do you not know that it is said in Scripture, 'Children, obey your parents'?" "Yes," she replied, "and directly after it takes the part of the poor children, and says, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.'"

tervals from exhaustion and difficulty of breathing. He waited with the utmost serenity the event, and "his family," says his biographer, "were much struck by the perfect dignity and composure with which he resigned himself to the Divine appointment." He was attended through his sickness by two faithful servants, who had lived with him about thirty years, — no equivocal evidence of fidelity and right feeling on both sides. His considerate regard for the comfort of others was maintained through the whole of his illness, so that in his extremest weakness he would not permit any one to sit up with him even for part of a night. His thoughts rested on the invisible world, to which he knew he was hastening, and especially on the prospect of being united again to his wife and son. Upon hearing of the death of any friend, he would express some impatience to be made acquainted with the secrets of the future life; and particularly, says Mr. Ryland, "on one occasion of this kind, a few months before his death, he exclaimed, 'They don't come back to tell us'; and then, after a short silence, emphatically striking his hand on the table, he added, with a look of intense seriousness, 'But we shall know *some time!*'"

Mr. Foster had just completed his seventy-third year at the time of his death. Excepting his Essays and Reviews, to which reference has been made, and some sketches of Lectures delivered at a Lyceum in Bristol, no monuments, we believe, remain of him. That he wrote so little during a long life of seclusion and meditation, with freedom for many years from professional and public duties, is certainly remarkable. The explanation is to be found in his extreme, and, as we must consider it, needless fastidiousness, in regard to style, in his surprising difficulty of production, considering the opulence of his mind, and in what he himself acknowledges, the inherent indolence of his disposition. But they who feel as much interest as do we in his character and thoughts will not refuse the trouble of searching them out, as they are to be traced in the volumes of the Eclectic Review; and will find pleasure in consulting his "Essay on Popular Ignorance," written at a crisis of great public disorder, and which Sir James Mackintosh pronounced to be "one of the ablest and most original productions of the age."

F. P.

Art. VII. — NOVELS AND NOVEL-WRITING.*

To own acquaintance with the motley group introduced below, and with their fellows as alluded to in what we are about to write, makes rather a formidable confession, we are aware. Having braced our moral courage up to that achievement, we are tempted to suggest, by way of self-vindication, that no person who has traversed the same district will readily suspect us of any other motive than a de-

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* 1. *Œuvres de George Sand.* Bruxelles. 1843. Cinq tomes. 8vo. pp. 518, 510, 486, 515, and 540.

2. *Consuelo.* By George Sand. Translated by Francis G. Shaw. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 499 and 505.

3. *The Wandering Jew. A Novel.* By M. Eugene Sue. Translated from the French. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844. Serial. 8vo. pp. 598.

4. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame. A Romance of the Time of Louis XI.* By Victor Hugo. Translated by Frederic Shoberl. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1844. 8vo. pp. 154.

5. *Coningsby, or The New Generation.* By B. D'Israeli, Esq., M. P. New York: W. Taylor. 1845. 8vo. pp. 136.

6. *Lucretia, or The Children of Night.* By Sir E. L. Bulwer. Harper & Brothers. 1847. 8vo. pp. 168.

7. *I Promessi Sposi: The Betrothed.* By Alessandro Manzoni. [English Translation.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 336 and 340.

8. *Mosses from an Old Manse.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 207 and 211.

9. *The Step-mother. A Romance.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846. 8vo. pp. 272.

10. *The Novels of Jane Austen.* Philadelphia: Carey, Lea, & Blanchard. 1838. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 387 and 376.

11. *The Grumbler. A Novel.* By Miss Ellen Pickering. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1844. 8vo. pp. 160.

12. *Chillon. A Tale of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.* By Jane Louisa Williams. Philadelphia: George & Wayne. 1845. 12mo. pp. 148.

13. *The Three Guardsmen.* By Alexander Dumas. Translated from the French by Park Benjamin. New York and Baltimore: William Taylor & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 257 and 319.

14. *The Redskins; or Indian and Injin.* By J. Fennimore Cooper. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 249 and 230.

15. *Ni Jamais, Ni Toujours.* Par Paul de Kock. Paris. Gustave Barba, Editeur. 1842. 12mo. pp. 369.

16. *Fleming Field, or The Young Artisan. A Tale of the Days of the Stamp Act.* By J. H. Ingraham, Esq. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 96.

17. *Ellen Templeton: or The Spectral Cloud.* By the Author of "The Mysteries of Boston," "The Eastern Belle," "Emily Mansfield," "Julia Bicknell," &c., &c. Boston. For sale at all Bookstores. 1846. 8vo. pp. 82.

termination to do justice, as far as possible, to the subject we have undertaken.

Several of the works and authors whose names we have recorded can claim, as they deserve, only a cursory notice. We are not about to repeat at any length what this journal has already advanced, on the responsibilities connected with the dissemination of light and cheap literature. Of the perils incident to this diffusion of printed matter we have a most vivid and abiding sense. It is surprising that so many, even of the influential and conscientious, are apparently insensible to these appalling dangers; surprising, that parents and teachers of the young do not discern the sure process of corruption which goes on, under the ministry of reckless novelists, in the heart of our community. Profligacy has seldom devised a more cunning or successful scheme for laying waste the pure principles of a people, than when she sent forth her dissolute panderers, in the disguise of scribbling romancers, to enervate and demoralize, with their wretched stuff bound up between yellow covers, the strong-hearted youth of New England. We heartily long to see the shrewd good-sense and the moral integrity of Yankee land, at least, repel this outrage with scorn. We long to see our people throw back the poison thus thrust into their very faces, and testify to their appreciation both of the drivelling nonsense and the brazen licentiousness which come and impudently ask to take money out of the pocket, strength and clearness out of the understanding, quiet contentment out of the home, and the charm of innocent affections out of the heart. These seductive emissaries create artificial notions of success in life; they spread a bad taste for extravagant manners; they fill weak minds with projects of a false ambition; they foster bad passions; they break the peace of happy homes; they entice the young of both sexes from the healthful and steady pursuits of the country into the city, — the wide and wicked city, where virtue loses its crown, where temptation plies a double power and all its wiliest stratagems for the stranger, where the freshest hearts are blasted and bright hopes go out in terrible darkness. Whoever travels by railroads or steamboats; whoever stops at depots; whoever looks in at book-shops in the city, or "variety stores" in country villages; whoever regards centre-tables in parlours, or the window-shelves of kitchens and upper chambers, may

know something of the extent to which cheap novels circulate and are read.

We are aware of the difficulties that beset every effort to correct this abuse. We know how ill-advised a direct attempt at its suppression might prove, and that the very earnestness of a prohibition, either parental or civil, might only stimulate curiosity, and cause that reading to be done clandestinely, in the spirit of theft, which is now done openly. In fact, we cannot look for any sudden check to be interposed. The art of printing has been invented; and while it works out that great mission of ultimate good which the world surely does not look for in vain, we must be content to bear some temporary incidental evils. It will be well for each individual, however, to see that in his own soul, and in the sphere of his natural influence, these evils are resisted. They are not so strong that the weakest may not bear an unstained spirit through them all. Parents can certainly exercise a forming and guiding influence over the tastes of their children, and they ought to be incited by every solemn consideration to pay vigilant heed to that duty. Teachers and preachers can direct the sentiment of those they address. Avoiding that indiscriminate flattery of all books which disgraces too many journals, the public press can act on the public will. Individual opinion, candidly, kindly, and freely expressed, sustained by individual example, can gradually effect a universal amelioration. And thus, when the general tone of the people, intellectual and moral, through all refining and purifying means, shall be educated and elevated, this mischief will be abated. And, meantime, no pains should be spared to persuade right-minded men and women that this mischief in particular demands an awakened attention, — demands to be met, not with bigoted or sweeping invective, but so as to show all classes of persons that their own dignity, their self-respect, their good taste, their highest self-interest, require of them to treat multitudes of these publications precisely as they would treat so much material pollution.

It would be wrong not to acknowledge, that, along with the large amount of vulgarity and stupidity that is exposed on counters and offered by enterprising boys in streets and vehicles, in the form of cheap publications, there are mingled many works of a most valuable character. We know, from examination, that books of this description, full of instructive information and ennobling sentiments, find an

extensive sale; books of genuine science for the people; books of agriculture; books of travels; biographies; history, like that of Thiers, and of D'Aubigné, which, incorrect as it is, is good enough to be read; pamphlets of reform, not forgetting Burritt's Olive-leaves and Dickens's Christmas benedictions; and we are quite as willing to add some other fictions of sterling merit, touching the best feelings by their lessons of goodness, and expanding the range of the reader's thoughts. And we have faith enough in the sound judgment of our countrymen to believe that these excellent productions will be sought more and more, till they crowd the others, — the yellow,

"White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery," —

where they were born to

"Fly, over the backside of the world, far off."

In the throng of shallow and corrupting tales, — corrupting to the intellectual, if not to the moral nature, and often to both, — we must place several of the class of those last recorded upon our list. There are certain shops in all our cities, where bales of trash of the same description bespread the counters with their meretricious raiment. It would be tedious to write down even the names of their authors, of either sex. There is a Harry Hazel, a Thompson, a Cheever, a Jones, a Murray, a Miss Cleveland, a Doctor Bailey, a B. Barker, an A. Franklin, a Frank Forester, and a whole regiment of unknown besides. There is also one Ingraham, rejoicing in the style of Professor, who must have a hardy conscience indeed, if he can look back with complacency on the literary peccadilloes that have been sprinkled over the best years of his life, or recall their more heinous offences without a blush.

It might be imagined, from the indiscriminate condemnation we often hear of French novels, that all the licentious reading of the day emanates from that inconstant nation, whose morality has become a kind of byword through the civilized world. This is hardly just. The French novels are bad enough as a class; some of them are detestable; and there are instances among them of a degree of profligacy surpassing any thing in English which is not absolutely interdicted, on account of its obscenity or blasphemy, by the law. Yet, for the great mass of their reprehensible publications, a parallel can certainly be found in the German cata-

logues, and as certainly in England and America. Writers in Boston and New York are hardly outdone in vice even by Paul de Kock, whose base volumes are fit for nothing but to be burned. We who speak the English tongue have no right to make "French" a synonyme for "licentious" in literature, while we have works securely established and lauded as among the classics of our language, from the time of Chaucer downwards, which fully match in laxity those of Frenchmen worse than Dumas. Critics so ready to bestow all their censure on the indelicacy of a sister country must first forget Roderick Random, Jonathan Wild, Letitia Snap, Tom Jones, and Don Juan, — must find a convenient oblivion for Fielding, Wycherley, Smollet, and Byron, to say nothing of the descriptions of Dryden, or the insinuations of Swift.*

Of the volumes the titles of which we have given above, "The Redskins," by Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper, purports to be an exhibition of the author's views of the rights of property and of the Anti-rent disturbances in the State of New York; but it is in fact, to at least an equal degree, an exhibition of himself. Its store of wisdom in political economy is not so remarkable as the superabundance of its vanity. The unconcealed conceit and egotism of the book are intolerable, and unfortunately there does not happen to be sufficient ability in it to redeem those faults. With an ever-asserted horror of provincialism, the author does not escape the atmosphere of vulgarity; and while he takes infinite pride in pointing out, with disgust, the foibles of his country, he is really doing more than he is aware of to bring it into merited contempt. He labors with ridiculous solicitude to save his countrymen from the sneers of foreigners, showing great profuseness of an anxiety which it would be more prudent to husband and expend for his personal protection. To have travelled seems to be the source of boundless self-congratulation with him. What he calls "a man of

* It has been asserted by an authority not often disputed in the court of letters, and not obnoxious to the epithet of a prig either, that, "during the forty years which followed the Restoration, the whole body of the dramatists invariably represent adultery, — we do not say as an error which the violence of passion may excuse, — but as the calling of a fine gentleman, — as a grace without which his character would be imperfect. It is as essential to his breeding and to his place in society that he should make love to the wives of his neighbours, as that he should know French, or that he should have a sword at his side."

the world" is apparently his ideal of the perfection of human nature. He has a favorite method of nursing his self-admiration, and indirectly announcing himself as an astonishing man, by the use of such phrases as these: — "Any man thoroughly acquainted with the world knows very well," — "Every person familiar with good society will understand," — "All men of wide observation and extensive knowledge of mankind must have observed," etc., etc. The truth is, Mr. Cooper, beginning with talent enough to insure him an honorable place, even with a remote posterity, among American authors, has sadly degenerated of late, and seems strangely determined to persevere in forfeiting his title to fame. We should not have spoken of the faults of this insignificant book of his at all, if they were not of a class that attach to several of his recent productions. Delightful as some of his earlier novels are, such as "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Spy," and "The Pioneer," others have been poor to a painful excess. In "Wyandotte," he has achieved one of the most successful platitudes of the age. It is only surprising, considering the number of law-suits he keeps on the docket, that he can find time to think of authorship at all. With a *dénouement* so characteristic as to be rather amusing, in this "Redskins" he actually leaves his hero, Mr. Littlepage, committed to the prosecution of lawsuits as the vocation of his life!

"Chillon" is a book that may safely be put into the hands of any young person. It is written with somewhat more than a moderate share of talent, and it is calculated to inspire none but the noblest sentiments. Its hero, or rather one of its heroes, is also one of the real heroes of the world's history, — Bonnivard, the noble and almost martyred apostle of liberty. Its principal scene is that castle where the solemn paces of the chained prisoner wore a deep groove in the solid rock, and which has hence become a shrine which many centuries will visit and bless, for the crown of honor that it sets on human nature.

Miss Pickering is a writer of excellent principles, and has a very tolerable faculty of telling a story so as to entertain and instruct. Her skill, however, lies rather in the management of conversation, in which she abounds, than in the conception or development of the plot, which is apt to be slender. Without entering on a very difficult or elevated path, she performs with credit all that she promises. Graph-

ic or powerful descriptions, fine and discriminating delineations of character, eloquent displays of emotion, are not in her line. The workings of profound passion are not within the range of her attempts. But out of such materials as are scattered over the familiar theatre of every-day life she constructs a pleasant tale, and interweaves many lessons of Christian morality. She is not a successful humorist, but is always good-natured; and if the glow of high genius does not pervade her productions, she has — or rather had, for she is no longer living — many qualities that atone for that deficiency. Without Madame d'Arblay's compass of invention, she has perhaps as much sincerity of purpose. And when we see what abominable pranks and fantastic tricks are played in literature by some men and women, who have wit without either taste or principle, we are almost ready to dispense with such brilliancy.

Miss Austen's popularity with the class that enjoy her novels is attributable, as every body knows, to her faithful portrayal of actual life; to the accurate and distinct painting of her subjects. Her characters are almost as palpable, and as individually marked, as the acquaintances that we meet in the common intercourse of society. Her fidelity, indeed, has been satirically characterized as "Dutch." Readers that affect a very romantic order of events, a very highly wrought strain of emotion, or wild, spontaneous, custom-defying personages, will find meagre entertainment in the pages of this lady. She is indisputably deficient in ideality. Her books are far from being richly suggestive, except to those minds of rare insight and active perception, that wring wisdom out of the commonest things and the dullest companies. And yet those books both have been and will be the agreeable instrument of beguiling many hours of their tedium and many hearts of heaviness, — an instrument harmless often, seldom altogether unprofitable, and always guiltless of any other wrong than engrossing the place that might be given to more direct and substantial instruction.

It should always be with a clause of reservation that an American ventures to speak of "James's last." The Atlantic steamers, with the utmost speed attained hitherto, have not made the passage from Liverpool in less than about eleven days; and so long as we are, by that space of time, behind the London booksellers' advertising list, we can never say, with more than a moderate share of confidence, that

the volume we happen to hold in our hand at any given moment is literally the *last* from Mr. James's pen, — or rather that of his amanuensis.* The persistency of this gentleman's authorship is something awful; it introduces us into a sea of illimitable possibilities, where all calculations fail, and all charts and instruments are at fault. Such rapidity — fertility is not exactly the word — is appalling. It takes one's breath away. Such diffuseness, such an incontinent discharge of verbosity, such a dilution of ideas originally respectable, such hammering out, with a goldbeater's perseverance, of a little solid piece of thought, now into a downright flatness, now into a tedious homily, now into a familiar colloquy with the reader, and now into the wearisome amplification of some simple maxim, all whose beauty and force consisted in its terseness, is quite unexampled. Considering physically the actual superficies of his publications, it becomes no longer a figure of speech to refer to the "*acreage* of his literary estate." Incapable of fatigue as he is, yet one would suppose that his habit of dictating his compositions would operate as a corrective of his prolixity; and that some of these attenuated passages, by falling on the ear of the author, would suggest their own exceeding feebleness to his mind. But no; he gossips away at the same galloping rate, with a seared conscience and an indomitable tongue, in a race matching Gilpin's in swiftness, and far more willing than his. His career has been too much like that of Mr. Cooper. They have not had the fear of "writing out" before their eyes; and hence their occasional lapses from high excellence to a stupid mediocrity. Deceived, apparently, by the productiveness of such men of genius as Swift, Voltaire, Goethe, and Scott, they have falsely and foolishly argued that in order to be great they had only to be voluminous. The man that has written as Mr. James wrote some ten or twelve years ago should never allow himself to write as he has written within the last four or five years. Yet we can never cease to respect the talent that has produced "Philip Augustus," which we hold to be one of the best novels in our language, and "Attila," which, though somewhat too highly wrought in its style, displays a great deal of brilliancy and

* Sure enough, before we go to press, here comes "Heidelberg," — at this present writing supposed to be positively the last. — But lo! as we pass through the press, the placards announce "Beauchamp"!

power of imagination. Unlike the rest of his multitudinous romances, "The Step-mother" does not begin with a pretended murder or fatal accident, and end with a resuscitation. But, like too many of the others, it has no strong and deep purpose setting through it, such as ought always to dignify, or even to justify, the great vocation of authorship. It seems to contemplate only a vacant sort of amusement. And something half-amusing there certainly is in the practical, business-like air, the complacency, with which this practised romancer sets himself about the routine of his task, and plods on through it. Such as admire him are destined to a great deal of enjoyment; for it is clear that he will not stop writing till he dies, and there is certainly nothing in the *nature* of his intellectual exercises, at present, to shorten the period of his days. And, after all, reverting to our main idea, we ought to acknowledge that the moral character of this author's books is generally pure, purer than the conventional customs of modern society, though not always so independent of them as might be wished; and that from the most objectionable positive traits of modern novelists he is eminently free.

Manzoni has been sometimes called the Italian Scott. This may be very pleasant flattery for the former, but it is a sad libel on the Coryphæus of modern fiction. "The Betrothed" is a well-told story, and — barring the historical passages, which are petty and heavy — interesting. It forms, on the whole, one of the welcome exceptions to the proverbial inferiority and barrenness of Italian literature in the department of prose fiction. The representation of Federigo's noble generosity, the triumphant power of his disinterested goodness, is creditable both to the author's "head and heart," as the newspapers say. The subjection of the haughty, cruel, and ambitious spirit of "the Unnamed," before the simple but mighty force of the Cardinal's Christian meekness and truth-telling eloquence, is pictured with no ordinary degree of dramatic invention.

Mr. D'Israeli is capable of being extremely tedious, and throughout the first four or five books of "Coningsby" he uses his faculty profusely. Notwithstanding this, the narrative, as a narrative, brings up capitally at the close. What marks the volume, however, is not the story, but the politics. For endeavouring to convey, earnestly and seriously, ideas that have evidently taken strong hold of his convictions,

the author deserves distinguished praise. It is precisely this quality that is too rare in writers of his class. Unfortunately, many of the political views that he would set forth are illustrated so entirely by reference to minute circumstances in the late history of the English government, and to particular legislation, that the interest fails with readers who have not been actively engaged in public life. Though a true lover of his country, at the same time that he pays devout reverence to his Israelitish origin, and though a generous well-wisher to his British countrymen, he has written less for the multitude than for members of parliament. Indeed, it is not till he has nearly completed his task that he actually tells us what he would have the "New Generation" to be, — what "Young England" is. Fruitless as it seems for any man in this age to be receding from republican tendencies, espousing the cause of absolutism, and waxing eloquent for the prerogatives of the crown, yet, being in earnest and being honest, he interests us not the less. His eloquent call for a regeneration of people and rulers through a vital political faith, — sincerity and hearty zeal for something, — is refreshing in this age of timeserving and tergiversation and mammon-worship. The characters of Lord Monmouth, Rigby, the elder Millbank, and Sidonia, are ably managed. The book is stained by no trace of impurity.

Doubtless, the world greatly needs an improved race of novelists, as well as of several other classes of persons. The power of imaginative writings in advancing the great reforms of an age, in building up the kingdom of heaven on earth, in giving right and virtue the victory over wrong and vice in human hearts, has yet hardly begun to be understood. At this day, we know of no form of communication, except it be that of spoken address, through which a strong man might more effectually transmit his ideas to his fellows, lodging them in the deep heart of society. One of the narrowest of prevailing criticisms, one that might have been devised by the arch-enemy's cunning for the special purpose of bringing piety into contempt with men of the world, is that which, in the mouth of canting religionists, has sweepingly and pettishly set a mark of reprobation on every such thing as a fictitious production. Allowing such flippant folly to be the utterance of a real conviction, and not of a mere prejudice, that conviction would be to us equally inconceivable and insignificant. The only offset to its shallowness is

to be found in the circumstance, that novelists themselves have so commonly fallen short of any just appreciation of the exalted character of their own vocation. Holding in their hands a wand that might stir the emotions of men to their profoundest depths, and revolutionize the practical ongoings of society, bringing order and happiness out of wretchedness and confusion, they have been content to twirl it carelessly in their fingers, for the amusement of an idle hour, for the momentary gratification of a capricious and aimless fancy. It has been a sad waste of power; sometimes a disgraceful treachery to truth. We say, the high destiny, the glorious capabilities, of the creative faculty of the imagination have been but feebly felt. Those that have possessed it have seldom risen to an apprehension either of the magnitude of the gift or the solemnity of the trust involved in it. When the immediate object of the writer has not been the earning of a livelihood or the acquisition of an estate, — an aim that we certainly would not denounce as wanting in respectability, for with men of genius this purpose seldom amounts to a sordid passion, — the design, even of many of the more illustrious of the fraternity, has been simply to amuse.

Now all due honor to innocent amusement. All gratitude to those whose grateful office it is to lighten the spirits and put to flight the melancholy of heavy-laden, brooding, morbid mortals, and to make the careful, anxious world more cheerful. For an excellent thing is laughter, and a sorry apostle is despair. But it must be granted that this is not the greatest end of any department of intellectual labor. It has been followed and attained — most successfully, it is true — by some authors who should, in right of their lofty endowments, have accomplished vastly more. Look over the field of English literature, in fiction, poetry, the drama, and see, from the time of Spenser, of how vast a portion of its fruits it must be admitted, that it bears clear marks of having reached after no broader effects than simple amusement. If good moral or social influences have accompanied this recreation, it has been an incidental result, greatly to be valued, doubtless, greatly to be esteemed above the opposite, but still not the direct achievement of earnest-hearted men, consecrated to the work of renewing and improving their race. Of how many authors in fiction, in any language, can we say, on laying down their works, that their direct and decided influence has been to freshen the moral atmosphere of

our being, to fill us with larger sympathies and loftier views of life, to send us forth with a more resolute determination to perform manfully and vigorously the errands of mercy and justice which Providence has assigned to us on earth? The answer to this question must, we are afraid, be discouraging, when we regard the catalogue of leading English romances, as well as those of nations less distinguished for moral culture. What object higher than the entertainment of the reader's fancy, and the vague delight afforded by resemblances between books and men, can we ascribe to these writers, when we remember that the pages of Richardson, however associated with the idea of elaborate and long-drawn descriptions of phases and modes of life, however domestic and real, yet fail of suggesting any heroic purpose, or that those of Miss Burney bring up continually images — well portrayed, beyond question — of fashionable vapidity and heartless affectation, such as prevail in an artificial and unhealthy social state; when Scott only redeems himself by the infusion of sentiments from his own great heart, far higher than the prevailing level of his *subjects*, strictly speaking; and when, of the whole brood of our later imitators and tale-mongers, so large a proportion must inevitably inherit the unenviable reputation that awaits Captain Marryatt, Harrison Ainsworth, *et id omne genus?* Bulwer, in spite of his vices, his affinity for false splendor and display, and his occasional pedantry, has glimpses of a nobler path than he has courage and principle to follow. His glowing bursts of eloquence often enkindle a purer fire than burns habitually in his own breast. The light of true genius glimmers in the vast palaces that his imagination builds, and it attracts us on, though we stumble, here and there, over heaps of rubbish. His intellectual superiority raises him far above the motley group that seek to associate themselves in his company. In "Zanoni," he repeatedly touches the finest sensibilities of the heart; and throughout many of his productions we see frequent traces of a humanity which leaves us in a bitter and melancholy regret, that a soul so formed for better things should not stand among the disciples of the truth, and the improvers and renovators of mankind.

In America, we have a few, and only a few, fictitious works possessing a moral significance distinct and deep enough to entitle them to marked consideration, and to distinguish them from the mediocrity of Simms, Kennedy, and

others. Miss Sedgwick's tales, and Irving's and Hawthorne's sketches, are really instructive as well as entertaining. As belonging to a class of which we are yet to see more perfect examples, but looking in the right direction, we may mention Mrs. Child's "Philothea," Brownson's "Charles Elwood" (which we must confess, however, is almost naught, if considered simply as a romance), and "Margaret." Allston's "Monaldi," and Dana's "Paul Felton," of course deserve a rank in the highest order of imaginative productions, though rather for artistic than ethical reasons. It is greatly to the honor and dignity of our American literature, that, though we have scribblers of the unknown rabble that pander to vice, we have not yet a single example of an author of acknowledged ability, addressing himself to the really intelligent classes, whose writings are open to the charge of immorality.

It may be urged, that English fiction merits better praise than we have awarded to it, on the ground that much of it relates to historical subjects, and is to be regarded as instructive in the same sense that all history is instructive. A word, therefore, on this point. The historical novel is a comparatively recent invention. That invention has unquestionably been the means of making some volumes readable, that without its assistance would have been painfully otherwise. The purely imaginative romance greatly needed this resource to diversify its topics, to extend its range, and to give its airy fabrications substantial value. The style of Anne Radcliffe could not last. The age of supernatural machinery passed away with the vanishing superstitions of a rude time; and nothing would have been left for many a modern novel-writer but to drivel in nauseating repetitions of an inane sentimentality. For the power of drawing the materials for an absorbing and elevating fiction out of the common and familiar scenes of daily observation is reserved for only a few superior spirits. That is the subtile process of genius; and the unfitness of most persons for success in it is so obvious, that men of no more than ordinary penetration discern their incompetency and are wisely deterred from undertaking it. So that the alternative before a host of romancers has been reduced to this, — the historical romance, or nonsense. Unluckily, some have chosen the latter; and some others have fallen into the latter, who flattered themselves that they had escaped it by choosing the

former. It was better even for Miss Porter to resort to history for a plot, than to attempt to create one; and so of a multitude of others. Now it cannot be denied, that a spirited and well-conducted novel, produced from a mind that is imbued with a classical love of the theme, capable of the requisite application and industry, stored with a scholar's thorough and profound knowledge of the events, customs, and opinions of the period to be illustrated and the characters belonging to it, endowed, too, with a philosopher's powers of comprehensive generalization, and adorned with the graceful gifts of a poet, — that a novel produced by such a mind should afford a clearer and juster conception of any age or juncture in human affairs than a jejune statement of facts, or a plain, straightforward narrative. It would better introduce us into the spirit of the time, the real life of that period, the springs of action, the motives, prejudices, and aims of the personages, and all the attendant usages and habitudes of the people, than any mere chronicle. Pardoning his vanity, we must allow that Fielding spoke a general truth when he said, — "The only difference between me and professed historians is, that with me every thing is true save the names and the dates, while with them nothing is true but names and dates." When we read the dull records and compilations of many plodding self-styled historians, and contrast them with the vivid, piquant, racy pictures of some artist's hand, we feel the point of the satire. Accordingly, almost all our later explorers in the realm of fiction have tried their hand at this promising mine. Some of them have been inspired by the effort, and have brought up diamonds, silver, and gold. Other some have only given an additional proof of their imbecility by this new test, and have come up with no precious ore. For it is evident, — and this is the point we have wished to adduce, in reply to the argument referred to just now, and the fallacy involved in it, — that it is just as possible to make an uninteresting, unprofitable, or even a mischievous novel with an historical subject, as with one that is wholly imaginative. And yet we think, that, of the three great divisions of time, past, present, and future, in which a scene may be laid, the first offers the greatest facilities for success, because in that case a larger proportion of the requisite wisdom may be gathered from books, and other men's labors, than in either of the others; while, in unfolding the tendencies of the present or

the probable disclosures of the future, there is needed a deeper insight into society, a closer grasp on the workings of human thought, a more intimate knowledge of human nature, a broader experience, in fact, a genius of the grandest order. The prophet's is the highest earthly calling.

Another fallacy we wish to notice in this connection is that of supposing that it is an important merit in a book of fiction, if it simply represents real life. We often hear language of this sort that is loose and inaccurate. Merely to represent society as it is, to give an exact copy of it, with all its imperfections and deformities, is not *of itself* a very exalted achievement. It may imply talent, skill, just as an exact copy in one of the elegant arts requires a degree of cultivation. The wholly uninstructed, the utterly stupid, cannot accomplish it. But it is only the excellence of imitation, after all. So a book containing a faithful transcript of a social condition stained with sin and crime may excite a momentary admiration for the accuracy of the likeness, but it yields no new moral lesson. If it were a state of society purer, freer, nobler than our own, then it might lift us upward and draw us onward to contemplate and be conversant with it. But if it is as low as our own, or lower than our own, or precisely the same as our own, what inspiration can it yield? For what original instruction can that author claim credit? If it be said that real life of itself is a most valuable and prolific teacher of wisdom, and therefore that a copy of it must be equally so, we assent to the former clause of the proposition, but not of course to the latter. In our observations of real scenes and characters Providence is ever present, offering minute intimations, and secret admonitions, and subtile compensations, such as can hardly find their way into books. It is so arranged, by a merciful condescension to the frailty of human virtue, that *all* the seductive examples and corrupt exhibitions of a particular community are not presented for the trial of any one individual. Each person sees but a portion of what is bad around him. It is not in mortal judgment to change the appointment, and to paint with safety before every eye all the kinds and degrees of wickedness that lurk in vile dens of infamy or fester in polluted bosoms. We shall have occasion to revert to this consideration again; and only add here, that we have faith in stimulating and rightly directing men by good examples rather than by evil ones, by offering them the compan-

ionship of those better than themselves rather than the opposite, by instances of virtue rather than instances of depravity. We maintain that it is not enough for an author of fiction to represent society exactly as it is, any more — using the same illustration we have introduced already — than it is enough for the painter to represent nature just as it is, all its deformities and beauties alike. There is a far loftier art. It is, departing from the general truthfulness of nature and life in no single feature, violating no essential probability, so to collocate the figures and dispose the groups, so to distribute light and shade, as to produce a certain whole more richly suggestive than any servile copy could be. Every true artist must idealize some portions of his subject. There are inevitable deficiencies, resulting from the imperfection of instruments and materials and the limitations of human faculties, that render every work of art in some respects inferior to that nature which is the handiwork of the Almighty, and which must take in an entire universe to complete its wholeness. For these necessary short-comings, the artist endeavours to atone to the utmost by the exercise of his own creative power in giving his ideal through his forms, — in the idealizing of his subject, in accordance with the laws and principles of that nature which, in its entireness, is ever his authoritative teacher and guide. Real life is not to be departed from, not contradicted ; it is to be idealized.

Signs of a better period appear, both for the dramatic and the related arts. The Muse of fiction, like her sisters, is to appear in the character of the honored servant of Humanity. A new vocation opens for the imagination, — that God-given but abused faculty. She is to instruct men in their social and spiritual relations, redeem them from the wrongs, vices, slaveries that bow them down, and is to lift them up, prompting them to all good deeds, awakening their aspirations for a higher social state, making them wiser, purer, nobler. While science, the all-subduing physical science of this century, is striving in innumerable ways to ameliorate the condition of the human family, literature must be consecrated to the same holy work, or lose its place of dignity and fall shamefully out of the regards of the race. Whoever succeeds as a writer of fiction in the coming age, must show a quick, deep, genial sympathy ; must have studied the tendencies of society and life around him ; must be willing to take the station of an humble laborer, toiling honestly,

heartily, cheerfully, to bring on the reign of equality, freedom, virtue, — the kingdom of heaven. Indications are not wanting that this has begun to be the demand now. Even Scott, though he was deficient in the distinctness of his moral aim, owes a large measure of his unbounded popularity to the genuine, unaffected humanity, the genial benevolence, the kindliness and charity, that inspired his magnanimous heart. We by no means intend to deny that we must add to this, however, his extraordinary versatility, his nationality, his capacious memory, and the rare compass and readiness both of his perceptive and inventive powers, to account fully for Scott's irresistible conquests in the domain of letters. The extensive, but probably temporary, favor that has welcomed Miss Bremer is due to her sympathy with the real and common life of her country. When we speak of a distinct moral aim as indispensable to the novelist, we do not mean that he should be constantly thrusting his moral into the reader's face, — one of the weakest pieces of folly an author can commit, whether he is dealing with children or men. The moral need not be quite so obvious, indeed, in all cases, as it is Miss Edgeworth's custom to make it. But there must be that spiritual vitality, that life of the affections, that devotion to human weal, which, revealing themselves insensibly, quicken the reader's resolutions, and leave him with a clear consciousness that his soul has been enlarged. That spirit must predominate, as has been well written, in every artist's work, "which knows how to assign evil and immorality their proper place, and to pronounce thereon, not in edifying speeches, but by the development of the subject, the judgment of the eternal Nemesis. This, too, we have a right to demand of creative genius; if it present the world to view, it must present also its highest order and its inviolable laws; if it conduct us, like Dante, to the gulf of hell, it must afterwards lift us up to the heights of paradise."

Causes have been operating in the midst of modern civilization that will produce such a generation of authors — kindled with this divine fire — in all the departments of intellectual exertion. They are the same causes that have given already to the world earnest reformers and eloquent pleaders, not equally wise, and sublime achievements too, — Clarkson and emancipation, Cobden and bread for England's poor, Tuckerman and the ministry at large, Channing and a free faith, Worcester and peace, Ronge and his reformation. Shall we add, as natural though mistaken

consequences of the struggle thus aroused, Fourier and the phalanxes, Chartism, and the French Revolution? In the arts, creations of this young but growing spirit are seen on Wilkie's canvas, in the Greek Slave of Powers, — having its original, indeed, in the classic past, but its terrible rebuke for the present, — in Greenough's Washington, the impersonation of freedom and patriotic devotion, and in the songs of the Hutchinsons. There is at this moment a group of writers of the English tongue, wholly attached to what is commonly called the *belles-lettres* profession, the authorship of light literature, in prose and verse, who are exercising, by reason of their humane affections, a more immediate and effectual influence on the living masses, the impulse and action of Anglo-Saxon blood, than any other class of minds. They are the heirs of what was best in Robert Burns, and Charles Lamb, and Thomas Hood; we would gladly believe they have no part in the inheritance of what was not best in those generous and brave souls. In the centre of that group, in respect of genius, stands Charles Dickens, who, after all the good and ill that has been said of him in his yet youthful years, remains the greatest humorist of this — might we not safely say, with the inimitable exception, of any age? Around him are ranged, at nearer or remoter distances, such men and women as Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymer, Douglas Jerrold, Harriet Martineau, the Howitts, and others, on either side the sea, of kindred temper and scarcely less brilliant name. In an era like ours, and with a public so acquisitive and so susceptible, authorship can by no honest and feeling man be looked on otherwise than as a solemn and holy trust, — no matter whether its instrument of working for the world be systems of profound philosophy that make the brain toil, or Christmas carols that warm and bless the heart; abstruse and rigid speculations, tasking the comprehension of pale students, or merry, tender fancies, moving laughter and tears in cottages; treatises by Cudworth and Kant, or the London Punch.

We have occupied so much space on the general subject of novel-writing, and the characteristics of some of the popular writers of the day, that we are compelled to defer to a future number what we have to say on George Sand, and some questions which naturally come up for discussion in a review of her writings. F. D. H.

Art. VIII. — THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER ATLANTIC.

On Wednesday evening, the 25th of November, preceding our Thanksgiving day (as is well known in this community) the steamer Atlantic, with not less than one hundred persons on board, left Allyn's Point, Norwich, on her way to New York. While their fellow-citizens throughout so large a part of the country were offering glad praises to God in his sanctuary, or enjoying the bounties of his Providence under warm roofs and around boards heaped with plenty, these travellers were exposed to the cold and fury of the storm. And, after sufferings of body and mind which we can ill conceive, they were cast away upon the rocky shore of Fisher's island. We propose, in the course of our remarks, to consider their situation in a particular point of view. The circumstances of that melancholy voyage have become too familiar to the public mind, to make it necessary that we should here communicate the information which gives rise to certain previous reflections.

And, first, we think it must be said that the vessel was fairly overcome in the ordinary operation of natural laws. She was unable to contend successfully with the elements. A weak spot was found for the deadly thrust of the storm. Whatever the fatal imperfection may have been, — whether the length of the boat, or any particular feebleness in her construction, or insufficiency in her means for an anchorage, — the truth should be known, and for the future every defect should be guarded against, in those great ships especially which make the regular ferry for the whole population of the country between our large cities; though, by the blessing of God, so few comparatively were led on this occasion to take passage. Or if the error was an imprudence in venturing out in the face of the menacing tempest, then no desire of joining the lines of communication should cause such error to be repeated.

Again a question has arisen, whether assistance could have been rendered to those in such fearful peril. Some persons, and among them individuals who were on board the Atlantic, seem to be of opinion that it could. But other persons, both on board the vessel and those carefully examining the conditions of the case, are of a contrary opinion. One brave and noble, if not rash and wellnigh self-destroying,

attempt to give help we know was made. And the judgment seems not ill-advised, that any vessel approaching the Atlantic, as she was drifting near to the shore, would have been in imminent risk of being involved in a common destruction. The plan since suggested, of floating an anchor to the disabled ship by means of a buoy, might perhaps have been accomplished; but to those who know the terrible power of the commingled gale and sea, the suggestion may seem one of mere possibility. The probability is, that all was done for her and her unhappy company that human power, generously considering its abilities and resources, could effect. By one of those on board, however, advice was given, which, if followed, might have secured the ship against fatal injury. It was, to cut away the upper works, which must have received at least one half of the pressure of the wind.

But we proceed to view the subject in a manner more directly within the scope of our general objects in this journal.

We have spoken of natural laws. But to our mind the truer as well as more religious phraseology is *the providence of God*. And after all the accounts and explanations that can be given, the question will still arise in this aspect. Here are disaster and woe sent sore and crushing upon human hearts in the providence of God. How can human hearts be reconciled to that providence? This is the question which will be asked, and cannot be suppressed. Our answer is drawn, not from any speculations as to the origin of evil, but from the compensations of Providence for all the inflictions of Providence.

We know a different answer is sometimes given. It is said that all suffering is the consequence of sin, and is sent to punish and reform. But this is not true to Scripture or to fact. The innocent suffer. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." The idea of penalty, of retribution, cannot explain all the pangs of human life. And if He, who in the physical universe provides a compensation for every disturbance only to accomplish more perfectly his wise and gracious designs, provide no equivalent compensation for the providential disturbances of his children's peace, then clouds and darkness are indeed around his throne, through which no light penetrates.

But there is blasphemy in the thought. The compensa-

tions exist. Nor shall we, in tracing these compensations, as is sometimes charged, sit in judgment on our Maker; but behold and admire his own justification of his ways. The theological attempt to overawe inquiry on such a subject by the plea, that God is a sovereign whose dealings it is impious to interrogate, is unjust to God and man. The real impiety is to look upon him as an arbitrary despot, extending his absolute will over the creation, and enduring no question or petition from his subjects. The true reverence regards him as a Friend and Father, who puts his honor in his justice and tenderness.

These views open the way to that particular consideration of the subject which we proposed. Let us regard that one event, taken from not a few which have, in God's providence, transpired during the past season, on that engulfing element that roars round and girdles in the earthly abode of man. And let us follow out the compensations which these gentler attributes bring, in that pathway tracked with disappointment and woe to his children, in which his conquering chariot rides through the world.

The care and watch of the Almighty Providence, nowhere withdrawn, settle down about a company of travellers, going to embark upon the ocean, which he holds in the hollow of his hand. They proceed on their way in the face of the rising storm, perhaps imprudently, perhaps regardless of reasonable dissuasions; and yet, it may be, drawn by generous motives, and doing as they sincerely think for the best. Their passage is still under the charge of Providence. For though, it may be hoped, much will be learned for the future from the error of the past, yet the honest mistakes of the human mind are included in the plan of Providence. Nothing but sin, wilful error, is left wholly to man's responsibility.

What, then, is the Providence in their case? They trust, under God, to the strength and speed of their vessel, to the tried power and precision of her nerves of steel and "her bones, like bars of iron and strong pieces of brass." But, in the order of Providence, the swelling fury of the waves strains their boat, and, beyond any anticipation of such a blow, wrenches a vital part of that safeguard asunder, and they are cast with their ship, now unmanageable, into the trough of the sea. Again they trust to the strength of their anchors; but these, too, in the order of Providence, drag through the sandy bottom, clinging, and yet yielding by degrees. They trust to

an abatement in the storm; but by the Providential direction it grows more fierce and resistless. They trust to a favorable change or lull of the wind; but it is providentially ordered to increase its rage and blow with more deadly aim. They bend in prayer, and call on God to save them; yet He that "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm" does not reverse the destructive current of the elements. Under the breath of his nostrils and the blast of his mouth, they plunge from point to point amid the boiling waters; every larger wave making a breach over the groaning deck. All, all, as the Christian must say, is in obedience, not to chance or nature, but to God. Hour by hour they near the pitiless rocks, — kedging along over the huge backs of the foaming surges, drawn as by a devouring chain towards the jaws of destruction. The voyaging steam-ship comes and looks at her laboring fellow, but moves in despair away. Human eyes are upon them, but human hands cannot reach. While they hang between life and death, a sail (one before had set out, but returned) puts off to their relief, but is providentially ordered to strike and sink. As one is represented as praying of old, so they pray and hope for the light to see by, if they must be dashed upon the ragged, unrelenting shore; but, providentially, they strike, with the boding and melancholy sound of doom in their ears, before the darkness is dispersed. They trust that at least their own vital energies will remain to that degree unexhausted, that they may struggle bravely at last with the wild waters, and grapple firmly, as they shall be thrown upon the rocks; but it is ordered that the cold, piercing breeze shall chill their blood and benumb their limbs, and the white, glittering spray fly in freezing drops around them upon the wings of the hurricane. They prepare to leap when the ship may strike, and strive, as they best may with enfeebled powers, amidst the angry surf; but it is decreed that the falling beams shall stun many for any easy prey to the gaping gulf, and crush others to instantaneous death. The strong swimmer bares his arms, and hopes to find a clear path through the crested breakers to the roaring beach; but it is ordered that the grinding fragments of the wreck shall block up the way, and encumber him with their own destruction. The hedge of ruin is built thick and impenetrable about them. One leaps upon the shore, but the refluent wave is sent by Providence, and hastens him away. While a scarce living moiety are swept

to firm ground, this entangling net of opposing circumstances is woven to bear the remnant helpless back. And as, with expiring groan, one after another is entombed, not in the quiet earth, with the tears of a band of mourners, but in the hollows of the overtopping waves, the strongly knit timbers of the noble but conquered vessel, the pride of the seas that now wreak their wrath upon her, are rent apart with a moaning sound; and the bell, that had summoned them to a voyage of comfort and glad anticipations, now — with involuntary, but how significant notes! — slowly tolls their burial. They listen to their own dirge, they hear their own requiem, in the hoarse blast and the weltering billow. And those that come to the shore in the morning light — the survivors, who had been carried and thrown, even like the sea-weed or the little moss of the deep, upon the coast — see only bruised or mutilated corpses to be gathered up, amid the ruins of their bark, from the pompous and splendid beauty of whose adorning (as we are informed by the report of one who escaped) every enriched spot, every gilded line, had been worn and chafed away.

What *compensation* is there for such a Providential infliction as this? what compensation for the actual sufferers; what compensation for those who have endured, it may be, more than they, with torn and bleeding heart-strings, under the quiet domestic roof? Two great compensations are made, which stand out before all others, — the fact of immortality, and the development of character, which is carried on more by God's discipline than even by man's own moral strivings. We mention first the fact of immortality, because with this fact and man's faith in it the development of character is intimately connected. Indeed, if to them that perished death be the end, there is no adequate compensation. But if to the Christian souls there that rocky ledge was but the rough gateway to a serene and peaceful land, and to all, the passage into the presence of a merciful God, then great and glorious compensation. And if the swift and dread bereavement wean the afflicted from over-strong attachment to this world, if it open those clear and balmy skies of heaven above earth's stormy atmosphere, if it bring them into a confiding acquaintance with God, and make them seek refuge with the great Forerunner through the grave, then great and sufficient compensation to them also. Darkly as we have drawn God's providential dealing in this case, — and

we have tried to be faithful and not soften one stroke, — yet in the light of Christian truth the distress and anguish seem as small and transient, compared with the vast and happy destiny, as the apparent wanderings which astronomers note in the planets to their mighty and sparkling revolutions. It makes the darkness around God's throne seem to us (though we think we lack not a due sensibility to the suffering and sorrows of our fellow-men) as little to the lustre, as those very storm-clouds that involved the fated ship were to the boundless and all-diffusive sunshine streaming above the thin commotion through the ethereal space.

The other compensation is the development of character, both in bringing into exercise and in strengthening human virtue. We have attempted to draw a picture of the scene. But as we look calmly at the real events, what appears most prominent? Not the terrific sublimity of the storm, not the vast treasure sinking in the deep or lining the ragged shore, not the sharply defined images of bodily suffering, not the darker lines of mental anguish; but the strokes of moral greatness; — the calm soul confronting peril and yielding not to the hurricane, — fidelity firm at its station, surrendering self-preservation to duty, — friendship keeping alternate watch at its post, — mutual respect and justice to a common nature, practising the golden rule at the doors of death, — devotion consecrating that cabin for as holy a temple as was ever dedicated with formal and solemn rites, — Christian love overflowing the barriers of sect, and mingling differing minds below as they are above, — religious submission, with that low whisper rising above the fury of the storm, though but breathed from just parted lips, — "The Father's will be done!" — and, to crown all, self-sacrifice coming down from the safety reached on the firm shore to breast the surf again in perilous efforts for the rescue of others. Before these things the billows sink in grandeur, the terrors of the night fade away, and the tempestuous sky and resounding rocks become but the frame and setting for the lustre of human character. The voice of the ocean, as we thus hear it, loses its angry tone, and seems to have only that of paying homage to excellence, "deep calling unto deep, with the noise of his waterspouts," in tribute to all that is generous and lofty in the human soul. It fills us with a sort of exultation to know that not a few were in that tempest-tost bark, whose inmost hearts, in all the tumult, leaned upon the

anchor that would not drag nor give way. Their souls throw a sanctifying halo about the awful scene.

Had there been none but worldly and depraved hearts upon that deck, how comparatively sad the wreck would have been! But we are assured that there was a spirit of unselfish regard one for another, with particular instances of affectionate and disinterested consideration. These good qualities of the human heart kindle up a lustre amid those gloomy and heaving waves, — a lustre which abides after the gloomy and heaving waves have gone down, and shines brighter than a beacon-fire into the souls of survivors, and makes admiration almost get the better of commiserating pity, as it reveals what this human nature of ours is capable of in its extremity, and awakens the desire, in every hard-beset condition which Providence may ordain, to emulate such magnanimity.

Some, we are sure, were there, who, though through that dark morning-hour not much light for our eyes falls on their deportment, must in every thing have been kind and noble, as they were in all their former days. We are not wont in these pages to give eulogies of the departed, save in regard to those of public note as well as distinguished excellence. But the circumstances in the present case occupying so much of the public attention, and in a manner enshrining and setting on high those who in the ordinary course of life would have pursued the track, most honorable of all, of humble virtue, may perhaps justify us in making here an exception. And from the many worthy men on board that boat we single out two, because they, as religious young men and Sunday-school teachers in this city in congregations with which we are acquainted, are within the reach of our knowledge or inquiry. We refer to Orlando Pitts and Andrew Fuller Collamore. One other of similar excellence, associated with them by the public sympathy on account of their common prospects in life, we would fain include, but our necessarily hasty preparation of these remarks affords us no opportunity to gain particular knowledge respecting him. In regard to all these may we not believe, that, if kindred and friends could have seen them, they would have beheld their generous sentiments still prevailing, their pious trust in God saying, — "Peace, be still!" even to the agitations of terror within? And in the farewells of their yearning, unspeakable love to the variously dear on earth, in the secret

self-commitment to God's mercy, in the gleams of immortal light breaking through the midnight gloom, may we not see divine compensations for all the agony? Pitts had, indeed, a character of no common stamp. Our pen hesitates in the attempt to delineate in the usual manner his traits. For he himself rises up before us, with his own sunny countenance and benignant eye, through which the ingenuous thoughts and beaming affections shone forth like the bright pebbles from the bottom of a clear brook. He was "not slothful in business," yet religiously studious. He was a good son, and felt that more exalted devotion which had not refused the request, "My son, give me thy heart." Religion had not come to him by violence, but was grafted into the natural growth of his mind. He was marked by purity. A friend and companion testifies that he never heard an unbecoming word fall from his lips. And he himself has said, that he strove, when in the place of festivity, to maintain such a frame of mind as he should be willing to leave the world in, and appear before God. The bent of his mind is shown by a circumstance we may mention, of his raising the question with a friend, what example Christ would have set in the walks of business. There was one trait so prominent and noticeable in his character as to deserve special mention, — the love of the young. He sympathized with the very heart of childhood, and drew it strongly to himself. Indeed, he seemed to retain many of the distinguishing qualities of children, and with reluctance to be led by the hand of time away from their equal society and fellowship. Looking upon his countenance and observing his manner, one could hardly believe he had advanced beyond youth, himself. Yet he showed no childish immaturity or weakness, but ordered the course of his conduct with a wise decision. He was in truth the child and the man, in that combination which an Apostle enjoins. God willing, we would gladly have been informed of the manner in which he met his destiny.* But we have known him so well, that we cheerfully submit to the decree, that no light should rest on his last hours but that which our entire trust in him supplies. Could his early fate lead all who knew him, especially his familiar associates,

* From one of the survivors, who has returned since this article was prepared, it has been ascertained that no person on board was more remarkable than Pitts for a calm self-possession, without sign of agitation or terror, continuing to the last.

to take his religious course, that would be a compensation which might bring a smile over the countenance of the departed even in heaven.

Of Collamore we regret that we cannot speak from the same intimacy of personal acquaintance and friendship, and essay to draw his likeness from a living image in our own heart. But, by what we learn respecting him from his pastor and one other dear friend, we are persuaded he was worthy of an equal fellowship with Pitts in a moral regard, and to another corresponding circle of kindred and friendship his name will be ever in like manner memorable and dear; while to those now widowed, as they were wedded, in heart, the fate of these two, with that of a third to whom we have alluded, has borne a shaft of sorrow, the keenness of which we may not describe. We will only commend those young loved ones to God, praying that the hand which hath wounded them may in mercy heal. Collamore was distinguished for the intelligence and manliness of his religious aims. The strength of his convictions, and the earnestness of his feelings, made his a leading and influential mind. He felt that he was sent into the world for an object which he strove to see clearly and fulfil. His principles were high, and his affections constant. He was true to friends in his own walk of life, and gained friends in every walk which he but entered. He combined in his disposition warmth with self-control, and readiness in every good work with unpretending modesty. He was deliberate in forming, but firm in maintaining, his purposes and opinions. He was just and kindly to all. But his not least interesting trait was the feeling of peculiar tenderness and respect, which, perhaps, cherished in early life towards a mother, he extended to all belonging to the mother's sex with an attention which we might call chivalrous, were it not better called Christian.

We have some knowledge of his deportment in the hour of gloom before the wreck. He joined actively in the religious exercises which were performed, himself reading a hymn, and offering a prayer in which love and submission to God were blended. They were in the Father's hand, he said, and would yield themselves to the Father's disposal. "Tell my friends," he requested of his companion, "if you survive and I perish, that I die willingly and calmly." What bequest to them so precious, as that he was both resigned and prepared to go!

The prayers which were offered on that tossing deck from lips so soon to be cold and still are, we verily believe, turned to praises on the firm shore of immortality, in that kingdom which can never be moved.

With three reflections we close. The first is upon the importance of character. What did the departing souls bear with them into eternity? This is the question which not the spiritually minded alone, but the worldling, asks. The need of preparation for death is the most familiar of religious commonplaces. But it is also a matter of the nearest vital interest to every thoughtful man, and God's providence gives to the very triteness of the thought a piercing edge. All that live may well make ready for their Lord, not knowing whether he will come at midday, or in the "second or third watch of the night." And the dread scene to which we have referred teaches, that genuine religious faith, combined with the culture of those dispositions which, it is honestly believed, God approves, will prepare the soul to meet him at last with a calmness and happiness which the so much magnified diversities of human speculation little affect.

Our next reflection is upon the displays of worth in human nature which trying circumstances unfold. At the *call* for nobleness and self-denial, nobleness and self-denial come. Man, so often seeming selfish and faithless, is not apt to be recreant in the time of bitter pain and fear. "The hour that tries men's souls" reveals goodness in them. The instances of disinterestedness are reported everywhere with the tidings of disaster. And, let us say, the generosity which danger stirs up even in ordinary minds refutes the dark creed of human depravity. Human nature is not made to be mean, but noble. The human heart, even when it has become depraved, responds to the spirit of love and self-sacrifice, and beats high with the good sentiments it sees displayed. We will not give up our faith in man.

Our last reflection has reference to human action as compared with the Divine. We have traced a little way the compensations of God's providence for the afflictive strokes of his hand. Would that we could do this with as much comfort in reference to the evils produced by human agency! Would, indeed, that we had as cheering compensations for all that takes place in this world, as for that concentration of mortal anguish of which we have spoken! Would that we could contemplate with any such spiritual satisfaction that

loss of life in mutual slaughter of man by his fellow-man on the Mexican battle-field! A few perish by the ordinance of God, and a sound of "mourning, lamentation, and woe" passes through the land. But thousands upon thousands fall by the murderous hand of war, and how calm and unexcited men in general can be! O God of love, save us from our bad passions, and we can bear with patience thy ordinations! O Prince of Peace, fulfil thy mission upon earth, and we shall shed no tears in which gladness and holy hope will not mingle! C. A. B.

Art. IX. — WORKS ON SWEDENBORGIANISM.*

We have not been neglectful of the claims of Emanuel Swedenborg. More than one hundred and fifty pages of the Examiner have been devoted, within a few years, to the life, character, and doctrines of this remarkable man. If any of our readers desire to know how the contributors to this work are accustomed to regard him, whether as a philosopher, a theologian, or a pretender to supernatural illumination, we refer them to its past volumes. Our only purpose now is to analyze, in as brief a way as we can, the contents of the books whose titles are given below.

Professor Bush's pamphlet contains a narrative of his conversion from Orthodoxy to Swedenborgianism, as well as a statement and defence of his new faith. He relates, that, about five years ago, while yet a Calvinist, ignorant of Swedenborg's writings, and unprepared to "recognize in him

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* 1. *Statement of Reasons for embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Emanuel Swedenborg.* By George Bush. New York: J. Allen. 1846. 8vo. pp. 130.

2. *Lectures on Swedenborgianism, delivered in the Theological Seminary, Andover, February*, 1846. By Leonard Woods, D. D., Professor of Theology. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1846. 16mo. pp. 166.

3. *Swedenborgianism reviewed.* By Enoch Pond, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me. Portland: Hyde, Lord, & Duren. 1846. 12mo. pp. 296.

4. *Mesmer and Swedenborg; or the Relation of the Developments of Mesmerism to the Doctrines and Discourses of Swedenborg.* By George Bush. New York: J. Allen. 1847. 12mo. pp. 288.

5. *The Doctrines of Spinoza and Swedenborg identified, so far as they claim a Scientific Ground, in Four Letters.* By * * *, United States Army. Boston: Munroe & Francis. 1846. 8vo. pp. 36.

any thing beyond the character of a well-meaning mystic," he was led by his studies to reject the current dogma of the resurrection of man's material body. Being told by a friend that in this he agreed with the disciples of the "New Church," he felt moved to consult their books. He was deeply impressed by the perusal of Noble's "Appeal"; and having read Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," found himself "very strongly disposed to listen with the profoundest respect" to further disclosures. By the Baron's "unsparing critiques" upon sundry points of the Calvinistic faith he was "stumbled" for a while; but happily for him, as he thinks, he was "brought, about this time, into contact with the phenomena of Mesmerism," which greatly helped him in his progress. His language is, — "I do not scruple to say, that, in all human probability, I should never have come to the position I now occupy, had it not been for the overwhelming evidence of the truth derived from this source." His advance was now rapid. Swedenborg's philosophy soon seemed to him to contain "a profound scientific exposition of all the grand problems of the physical universe." With equal readiness he "welcomed the general scheme of doctrines constituting the theology of the New Church"; for "it came," he says, "commended as a whole by a power of internal evidence which I could neither gainsay nor resist." Though for a time "compelled to make a reserve on the score of the internal sense of the Word," yet it was not long before his doubts on this point also gave way, and he adopted in full the theory of Biblical interpretation, together with "the science of correspondences," taught by Swedenborg. We find him now a thorough convert to the entire system, — to its minutest details as well as to its general principles; believing, no doubt sincerely, and asserting with a positiveness characteristic of neophytes, that it is unquestionably a supernatural communication from God. Respecting his statement and defence of the doctrines of the New Church, we shall only say, that the former is correct so far as it goes, but, being partial, does not represent Swedenborgianism as it really is; and that the latter furnishes, for popular effect, the best arguments in support of the system that we have seen.

Dr. Woods remarks, in his first Lecture, that, "as Swedenborg expressly disclaims the power of working miracles, there are only two ways in which his Divine commission can

be sustained: the first, by his own declaration; the second, from the nature of his teachings." But his own declaration is insufficient for such an end; because, though it must be admitted that he was an honest man, yet honesty does not prevent the liability to mistake. Attention, then, is to be turned to the nature of his teachings; — "it is mainly on this ground that Professor Bush would have us form our judgment"; — and on this Dr. Woods declares it to be his design to pursue the investigation. Accordingly, after saying that "all the truths found in the writings of Swedenborg ought to be readily received," and that "all error is to be rejected, though it may come before us in connection with important truth"; and having noticed, by the way, "the appalling fact, that Swedenborg excludes from the Word of God a considerable part of what we regard as the Holy Scriptures"; he proceeds to bring the Baron's system to the "test of reason as enlightened by revelation," and his main positions are these: first, that the effects of Swedenborg's teachings do not correspond to his predictions respecting them; secondly, that there is nothing in reason, or consciousness, or common-sense, or philosophy, or philology, to justify the manner in which he interprets the Scriptures; thirdly, that his visions, or the revelations made to him in the spiritual world, are, in great part, essentially incredible, having the quality and dress of what often occurs in dreaming or in a state of mental derangement; fourthly, that many of his doctrines — which the lecturer arranges under twelve heads — accord neither with the dictates of reason nor with the instructions of the Bible; fifthly, that his moral code, so far at least as the intercourse of the sexes is concerned, is inconsistent with that of the New Testament, and such as forbids the thought that he was commanded by God to teach mankind. In view of these considerations, Dr. Woods, without questioning Swedenborg's honesty, asks, "whether he might not have been misled, as multitudes have been who have thought themselves favored with special revelations from Heaven." "Is it not manifest to every competent judge, that his wonderful relations have much in them of the nature and texture of the vivid and varied exercises of men in dreams, or in a state of insanity, or, if you please, in the Mesmeric state?" At the close of the last Lecture, the author describes, by way of warning, what he supposes one must do who would yield himself up to Swedenborg as a Divinely commissioned teacher.

In Dr. Pond's book, we have, first, a sketch of Swedenborg's life, including an account of his writings; next, a general statement of his doctrines; then, a series of objections to his claims, namely: first, that he pretends to supersede the Gospel dispensation; secondly, that his revelations are not sufficiently attested; thirdly, that he rejects half the Bible as having no Divine authority, and renders the remainder of little value by mystical interpretation; fourthly, that he discards much important truth, and inculcates essential error; fifthly, that he misrepresents the doctrines of others; sixthly, that he speaks reproachfully of the Church of God, especially the Israelitish and Christian Churches; seventhly, that he states incredible things respecting the condition of such men as Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin, in the spiritual world; eighthly, that he contradicts, in repeated instances, the plain facts of history, both sacred and profane; ninthly, that his books abound in mistakes concerning the science of matter and of mind; tenthly, that his teachings are, in many points, irreconcilably inconsistent with themselves; eleventhly, that his system tends to depress, if not to subvert, the proper standard of Christian piety; twelfthly, that some of his writings are decidedly of an immoral tendency; thirteenthly, that his relations of things which he saw in heaven and hell, and in the region between the two, are some of them silly, some obscene, some monstrous, all strange, and many incredible; fourteenthly, that his tests of the truth of his doctrines are not successfully applied by his followers, and never will be, since the result of the application could only be to demonstrate the falsehood of his claims. Dr. Pond now puts these questions: — "What are we to think of Swedenborg? Did he design to impose upon the world, or not? Was he a wilful impostor, or a self-deluded monomaniac?" And his answer follows: — "The latter is the more charitable supposition, and I think the more reasonable one. It is that which, with much confidence, I adopt." The volume concludes with an attempt by the writer to account for the fact, that "so many intelligent and sensible persons fall into the errors and absurdities of Swedenborg."

The Preface to the work entitled "Mesmer and Swedenborg" informs us that the author's "object is to present, under a new form, a plea for the truth"; that "he regards himself as entering into direct coöperation with the purposes

of Providence" ; and that "he has no scruple to avow it as his firm conviction, that the phenomena of Mesmerism have been developed in this age with the *express design* of confirming the message of Swedenborg, — of testifying, by *external evidence*, to the absolute truth of the disclosures and the doctrines which he has promulgated to the world." We are not surprised, therefore, to find Professor Bush deeming it worth while, in his Introduction, to "bespeak," as he does, "a charitable and favorable opinion on the part of his readers as to the intrinsic reliableness of his statements" ; nor that he should devote his first chapter to the question, whether Swedenborg's own condition of mind, during the period of his alleged supernatural intercourse with the spiritual world, may not be accounted for on the principles of so wonderful a science as Mesmerism. After deciding this question satisfactorily, as he believes, in the negative, he proceeds to fill one hundred and thirty-four pages with the marvels of animal magnetism, as related by various witnesses ; and having assumed them to be undoubted facts, and convinced himself that they are analogous to, if not identical with, "the phenomena which Swedenborg has affirmed in respect to the laws of being and acting in the spiritual world," he declares the conclusion to be irresistible, that the New Church can now offer to skeptics in support of its doctrines what amounts to miraculous evidence, addressed to the senses. Not content, however, with the array of proofs presented in the body of his work, Professor Bush gives us, in an Appendix of one hundred and twenty pages, the old account of Rev. William Tennent's trance, an ancient Swedish document respecting the relation of the New Church doctrines to animal magnetism, the Seeress of Prevorst's strange experience and revelations, and, what is the most startling of all, the visions of a young man by the name of Davis, now in New York, who has been for some time pretending to make fresh communications from the spiritual world, and in respect to whom the Professor uses this language : — "It is an inevitable inference, that if the facts affirmed in the case of Davis are such as I have claimed, the revelations of Swedenborg bear the stamp of heaven."

The object of the pamphlet entitled, "The Doctrines of Spinoza and Swedenborg identified, — By * * *," is to point out several resemblances which the principles taught respectively by those philosophers bear to one another, "so

far as they claim a scientific ground"; leaving it of course to be inferred, that, as the "Ethics" of Spinoza was published nearly one hundred years before Swedenborg gave to the world his "True Christian Religion," the latter borrowed from the former; or, if otherwise, that it would not have required miraculous illumination to enable a great mind to originate in the eighteenth century what a like mind, by its natural powers, had produced in the seventeenth. For this end he quotes from their books a long series of passages, and attempts by means of them to show, that the two writers inculcated the same things, or nearly the same, respecting "God," "Modes," "Knowledge," "Salvation," and other topics, to the number of forty-two. He then endeavours to prove, by citations from Swedenborg's writings, that he himself "did not regard his revelations as miraculous, but merely natural," and concludes with language of this kind:—"I am quite sure that the whole system, i. e. the whole life and pretensions of Swedenborg, are to be regarded only from a natural point of view."

Such are the leading topics of the several publications before us. Were we to criticize these works, as we feel strongly tempted to do, we should go beyond our original purpose, and transgress the limits to which we are for the present restricted. We may, however, remind our readers, that the second and third are the only *volumes* that this country has produced in opposition to Swedenborgianism, and express the belief that they contain, notwithstanding their many faults, as satisfactory a refutation of that system as could have been expected from the ablest theologians of the Calvinistic school. We can also say, concerning the first and fourth, that, though coming from one in whose conclusions on any subject we should, for reasons not discreditable either to his learning or to his integrity, be exceedingly slow to confide, they afford, nevertheless, in our view, the most interesting and plausible defence of the doctrines of the New Church that has appeared in the English language. We will further remark respecting the last, which is but a small pamphlet, that, while its contents seem to us comparatively unimportant, we think the direction that the author's inquiries have taken is one which, if pursued to its ultimate issues, would lead every intelligent and candid mind to the conviction, that Swedenborg's knowledge, instead of having come from heaven, was derived from sources on earth with-

in the reach of his natural powers. We believe that his philosophy does not contain a single statement, either of truth or of error, which had not been made by some one before he was born, or which such an intellect as he possessed, acting in its own peculiar way and under the influence of his times, was incompetent to produce. Nor do we doubt that his theology, including his theory of the triple sense of Scripture and his reports about what seemed to him to be going on in the world of spirits, was wholly made up of materials gathered from mystics of an earlier or later age, and of the products of his own prolific, imaginative, and, in one respect at least, deluded mind.

But we check ourselves. It was not our design to pass judgment on the claims of Swedenborg. Indeed, we find it difficult to prevent the rising within us of something like an emotion of shame, when we detect ourselves deliberately stating a proposition, which seems to our minds so nearly akin to a truism, as that Swedenborg was not specially commissioned by God to teach the Christian world. And yet it is not to be denied, that unwonted regards have of late been turned towards this man. The disciples of Fourier are becoming students of his writings, and some of them already talk as earnestly of "correspondencies" as of "phalanxes." The followers of Mesmer are in the habit of consulting the same oracles, and it is remarkable how quickly a change in one's religious faith may follow the discovery of certain analogies between the visions of the Swedish seer and those of American "clairvoyants." Nor is it among the least noticeable signs of an increasing attention to the new faith, that Andover and Bangor have sent forth their strong words of rebuke. Is this faith, then, to prevail? To some extent, but never widely. Its limited reception, however, will not be owing to the efforts of Orthodoxy, but to the spread of more just ideas of God, and more correct views respecting the character and doctrines of the Sacred Scriptures, than belong to the system of the Genevan Reformer. An interesting topic is here presented; but we cannot now pursue it. We only add the prediction, that the time will come when Calvinism, and Swedenborgianism, and Fourierism, and Mesmerism will alike be forgotten amid the triumphs of Christianity, as taught in its purity and completeness by the Saviour and his Apostles. S. B.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar. Fourteenth Edition, as revised by Dr. E. Rödiger. Translated by THOMAS J. CONANT, Professor of Hebrew, etc., in Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y. With the Modifications of the Editions subsequent to the Eleventh, by Dr. DAVIES, of Stepney College, London. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 360.

Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius, as edited by Rödiger. Translated, etc., by M. STUART, Professor of Sacred Literature, Theological Seminary, Andover. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 8vo. pp. 405.

THE Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius was highly commended by us, when a translation of it by Professor Conant appeared in 1839.* The work has well sustained its popularity, so that fourteen editions of it have been printed in Germany, and several in this country. After the death of Gesenius, the fourteenth edition was edited by Professor Rödiger of Halle, with some changes and additions, which, on the whole, have made the work more valuable. In some particulars we should prefer it as Genesius left it.

Rödiger's edition was published by an English editor, Dr. Davies of London, who adopted Professor Conant's excellent translation of the eleventh edition *without the slightest acknowledgment.* It is now very properly reprinted in this country as Professor Conant's translation.

Professor Stuart, relinquishing the future publication of his own Grammar, has made another translation of the same work. In regard to his seeming departure, in so doing, from the courtesy which one Professor owes to another, he probably feels himself justified by the relinquishment of his own work.

With respect to the comparative excellence of the two translations we are not prepared to express a decided opinion. Both of them may be regarded as, in the main, good translations. We like Professor Conant's because it retains the old nomenclature of the Hebrew tenses as given by Gesenius, in preference to the new one proposed by Rödiger. It also contains a curious and valuable comparative table of ancient alphabets, which is omitted in Professor Stuart's. On the other hand, Stuart's contains a couple of notes from Gesenius's thirteenth edition, one of

* Christian Examiner for November, 1839.

which relates to the antiquity of alphabetical writing, and, as containing the opinion of so eminent a scholar as Gesenius, is interesting and valuable. We observe some marks of haste and carelessness in Professor Stuart's translation; one of which occurs in the very first paragraph. On the other hand, that part of Professor Conant's translated by the English editor contains some errors, which, however, have been corrected by Conant at the end of the book. The notes and additions by the translators are of no great importance, with the exception of the useful Chrestomathies, which are appended to both. One addition by Professor Stuart to the rules of the Hebrew article we regard as positively bad, containing a doctrine inconsistent with the well known and established uses of the Hebrew article, and unsupported by the instances adduced, which admit of a less paradoxical explanation. The above-mentioned note is also quite a curiosity for its obscure and verbose phraseology. N.

A Comprehensive Lexicon of the Greek Language, adapted to the Use of Colleges and Schools in the United States. Third Edition, greatly enlarged and improved. By JOHN PICKERING. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 1456.

To our learned countryman, the late Mr. Pickering, belongs the credit of having first published to the world the project of a Greek lexicon with English definitions. In the execution of the plan he was anticipated by the hasty work of Dr. Jones, who omitted the accents, except the circumflex, thereby rendering his labors of little critical value. Mr. Pickering was materially assisted in the preparation of his first edition by Dr. Oliver, at that time Professor in Dartmouth College, and later a resident in Cambridge, where he closed his life. This gentleman possessed the rarest professional skill, which was adorned by an accurate knowledge and exquisite taste in classical literature. The singular modesty of his character concealed his great attainments from all except those who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance.

The progress of Greek studies in the United States within the memory of the present generation is illustrated by the fact, that those two eminent scholars selected Schrevelius, because it "was thought preferable to any other manual adapted to the use of schools." They, however, used Schrevelius more as a basis and a vocabulary for their own work, than as an authoritative guide. Latin definitions, vague and unsatisfactory as those of Schrevelius, needed essential modifications. The new lexicon of Mr. Pickering and Dr. Oliver was joyfully welcomed on its first ap-

pearance by the classical scholars of our country; and their learned labors were not long unacknowledged in England. The lexicon was published in 1826, and in a little more than two years a second and improved edition was made necessary by the increasing demand for the work, and in 1830 it was reprinted at Edinburgh. Donnegan's Greek-English Lexicon, founded on the admirable "Handwörterbuch der Griechischen Sprache" of Passow, constituted the next important step taken in Greek lexicography in English. This volume was speedily republished in the United States, and for several years almost excluded other works from the schools. Donnegan's work labored under important defects, and was any thing but a safe guide for the Greek scholar. A few years before Mr. Pickering's death he resumed his lexicographical labors, and gave the leisure which the duties of an arduous profession left him to the preparation of a new edition, which may very properly be called a new work. The last sheet was finished and ready for the press only a few days before his death; the preparation of it being the final task which his dying hand performed.

The Lexicon, in its present form, is in every respect an excellent one. It does great honor to the ability, unwearied industry, and vast attainments of its author. It is particularly adapted to the range of Greek works studied in the schools and colleges of the United States; and American editions of the classics have been specially referred to. It is well suited to the younger scholars, inasmuch as it contains, in alphabetical order, the oblique cases and the principal dialectical or unusual forms of anomalous nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, and the principal tenses of anomalous verbs. But Mr. Pickering did not limit his task to this special object. He used all the aids which the recent works in philology and lexicography published in Europe, particularly in Germany, furnished him. Besides the contributions of Dunbar, and Liddell and Scott, Mr. Pickering diligently consulted the work of Passow, both in the original German edition, and in the new one edited by Rost and Palm, the lexicon of Jacobitz and Seidler, the excellent one of Pape, those of Schneider and Riemer, besides numerous lexicons and verbal indexes to particular authors, and the new Paris edition, not yet completed, of Stephens's "Thesaurus." Besides these lexicographical works, Mr. Pickering availed himself of special treatises on the various branches of Hellenic antiquities. It is sufficient to mention Boeckh on the "Public Economy of Athens," and Platner on the "Attic Process," both of which, while explaining the financial, political, judicial, and other problems growing out of the history of the Athenian commonwealth, have at the same time supplied important materials for the lexicogra-

pher. Mr. Pickering's professional learning has been of great assistance to him in that portion of the lexicon which contains the technical terms of Athenian law and the administration of justice. We have found his lexicon excellent for the Attic orators. Indeed, we have sometimes found words in it which are wanting in the larger work of Liddell and Scott. Mr. Pickering's definitions are concise and exact; and though his plan did not admit of a full historical development of every word, upon the principles partially carried into effect by Passow, yet the reader of Greek literature will rarely turn away unsatisfied.

The work is very handsomely and accurately printed. It extends to 1456 pages, with three columns on a page, containing thus a vast amount of matter, with a remarkable economy of space. It is in every respect a very convenient and desirable book. F.

An Essay on Primeval History. By JOHN KENRICK, M. A. London. 1846. 12mo. pp. 162.

IT would hardly be doing justice to this Essay to pronounce a critical judgment upon it without reference to the fact stated in the Preface, that it was "intended to form an introduction to a larger work on the ancient history of Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, and the other Oriental countries whose civilization constitutes the earliest series of connected historical facts which has come down to us." Parts of it, as the author observes, "bear traces of its original destination"; but being "more controversial than suited the character of historical writing," he was led to give it to the public as a separate work. On the whole, we think that he has done wisely. The volume discusses questions on which many readers of pure history may not care to enter. The result, according to the author, is, that there is no such thing as "primeval history"; even the mythologies of ancient nations rest on no historical basis, though they may lead to "historical inferences." The Essay indicates a familiar acquaintance with the researches of modern science in the departments of geology, physiology, and ethnography; and in discussing their bearing on the antediluvian history contained in the Jewish Scriptures, so far especially as chronology is concerned, the writer does not hesitate to express his conviction that this chronology, whether we follow the Greek Pentateuch, the Samaritan, or the Hebrew, cannot claim the "accuracy which belongs to a history founded on documentary or monumental evidence," and ought no longer to be made the Procrustes' bed by which all ancient historical documents are to be measured. The "traditions

of the deluge are rather," he thinks, "a very ancient hypothesis, than the reminiscence of a primeval fact." He has various remarks on ancient theologies, on mythical relations, early civilization and its seats, the origin of language, polytheism, and other topics more or less intimately connected with his general subject. We are not prepared to yield our entire assent to all his views and positions, and think that some of his generalizations are a little hasty; yet we commend his openness and honesty, and discover in the volume ample evidence of a devout, as well as acute and well informed, mind. It is written in an accurate and agreeable style, and brings together many useful materials of thought. L.

Papers on Literature and Art. By S. Margaret Fuller, Author of "A Summer on the Lakes," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," etc. Two Parts. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. 164, 183.

These volumes, consisting mostly of selections from Miss Fuller's writings, including, as she informs us in her Preface, some of her earliest, as well as latest, productions, form part of "Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books." They bear marks throughout of a vigorous mind, discriminating thought, varied and ever ready power, with candid and fearless expression. In the use of language — freedom, copiousness, richness, and precision of words — Miss Fuller has few superiors. By this alone one is repaid for reading these pages, differ as he may from the opinions he finds there. And besides this there is a fulness of meaning, and a kindness as well as boldness of utterance, which make us forget differences, or care not for them. Indeed, in regard to this writer, extravagant as have seemed to us some of her views and words (much less so, however, in this publication, than in the others referred to in the title-page), we are inclined to use the generous language in which she herself has summed up her remarks on the modern British poets: — "For myself, I think that where there is such beauty and strength, we can afford to be silent about slight defects; and that we refine our taste more effectually by venerating the grand and lovely, than by detecting the little and mean." The last epithets have no application here; but the others are strictly appropriate.

We therefore do not stop to point out defects, or consider objections frequently heard. We have run through this collection of pieces with pleasure and profit. That which pleases us least, and the only one, perhaps, that will give much offence, is the view

of "American Literature." That she does that literature injustice, most will feel; that she is greatly unjust to one of our living historians, and several of our poets, many will earnestly say. And none, we think, will fail to notice an oracular air and magisterial decision, hardly indicative of meekness, nor helping to inspire in those ignorant of the writer entire confidence in the soundness of her judgment. But for perspicuity of style, for which she has not always been noted, for freedom and freshness of thought, for delicacy and affluence of imagination, with evident truthfulness of heart, these publications deserve to be known and read. H.

Christianity: the Deliverance of the Soul and its Life. By William Mountford, M. A. London: Chapman, Brothers. 1846. 16mo. pp. 117.

Mr. Mountford's style, well suited to the character of a work like the "Martyria," which was commended by us in a former number,* and peculiarly rich as it is in many respects, reminding us, if we may compare things so dissimilar, of the mellow light of some old cathedral, is somewhat too diffuse, we think, for sermons. The two discourses before us (for the volume consists of two sermons, with notes), as it seems to us, want compactness and a steady, straightforward movement; the manner is occasionally a little slipshod; yet they contain many earnest and striking thoughts, and some passages of great beauty. The notes, however, — called by the author, "Comments on the foregoing Discourses," — and the "Thoughts to conclude with," we must confess, have interested us quite as much as the discourses themselves. The breathings of a devout spirit, which so enhanced the charm and value of the "Martyria," also interpenetrates the present little volume; and, accompanied, as they are, with a lifelike freshness which never fails to attract, they will cause the few affectations of style which appear to be readily pardoned. An American edition has just appeared. L.

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. London. 1846. 8vo.

There are few works of the present day the appearance of which ministers of religion with small libraries, Sunday-school

* We are glad of this opportunity of referring to the American edition of this book, to which Rev. F. D. Huntington has prefixed a valuable Preface.

teachers, and individuals and families generally desirous of obtaining an intimate acquaintance with the Bible and the various matters of history, biography, antiquities, rites, customs, names, and the like, contained or referred to in it, have cause to hail with more sincere pleasure than this work, from the prolific pen of Dr. Beard. It is written with much care; it is full, omitting nothing, so far as we have observed, which might be expected to appear in a work of this kind; it gives the results of learning without its repulsive technicalities; it is adapted to the present "advanced state of knowledge on the subject of Biblical antiquities"; and, what constitutes a great recommendation, it is free, we believe, from all doctrinal or sectarian peculiarities, and so is suited to the use of all Christians. How Dr. Beard can find time, amid his multiplied duties, to write so many books, and write so well, it appears not easy to explain. He must be a most indefatigable student, and is putting the public under great obligation to him for the fruit thus yielded in copious measure. The work, which contains maps and numerous wood engravings, is furnished at a very reasonable price, and is to be completed in forty parts, of which twelve have been received here. L.

Letters on Palestine: or Sketches of Travel along the Eastern Shores of the Mediterranean. By THOMAS WELLS. Second Edition. Boston: B. B. Mussey. 1846. 12mo. pp. 315.

THE title of this volume, though not an assuming one, may occasion some disappointment to the reader, by leading him to expect, not perhaps a better book, but one of a different description. It conveys the impression, that the peculiar charm of the epistolary style may be expected. The reader hopes to learn something respecting the author personally, and the friends to whom he writes; to be presented with the various incidents of travel, and share the first impressions of an eyewitness. Such expectations the book will but rarely gratify. It is arranged in the form of letters, but there is no attempt at the epistolary style. The author describes, indeed, from personal observation; but gives his impressions, not as a traveller writing to his friends amidst the excitement of adventure, but as a traveller returned home and writing for the public.

We know not but that something of the disappointment of which we have spoken has prevented us from appreciating the real merits of the work. It is a book, however, we readily admit, comprising in a small compass much valuable information with regard to the Holy Land, its present aspect, and its ancient

customs. Its numerous references to the Bible add much to its value. Of information or remark strictly original we have met but little. As the author modestly observes in his Preface, "little can be added to the mass of information already published on the subject of Palestine." B.

Fact and Fiction: a Collection of Stories. By L. Maria Child, Author of "Letters from New York," etc. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 282.

The stories which are here collected into one neat volume have already afforded pleasure, as they have from time to time issued from the press, to a large number of readers. The vivacity, warmth, and benevolence of sentiment which characterize Mrs. Child's writings have made her one of our most popular female authors. Nothing that comes from her pen is dull. Her mind is awake, keen-sighted, and active, — her heart full of sensibility and sympathy. A severe criticism might object to her enthusiasm as sometimes excessive, and detect in her style occasional extravagances and offences against a correct taste, — might charge her with errors of judgment, perhaps with ultraism and mysticism. But whilst her stories and letters breathe such a humane spirit, are quickened by such liveliness of thought and fancy, are made interesting by such variety and force of illustration and description, and abound with such lofty sentiments, it is more pleasant to speak of their virtues than of their defects, and whilst reading them one almost forgets that he has detected any faults. R.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1847. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 351.

The Unitarian Annual Register, for the Year 1847. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 64.

The "American Almanac," for some time past under the editorial care of Mr. Francis Bowen, has deservedly long enjoyed a high reputation for its accuracy, and the fulness and variety of statistical and miscellaneous information contained in it. The astronomical calculations, contributed by Professor Peirce, need only his name as a guaranty for their fidelity. In the present volume will be found the new tariffs both of England and the United States, a tabular view of the railroads of both countries, more

perfect than has been before given, an account of the Paris Observatory translated from Arago, and other matter, rendering the Almanac for 1847 one of the most interesting and valuable of the series.

The "Unitarian Annual Register" for this, its second year, we consider as superior to its predecessor. Some errors which found admission into the last have been corrected, and some deficiencies supplied. The present number, however, is more imperfect than it should have been. Thus, to give but one class of examples, in the list of "clergymen deceased," which is meant to give their place of residence, when known, so distinguished a man as Dr. Mayhew, formerly pastor of the West Church, Boston, appears in the catalogue simply as "Jona. Mayhew," both the honorary title in other instances given and the place of residence being omitted. "R. Little," of Washington, appears as having died at Kennebunk, Me., and "Isaac Smith," whose latter as well as his earlier years were spent in this country, is given as belonging to England. Such deficiencies, or errors, — and we might mention others, — we are unable to explain. The "Register," useful as we doubt not it will be found, is certainly susceptible of improvement, and should bear marks of the utmost care in its preparation. L.

The Library of American Biography. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vol. XI. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846. 16mo. pp. 443.

THE whole of this volume is devoted to a biography of Commodore Stephen Decatur, by Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, who has shown great diligence in collecting information relating to the life of the subject of the memoir. Were we to criticize the volume, we should say that portions of it are unnecessarily minute, and its moral tone not so thoroughly Christian as were to be wished. We consider it by far the least valuable of the series. L.

Outlines of Physical Geography: designed as a Companion to the Common School Geography, and for the Use of Grammar and High Schools. By JOHN Q. DAY. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. viii., 177.

WE took up this book to give it a cursory examination, from respect for our friend the author, and from our interest in the

cause of common school education; but soon found ourselves reading it continuously for our own instruction and edification. It is compiled with great care and accuracy, and from a careful collation of the best authorities on the subjects of which it treats. It fills a place previously void in our list of school-books, and fills it so well that we can desire no improvement, except such as will naturally be suggested to the author for future editions by the experience of those who shall make use of it. It furnishes, with reference to the principal phenomena of the earth, the atmosphere, the ocean, and the distribution of plants, animals, and the races of man, the principles and rudiments of knowledge, with just as much of interesting detail as will be likely to adhere to the scholar's memory, but without any of those weary catalogues of isolated facts which belong to an encyclopædia or gazetteer, but not to a school-book. It is a perfectly unostentatious volume, marked by none of the tricks of book-making, and brought before the public without any of the machinery of puffing, by which inferior text-books are forced into unmerited popularity. But where it wins its way into our schools, it will not be easily displaced; nor is it less adapted for general reading and reference, than for the particular purpose to which it is dedicated on its title-page. P.

A Grammar of the English Language; for the Use of Schools. By W. H. Wells, M. A., Instructer in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 12mo. pp. 204.

New Theories of Grammar. A brief Review of Four different Theories of English Grammar, opposed to that of Murray. With an Appendix, giving some Account of Particles, Combinations, Auxiliaries, Ellipses, Idiomatic Phrases, etc. By John Goldsbury, Compiler of the "Common School Grammar" and "Sequel," etc. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 82.

Mr. Wells's Grammar appears to be very thorough, and in preparing it a multitude of authorities were consulted, some of them, however, hardly worth referring to. Parts of it are designed to be passed over by beginners; yet it may be doubted whether the portions printed in larger type and intended for their use may not prove too difficult for them, if they come to the study very young. Great labor has been bestowed on the definitions and illustrations, and many nice points of construction are briefly discussed, and examples of usage by the best writers are given.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the precise merits of the manual, it is certainly entitled to a careful examination. — It does not fall within the class censured by Mr. Goldsbury, and, if he fairly represents the four which he reviews (which we see no cause to doubt), with reason. The multiplication of grammars for our schools, advocating new theories, has of late become a crying evil, and in pity to the numberless pupils who are thereby made to undergo daily martyrdom, it is time something was done to check it. Mr. Goldsbury makes out a very good defence of the "system of Murray and others of the same school." L.

Incentives to the Cultivation of the Science of Geology: designed for the Use of the Young. By S. S. Randall, Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New York, etc. New York: Greely & McElrath. 1846. 12mo. pp. 189.

Mr. Randall's book contains somewhat more than the title promises. The origin and progress of geological science, its general principles, and divisions, and practical results, are briefly treated, in a clear and simple manner, free from unnecessary technicalities; the whole forming a volume which will be found eminently serviceable to the young, who may wish to know something on a subject that is now occupying a large share of public attention, and presents results equally interesting and wonderful. L.

Morals of Manners; or Hints for our Young People. By Miss Sedgwick, Author of "Home," "Poor Rich Man," etc. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 24mo. pp. 63.

Miss Sedgwick's aim as an author is usefulness, and we cannot but regard with the highest respect one who subordinates sentiment and fancy to the ends of homely, but needed instruction. These "Hints for our young people" are just what they want, — plain and direct, yet conveyed in that gentle tone of expression which is sure to win a grateful perusal. Her remarks upon those childish faults, which, if indulged, harden into ill-manners, are suited to the time and the country in which she writes. She will have the thanks of many an American mother. We notice but a single blemish; — Miss Sedgwick is not alone in quoting the maxim, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast,"

as a part of Scripture; but it is "the *righteous* man" of whom the Scripture saith that he "*regardeth the life of* his beast." G.

Christian Non-Resistance, in all its Important Bearings, illustrated and defended. By ADIN BALLOU. Philadelphia. 1846. 12mo. pp. 240.

WE do not assent to every thing found in this treatise, yet we can commend it as the production of an honest and independent mind, containing arguments, reasoning, and historical and other anecdotes, which are both interesting and instructive. L.

Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways and their Privileges. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1846. 16mo. pp. 360.

KEBLE'S "Christian Year" is well known to lovers of religious poetry; and some of its pieces have been much and deservedly admired. The "Lyra Innocentium," from the same hand, was originally designed to be "a sort of 'Christian Year' for teachers and nurses, and others who are much employed about children." It contains many fine thoughts and verses, interspersed with extravagant conceits and labored rhymes. It shows no ordinary genius, a lively imagination, great purity of thought and spirituality of sentiment. There is, however, occasionally, some obscurity in the style, and the whole book rests upon a basis of forms and doctrines that must greatly mar the enjoyment and satisfaction, which Christian readers in general would otherwise find in poetry that is, upon the whole, so much above the common level. Notwithstanding these imperfections, it is a pleasing and striking book, and a welcome addition to the Christian's small library of good devotional poetry. R.

Angel-Voices; or Words of Counsel for overcoming the World. After the Mode of Richter's "Best Hours." Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1846. pp. 96. 16mo.

WAIVING a little affectation of manner in the *getting up* of this small volume, and occasionally of thought and style in the selections (for it consists almost exclusively of selections), we can commend it to the attention of those who are fond of choice mor-

sels from known and popular writers, some of them of a high order. The selection at the top of page 36, ascribed to the "Christian Examiner," belongs to Coleridge. L.

The Diadem for MDCCCXLVII. A Present for all Seasons with Ten Engravings from Pictures by Leutze, Sully, Gray, etc. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847. 4to. pp. 100.

We cannot say whether this is the best of the "Annuals," or not, for we seldom go beyond the decorations of this class of writings. But in the present instance we have read the whole for the sake of the friend under whose care it was published; and we can honestly pronounce it a very pleasant book, — consisting almost entirely of translations from the German, which are executed with unusual success. A story, divided into three parts, and rendered into English from a German version of the original French of Toepffer (whose "German Novels" are scarcely known in this country), occupies the larger portion of the volume. The plates are engraved in Sartain's best manner. G.

A Sermon of the Perishing Classes in Boston: preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, August 30, 1846. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church in Boston. Boston. 1846. 12mo. pp. 28.

A Sermon of Immortal Life: preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, September 20, 1846. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church in Boston. Boston: Jordan & Wiley. 1846. 8vo. pp. 32.

A Sermon for the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Standing of the First Church in Newbury on its present Site, October 20, 1846. By Rev. Leonard Withington, Pastor of said Church. Newburyport. 1846. 8vo. pp. 20.

A Discourse on the Evangelical Alliance. By William P. Tilden, Minister of the Second Congregational Church in Concord, N. H. Concord. 1846. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Rights and Condition of Women; considered in the "Church of the Messiah," November 8, 1846. By Samuel J. May. Syracuse. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Temperance Cause. A Discourse delivered before the Boston Young Men's Total Abstinence Society, on Sunday Even-

ing, November 8, 1846. By EZRA S. GANNETT, Minister of the Federal Street Church. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1846. 8vo. pp. 23.

A Thanksgiving Discourse, delivered before the Unitarian Society in Rochester, by its Pastor, F. W. HOLLAND, November 26, 1846. Rochester. 8vo. pp. 22.

Scriptural Temperance. A Sermon delivered in the Hollis Street Meeting-house, Boston, on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26, 1846. By DAVID FOSDICK, JR., Minister of Hollis Street Society. Boston: N. W. Clapp & Son. 1846. 8vo. pp. 26.

Urania: a Rhymed Lesson. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association, October 14, 1846. Second Edition. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 31.

Address delivered at the Opening of the New Medical College in North Grove Street, Boston, November 6, 1846. By Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, LL. D. *And the Introductory Lecture.* By GEORGE HAYWARD, M. D. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 36.

MR. PARKER'S sermon presents a terrible picture of the vice, shame, and suffering of the poor in the city of Boston, which we wish we could say that we thought exaggerated. Some of his expressions, indeed, we must think unhappily chosen. — The "Sermon of [on] Immortal Life" contains a great many just views, and many noble thoughts, and though we might be disposed to question some of the positions, yet we rejoice to see the evidence for human immortality derived from the soul of man, and scattered abroad through the universe, gathered up and presented in fresh and eloquent language. — Mr. Withington's sermon deserves a place among the documents which go to illustrate the religious history of New England, and particularly the rise and influence of Arminianism in its churches. It is written with his usual ability and independence of thought and expression. — Mr. Tilden well exposes the folly and inconsistency, on the part of the "Evangelical Alliance," of adopting a "doctrinal basis," the effect of which is to exclude from the union the majority of Christian believers. The discourse is a good one, and well-timed. — Dr. Gannett urges the claims of the Temperance cause on the attention of the community, and examines the causes of the reaction which has taken place, noticing errors which have been committed, and then proceeds to speak more particularly of the duty of young men in connection with this reform, and of the motives which should incite them to labor in it with diligence and zeal. — Mr. May strongly advocates the right of women, "if they see fit, to take part in the public coun-

sels, and influence by their votes, if they please, public elections," to "take part in the constructing and administering of our civil institutions," in fact, to do whatever man is authorized to do. With his usual persuasive eloquence, he replies to objections and presents views which are worthy of consideration. — Mr. Holland's is a Thanksgiving Discourse of the right sort, dwelling on the topics suited to the occasion, which are treated with a freshness and freedom which, in these occasional, and particularly festival, sermons we prefer to any profound or dry discussion of abstract principles.—Mr. Fosdick in his Thanksgiving Sermon reads a severe lecture on "intemperate zeal," however manifested, specifying particularly the several topics of slavery, intemperance "narrowly so called," war, and poverty. The sermon defines his position, and whatever objections any may urge against it, none will deny it the credit of being open, free, and explicit. — We do not speak extravagantly of Dr. Holmes's "Rhymed Lesson," nor mean to use mere stereotyped phraseology, when we say that it is full of wisdom and poetry; it presents truths which furnish ample food for thought; sparkles (as what that he writes does not?) with gems of wit, and hits the follies of the age in a vein of light, delicate, and good-humored satire. The close is in a solemn strain of patriotic feeling, "soothing," yet monitory. — After adverting in a manner suited to the occasion to the history and statistics of the Medical School, President Everett offers some just reflections on the claims of the profession to public respect and confidence, and on the services it has rendered to science, and concludes by referring to the influence which it is capable of exerting on the cause of morality and religion. The specific subject of Dr. Hayward's Lecture is, "The Duties of the Medical Profession," which he treats at considerable length, and, we should say, with much discrimination, and certainly in a liberal spirit.

*** *Mrs. Lee's Translation of Correggio.* — In our notice of this book it should have been stated, that the fact of omissions was alleged with regard to the *third* edition of the original, — 1832. Mrs. Lee's copy, we learn, was of the second edition, — 1820, — to which we have no reason to doubt her fidelity. W.

INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record. — Since our last publication, Rev. Mr. Huntington has resigned his ministry at Ashby. — Rev. Mr. Motte, who has been for some time preaching at Greenfield, has left that place, and the pulpit will probably remain vacant through the winter. — Rev. Mr. Folsom, formerly of Haverhill, has taken charge of the ministry-at-large in Charlestown. — Rev. Mr. Clapp, late of Savannah, has engaged to supply the pulpit at West Roxbury for a year.

The Universalist meeting-house in Woburn has passed into the hands of Unitarians, who will in future maintain religious services there. — The corner-stone of the Lee Street church, Cambridge, which the congregation recently formed under Rev. Mr. Muzzey are building, was laid, with appropriate services, on the 7th of November. — The meeting-house which has been erected the past season for the First Congregational Society in Lexington, and was nearly ready for dedication, was destroyed by fire on the night of December 17th.

In our last number we spoke of an attempt which had been made to gather a congregation of Irish Protestants in this city, under the care of Rev. Mr. Fisher, formerly pastor of a congregation at Markethill, in the North of Ireland. Although commenced only a few weeks since, the undertaking has been successful, and a society has been organized under the name of "The First Independent Irish Protestant Church and Society." They have removed from their former place of worship to a much more commodious and central hall in Chapman Place, School Street. — We find in the "Harbinger" of December 19th the following notice: — "We learn that Rev. William H. Channing has accepted the invitation to hold religious services in Boston this winter, with a view to the establishment of a church on the broad, humanitary principles of the Gospel, irrespective of creeds or dogmas."

The increase of religious societies in this city is even more worthy of notice than the increase of population. Every form of opinion seems to find an opportunity for assuming a visible organization. That the city which the Puritans founded should distinguish itself by the diversities of worship and doctrine to which it gives support, is a circumstance that might suggest some pregnant reflections. We are frequently surprised by hearing of some new religious movement, which, for a time at least, meets with success. Besides the older and larger denominations, whose churches are multiplying among us, a Mormonite meeting is regularly held on the Lord's day, a large Adventist society has survived the overthrow of Mr. Miller's predictions, and the placard of "The Christian Israelite Society" meets our eye every Sunday, as we pass through one of our central streets. The German newspaper just established in this city informs us that there are three German churches here, — one a Roman Catholic, one occupied by the "United Reform and Lutheran Congregation," and one built by the "Lutheran Society." From the same source we learn that "there is also a respectable Jewish synagogue here, which numbers a good many Germans among its members, and whose Rabbi, moreover, is a German." We believe that

the present number of churches in Boston is sufficient for the wants of the church-going population.

We cannot refrain from noticing a practice which is beginning to prevail among us, of substituting a ceremony of induction by officers of a religious society, in place of installation services conducted by ministers invited for the purpose. Within a few months two examples of this kind have occurred in Boston, one in Salem, one in Lynn, and a somewhat analogous case in Cambridge. We hope such a change in our ecclesiastical usages will not be generally adopted without due consideration. If some slight advantage may result in point of convenience, — which is probably a chief consideration with those who have admitted the change, — it is immensely outweighed by the greater dignity and wider sympathy which belong to the usual mode of introduction into the pastoral charge. The connection between minister and people has already become so loose, that we regret another step should be taken which must still farther lessen its importance in the eyes of the community. That no possible harm can follow from preserving a custom which two centuries have established in our churches, and that some benefits will be secured by retaining it, seems to us too clear to admit of question.

Semiannual Convention. — The autumnal Unitarian Convention was held the last year at Philadelphia, Penn. Excellent arrangements were made for the purpose by the First Unitarian Congregational society of that city. In consequence of the distance from most of their homes, which rendered attendance both inconvenient and expensive, the number of brethren present from other places was small; not more than twenty-five ministers appeared from our own body. In the course of the meetings, Elder Charles Plumer of the Christian Connection, and Mrs. Lucretia Mott, an accredited minister of the Society of Friends, who were present, were invited to take seats in the Convention. The want of a larger attendance, however, occasioned no lack of animation in the debates. Every thing proceeded in the most pleasant manner, and upon the minds of those who were there no other than a useful, as well as agreeable, impression could have been left. The discussions were free, and presented considerable difference of opinion; but they were conducted in the best spirit, and were marked by a practical and religious tone beyond what we have noticed in some of our previous Conventions. The generous hospitality shown by our Philadelphia friends cannot be forgotten; nor the judicious manner in which the business was arranged, and the rules of the Convention were enforced, by its officers. We were confirmed by the experience of another year in the belief that these autumnal meetings are among the most efficient methods which could have been adopted for promoting the harmony and increasing the strength of our denomination.

The Convention was opened on Tuesday evening, October 20, 1846, in the Unitarian church, where all the subsequent sessions were held. After being called to order by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston, a committee of nomination were appointed, who reported the names of Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., of Boston, as *President*, Hon. Albert Fearing of Boston, Prof. W. R. Johnson of Philadelphia, and Rev. F. A. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y., as *Vice-Presidents;* Rev. A. R. Pope of

Kingston, Mass., and Rev. Thomas Hill of Waltham, Mass., as *Secretaries;* and these gentlemen were elected officers of the Convention. After a few words from the President, and a cordial welcome in the name of his congregation from Rev. Mr. Furness, Rev. Mr. Lothrop, as chairman of the Committee of Arrangements appointed by the last Convention, offered three resolutions for consideration at the future meetings. The Convention then attended upon the religious services of the evening. Prayers were offered by Rev. Mr. Bellows of New York, and the sermon was preached by Rev. E. B. Hall of Providence, R. I., from Jeremiah xxiii. 28, — on the duty which devolves on us of separating "the chaff" from "the wheat," the essential from the unimportant, in religion.

On Wednesday morning the Convention assembled at nine o'clock. Prayer was offered by the President. After some discussion upon the best method of obtaining a full attendance on future Conventions, which resulted in referring the subject to the Committee of Arrangements, the first resolution was taken up for discussion, namely: —

Resolved, That in holding our first Convention in the city of William Penn, we would express our respect for his Christian character and services, our sympathy with his humane and spiritual views, and our earnest hope that they may have increasing power over the minds of Christian people, and the policy of Christian nations.

Remarks were made at some length by different gentlemen, after which the resolution was unanimously adopted. A recess was then taken for a few minutes. On the reassembling of the Convention a letter was read from the First Independent Church in Baltimore, requesting that the next Convention might be held in that city. After a few remarks, the subject was deferred to a later hour. The second resolution was then taken up, namely: —

Resolved, That the state of morals in our country, the condition of the Christian church at large, and of that portion of it within our own field, is such as to give us deep solicitude for the future, to move us to thorough examination of our hearts and ways, and call us to a solemn consideration alike of our spiritual wants, and the means of promoting more faithfully the cause of Christ.

The discussion upon this resolution occupied the rest of the morning, which however was prolonged till three o'clock in the afternoon. The resolution was unanimously adopted, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Burnap of Baltimore, and the Convention adjourned.

On Wednesday evening religious services were again attended, when the devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston, and a sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hedge of Bangor, Me., from 2 Peter iii. 13, — on the past unfaithfulness and the future duty of the Church in bringing in the "new heavens and new earth," or in realizing the divine idea of society inculcated by Christ.

On Thursday morning the Convention met at nine o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Fox of Boston. A letter of sympathy in the purposes of the meeting was read, from Rev. Mr. Kay of Northumberland, Penn. The Committee of Arrangements reported an addition to the rules of the Convention, to the effect that circular letters be sent in future to the churches of our faith, urging the attendance both of ministers and people on these semiannual occasions. The third resolution was then read in these words: —

Resolved, That we insist now, as heretofore, upon the duty of all Christians to labor to extend the Gospel and its influences throughout the world, and that, whilst we rejoice in what has been done amongst ourselves for the distant places of our land, and especially among the destitute of our towns and cities, we lament that so much apathy exists upon the whole subject, and would regard all that has been accomplished but as the beginning of a great work to which we are called of God and our own consciences.

The debate on this resolution was interrupted, that the subject of the letter from Baltimore read on the previous day might receive attention. After remarks from different individuals, presenting on the one hand the claims of the Baltimore society, and on the other pressing the consideration of the great distance from New England, where most of the brethren reside, it was resolved to send a letter in reply, which should express the interest which the members of the Convention felt in the church at Baltimore, but should decline the invitation for the next year, though with the hope of accepting it at some future time; and Rev. Messrs. Lothrop, Farley, and Hedge were appointed a committee to prepare such a reply. A resolution was then offered by Rev. Mr. Farley, and unanimously adopted, expressing fraternal and cordial regards towards the members of the Christian Connection, as laborers with us "in a common cause." The names of a Committee of Arrangements for the next year having been reported by a committee of nomination, the following persons were appointed, viz. Rev. Samuel Osgood, Rev. J. F. Clarke, Rev. Alonzo Hill, H. P. Fairbanks, Esq., and Hon. Albert Fearing. The discussion of the third resolution offered by the committee was then resumed, and after several gentlemen had spoken at considerable length, and Mrs. Mott had also addressed the Convention, the resolution was unanimously passed.

Rev. Mr. Lothrop then introduced a resolution of thanks to the pastor and members of the Philadelphia society, for their exertions to render the meetings of the Convention agreeable and profitable. The President made some remarks upon the character of the meetings, and the resolution was carried unanimously. Rev. Mr. Furness responded, in a few parting words. Elder Plumer acknowledged the courtesy of the Convention in the vote which had admitted him to a seat; and then, after prayer by Rev. Mr. Eliot of St. Louis, Mo., the Convention was dissolved, at a quarter past one o'clock.

We have thus given an outline of the proceedings of the Convention, but our account would be incomplete if we omitted to take notice of the collation which was provided by the Philadelphia society on Wednesday afternoon. It was furnished in a very beautiful hall near the church, and was prepared with the utmost regard to convenience and taste. The hours from four to seven o'clock were passed most agreeably in the satisfactions which it afforded. More than three hundred ladies and gentlemen surrounded the tables. John Scholefield, Esq., presided, assisted by Rev. Mr. Furness; the Divine blessing was asked by Rev. Dr. Parkman; and, after a proper regard to the wants of the body, addresses were made by several gentlemen, of both the clergy and the laity. Hymns also were sung; and the social entertainment was made a means of enriching the mind as well as gratifying the heart. It presented the spectacle of a Christian congregation inviting their brethren from abroad to a participation in their own warm sympathies, and uniting with them in a revival of the ancient love-feast.

Religious Journals. — The establishment of a weekly Unitarian paper in the city of New York is a circumstance which we cannot but notice with great satisfaction. For a long time such a purpose had been entertained, but its execution was prevented by the difficulty of finding a suitable editor. After a delay of many months on this account, the friends of the project were happy in securing the services of Mr. William Kirkland, under whose care, with the assistance of his accomplished wife, they believed a journal would appear, that, both in its religious and literary character, would be worthy of support and become a means of diffusing correct opinions. The sudden death of Mr. Kirkland put an end to the hopes which had been connected with his name. Temporary arrangements have since been made to continue the paper, which is a sheet of the folio size, published every Saturday, under the title of the "Christian Inquirer." The numbers which have appeared give evidence that talent and industry are engaged in its management.

We intended some time ago to notice another periodical publication, issued by Messrs. Munroe & Co. of this city, and edited by Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, — "The Unitarian, and Foreign Religious Miscellany, devoted to the Explanation and Defence of the Principles of Unitarian Christianity." It "will contain a selection from the English Unitarian publications, of such of their contents as will be most interesting on this side of the water." It is published on the first of every month, in a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, 12mo., at one dollar a year. Eight numbers have already appeared, and the selections from English works with which they have been filled show the good judgment and taste of the editor.

It has also been our purpose to speak of the enlargement of the "Monthly Religious Magazine," which a year since, at the commencement of the third volume, was changed from the 12mo. to the 8vo. size, and now furnishes in each number forty-eight, instead of thirty-six, pages of excellent matter. The skill of its editor, Rev. F. D. Huntington, is shown in the character of its articles, which, contributed partly by himself and partly by friends, are always worthy of perusal. The Magazine successfully accomplishes its aim of "illustrating the responsibilities and privileges of the Christian life."

We have now one bimonthly, three monthly, and three weekly journals in our denomination, besides the monthly tracts of the American Unitarian Association and the pamphlets and volumes which the Unitarian press is continually sending forth. It certainly cannot be said that we do not afford the means of gratification to those who are disposed to read our publications.

Peace Addresses. — We had hoped to give in the present number the addresses which have passed between Unitarian ministers in Great Britain and Ireland, and their brethren in this country, on the subject of Peace. Two such addresses were received here, — one through Rev. Mr. Means of Chatham, the other through Rev. Mr. Tayler of Manchester, — both occasioned by the prospect of war between the two countries, which was impending at the time when they were prepared. The former of these came from "the undersigned Ministers of the Gospel in Great Britain and Ireland, worshipping 'One God the Father,' to the Ministers of the same faith with themselves in the United

States of America"; and was signed by two hundred and forty-nine persons. The other was introduced with the salutation, — "To the Ministers of the Unitarian Churches in New England and in other parts of the United States of America, the Associated Presbyterian and Unitarian Ministers of Manchester in England, and its vicinity, offer greeting, and wish all health and happiness." To this letter twenty-three names were affixed. At the annual meeting of the Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, last July, a committee was appointed to prepare a reply to the former of these letters, and "to send it to England in behalf of those who may think proper to sign it." Such a reply was accordingly prepared, and having received the signatures of two hundred and six brethren, was sent to the care of Rev. Mr. Means, and a copy was also transmitted to Rev. Mr. Tayler, from whom the Manchester address was received after the appointment of the committee.

We are obliged by the want of room to omit these documents, which, however, we the less regret, as they have been published in both the Christian Register and the Christian World. We should have been glad to present them on our pages, as evidence, not only of the cordial feelings which prompted the transmission, but of the prevalence of sound principles on the subject of Peace among those who hold the great principles of Christian truth and liberty as we understand them.

Ordinations and Installations. — Rev. Thomas Prentiss Allen, of Northboro', a member of the class last graduated at the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Sterling, Mass., November 18, 1846. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, from Luke iv. 16; the Prayer of Ordination was offered by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro'; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Roxbury; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Winkley of Boston, and Withington of Leominster, and Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth.

Rev. John F. W. Ware, late of Fall River, was introduced into the pastoral charge of "the Church and Society in the Cambridgeport Parish" in Cambridge, Mass., on Sunday, November 29, 1846. The services consisted of Prayer by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge, a Sermon by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, from Matthew xi. 28, and Prayer by Mr. Ware, with singing as usual on the Lord's day.

Rev. Charles C. Shackford, formerly of South Boston, was inducted into office as pastor of the Second Congregational Society in Lynn, Mass., on Sunday, December 6, 1846. The exercises consisted of the reading of the correspondence which had passed between Mr. Shackford and the Trustees of the Society, an address to Mr. Shackford by Henry A. Breed, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees, a reply by Mr. Shackford, and the usual services of the Lord's day, conducted by Rev. Mr. Shackford.

*** At the commencement of the last year we gave notice that each number of the Examiner for the year would contain 156 pages. We shall still add ten or twelve pages to our regular number of 144, though we wish the latter to be considered as the established size of the Examiner.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MARCH, 1847.

Art. I. — MORAL INFLUENCE OF WAR.*

It is not many weeks since the feeling of this community was powerfully interested by the fate of a vessel in our waters, which went forth at midnight on her familiar way, freighted with those who were hastening to their homes and their friends to celebrate the annual festival of gratitude and joy. But it was their lot to pass that day without food or fire, their vessel lying helpless on the raging waves where no human help could reach them, and the night closed round them in darkness and despair. In the morning a wreck was seen, broken and torn asunder, with no appearance of life, save a melancholy bell rising above the shattered ruin, which the winds and waters were sadly tolling, as if in penitence for the rash deed which they had done. There were tears in the eyes of many, when they thought of the forlorn exposure of those wayfarers, tossed for so many hours in dreary hopelessness on the deep, and only waiting to die, while we were at our firesides with sheltering roofs above us and our luxurious tables spread. But our sympathy was almost distressing, when we brought up before our minds the vision of those friends who were impatiently listening for their returning step, and earnestly waiting to receive them;

* *Napoleon and His Marshals.* By J. T. Headley. Fifth Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 331 and 324.

and who waited in vain, till they returned, cold and pale in their winding-sheets, borne by the hands of others, — and the welcome was given, not to the living, but the dead.

If, then, the destruction of a few, and the misery which their loss occasions, awaken so general and painful a feeling, should we not suppose that a still deeper emotion would spread through a nation when many of its best and bravest fall in the disastrous conflicts of war; — when they fall, too, not, like the sufferers of the Atlantic, by the act of God, which is always mercy, but are cut down by the unmerciful passions of men, with no personal wrongs to avenge, with no sense of personal injury, but yet arrayed on opposite sides to shoot each other down, when every fatal aim destroys some one for whom a mother has watched and prayed, on whom a wife and children are perhaps dependent, and when it is certain that more hearts and homes than can be numbered will be filled with desolation and woe? And yet, as some of us are old enough to remember, the news of a victory, though bringing with it tidings of wretchedness and sorrow to thousands, was received with exultation; men grew wild with joy as they told it to their neighbours; it was celebrated, not with dirges and funeral prayers, not in sackcloth and ashes, but cities blazed with illuminations, the wine-cup sparkled on many a table, while the bell and the cannon joined their mighty voices to the enthusiastic acclamations of men. And for what reason? Because, with all this harvest of mourning and anguish to ourselves, our arms had succeeded in sending a still larger measure of agony to the nation with which we were at war; and we forgot our own loss, in the assurance that some of our brethren of the human race, children of the same Father, were to suffer so much more. And this was the cause of our rejoicing! this was what lighted up our hearts with joy and filled them with glory! This is the way with beings to whom God has given consciences, and kind affections, and hearts which are not of stone. Herein is a contradiction which, however familiar to us, it is not easy to understand. It is not merely that the more tragical of the two events awakens the less feeling; they call forth opposite feelings, though they are both forms of the same death and sorrow; the smaller calamity is received with mourning, the greater is hailed with triumph and rapturous joy. Sweet and bitter waters flowing from the same fountain! How shall we explain this

mystery of the heart? It can be accounted for only by the action of some silent, unconscious influences within us, which are so familiar to us that we do not perceive them, but which, like ocean currents, send us drifting, without knowing it, from our way. Such influences there are; they are found in the traditional impressions which pass down unexamined from generation to generation. We are not aware how they mislead and blind us; and there is nothing in which their unfortunate effect is so deeply felt as in the insensibility to the sins and sorrows of war which everywhere prevails, and nowhere so widely and firmly as in what is called, one would think by way of derision, the Christian world. The Christian world! professing allegiance to the Prince of Peace, and yet, in plain defiance of his law and spirit, trampled with armies, shaken with artillery, and drenched with human blood!

It may be well to look at the depraving influence which the practice of war has exerted on the moral sense and feeling of mankind. There are many who believe that all war is inconsistent with Christianity; and certainly, if men loved each other, it would be no easy matter to induce them to destroy each other; they who have the spirit of their Master could have little use for arms. But without taking this ground at present, let us give attention to a single branch of this great subject, — the manner in which war has darkened and misled the moral sense of men. We have consciences; we have power to discern the right from the wrong; but consciences, like candles, are of no great use, unless they are lighted; and very often, when they have passed through that essential process, the influences of this world either extinguish, or make them burn faint and dim.

The first instance of this that presents itself is the manner in which war reverses all human relations, setting up others in direct hostility to those which all true religion has attempted to establish and enjoin. The ancient prophet asked, "Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us?" And it was a chief object of our Saviour's coming to teach us that we are all brethren, sharers of the same destiny, bound together by ties of obligation which can never be undone. But the human heart is ingenious in self-justification; and when the founder of the Hebrew Law had given the glorious command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour," the bloody hand of war wrote its own charge,

"Thou shalt hate thine enemy," over against it, and the two went forth to men and down to future ages, like twin precepts, though one was from above, the other from below, a ray of sunshine side by side with a red gleam from hell; and when the Saviour came, the Jews did not know, till he told them, that they had not both proceeded from the same Source of light. The selfsame thing has been done in later times. The author of Christianity endeavoured to take care that the same fatal mistake might not be made again; he gave the solemn, explicit, and repeated charge, "Love your enemies," and over against this the bloody hand of war has written, not indeed on the sacred page, but on the hearts of those who read it, "Kill your enemies," and for ages they have done it, without even being aware of any inconsistency between this command and the other. But there stands the Saviour's command, "Love your enemies." Where is the authority that can release his followers from the obligation? Has he given them a dispensation to do in war what it would be guilty in the extreme to do at any other time? What can they plead in justification, for following a maxim so fatally hostile to his own? It is true, there is a saying, that in war the laws are still. But this, we apprehend, only states things as they are, and gives no reason why they should be so. There are times when men consent that their own laws shall be superseded by military authority; but God has never consented that his commands shall be put down by martial law. They stand in full force, as binding in one set of circumstances as in another, never to be abrogated in peace or war; and we shall find that it is not well to suffer men's traditions, prejudices, or passions to ride over his authority in the heart.

Not only does war reverse those kind relations which God intended should bind us together, not only does it frame its own laws and set up its own authority above that of God; it so far depraves the feelings, as to give us a strange and savage delight in those miseries which ought to awaken, and under other circumstances would awaken, painful sympathy, even in cold and selfish hearts. There is nothing else which does this. The enmities of this world, bitter and unrelenting as they often are, all cease at the grave. No man in private life rejoices over the death of his adversary; he is rather moved to sadness at the thought of their alienation; there is nothing in his spirit which inclines him to triumph

over the dead. And when individuals engage in their own private war, — a practice which may be palliated by that sense of personal injury which national war can never plead, a practice which, barbarous as it is, can be sustained by more and better reasons than are alleged in defence of public war, — if one leaves the other dead on the duel-ground, and children are made fatherless and a wife a widow, is there any thing like exultation in the friends of the survivor? Are they happy and triumphant at the thought of what he has done? On the contrary, there is deep sadness on every brow, and voices of stern condemnation are lifted up against him; sometimes, as in a memorable instance, he becomes an outcast on the earth, like Cain, for simply doing no more than it is deemed right and glorious for any nation to do. For the nation sends out brave men, many of whom know not the cause of strife, and others care not for it, and a large proportion of whom regard the quarrel as unjust, and when they have mangled, tortured, and slain each other, and hundreds have been hurried into eternity, making widows, orphans, and mourners without number, and sending far and wide the sad inheritance of the broken heart, why, then there must be shouts of victory, torch-light processions, and blazing windows, with unmeasured riotous excess; and all for what? Because men, uninjured and unprovoked, have sent crowds of their fellow-men, by a swift and bloody passage, to bear witness against them and the nation that employed them at the judgment-seat of God. We have only to consider what a glorious victory is; if we had a son or a brother among the slain, it would tend much to enlighten us; and we should learn whether it is really a subject of joy and exultation, and not rather of sorrow and shame. Surely, there are ages of barbarism concentrated in such glory and joy as this. That men can feel it, and applaud themselves for feeling it, shows how deeply the practice has corrupted the moral discernment of the mind and the affections of the human heart.

But it may not be amiss to look more closely into the subject, and to examine what are considered as the rights of war. The least examination shows that they are no better than wrongs; and if they were now presented for the first time, instead of having been sanctioned by long antiquity, they would be regarded as a most impudent outrage on the common-sense of mankind. All writers on the subject allow that the relations of nations are like those of individuals;

one people is bound to another people as two men are to each other. But did any man in his senses ever believe that a simple declaration, that a state of hostility existed between him and his neighbour, could release him from the obligation of all other duties, and give him a right to take that neighbour's life? And yet it is nothing but a declaration of war, which is itself in general a piece of shameless falsehood, that can be alleged in defence of the slaughter which follows when nations rise in arms; while so familiar and so little thought of is the whole proceeding, that no one dreams of wrong about it anywhere, and least of all are they who have caused the sin and suffering concerned to know how they shall answer it to God. He looks, in every thing, at the right and the wrong. No rich and splendid associations can darken his counsels or dim his all-discerning eye. To him the meeting of hosts in "magnificently stern array" is as insignificant as the scuffle round a peddler's wheel. The advantage taken by the small knave with his pack of cards, and the great knave with his armies, is all one, save that he sets the seal of his deepest damnation on those who are most insensible to the wrongs and sorrows of their fellow-men.

It is edifying to see how these rights of war are extended so as to cover any thing and every thing which it pleases a powerful nation to do. Does any man in private life believe that his having slain a neighbour's children can give him a valid title to that neighbour's estate? And would it not be considered as sin upon sin, heaped like mountains on each other? And if he pointed to his written declaration of hostilities in defence of it, would not his hypocritical pretence of right be considered as insult added to injury, making the crime yet greater, if more atrocious it could be? But such is precisely the way with Christian nations, as they delight to call themselves, — *ut lucus a non lucendo*. And, as if to serve as an illustration of the fact, such is the manner in which they are now employed. England, having cleared the way for her opium, or, as she pleases to phrase it, having opened the way for Christianity to enter China, is now engaged in digging a bloody grave for the people of New Zealand and Hindostan, who have not yet learned how entirely she has dispossessed them of all right to their own soil by bringing against them a declaration of war. The New Zealanders, as we learn from Darwin, a late English traveller, are fast

advancing in civilization and much inclined to Christianity, misrepresented as it is by the drunken and licentious foreigners among them. The Sikhs of India too, though a manly and high-spirited people, and, unlike the Hindoos, worshippers of one God, are dull in comprehending how they lose all claim to their own country when they become enemies of England. To punish this obtuseness, she pours her cannon-balls into living masses of these barbarians, — for so an eye-witness describes the process, — and thus converts them to Christianity, expounds to them the nature of human obligation, or, if they refuse the instruction, sends them to be enlightened in another world. Then, too, we see the "most Christian" Majesty of France applying the same martial law to the little island of Tahiti, which he happens to want for a naval station; and because the poor natives, though a kind and generous race, are not sufficiently informed on these subjects to know how their small country ceased to be their own when they became enemies of France, they are destined, after a desperate resistance, to be swept into the sea and to leave their homes to Christians. In Northern Africa he pursues the same course, though not as yet with distinguished success. By virtue of having driven out the Algerines, he takes possession of regions which they never claimed; and in order to enlighten the wretched Arabs, a French colonel burns them by hundreds at a time, an act which his most Christian Majesty indorses without a word of censure, and thus makes his name a stench and a hissing to every coming age. Russia, though still half barbarous, is following fast in the same holy career. The partition of Poland was an act of glory which the world will never forget; but in her attempt to teach the rights of humanity to the Circassians, she meets at present with no encouraging success. The tribes there, wild as their native mountains, deny her title, however solemnly laid down; and, sustained by exiled Poles, offer a resistance which all her armies cannot overcome. The statesmen of these great nations, lest haply they should be mistaken for godless picaroons, are careful to adorn every public document with the Holy Name, and nothing can exceed the sanctified air with which they call Him to witness their moderation, conscientiousness, and truth.

How far our country is to profit by these beautiful examples we are yet to see. We sent our armies into what we had always treated as Mexican soil; this, of course, was perfect-

ly friendly and proper ; but the Mexicans resisted, as we might possibly have done in their place, and this was an act of war. Thus made our enemies, they are subject to be plundered or cut down at our own sweet will, and we need hardly say that the work has been most faithfully done. But we do not manage the matter with the adroitness of veterans in the art. Forgetting that we have agreed to say that Mexico made war on us, we proceed to make an apology to the civilized world, which is perfectly needless, when we only follow their example. Still, we set forth a multitude of reasons for our making war on her, which some think an illustration of the manner in which truth looks out from the window, however carefully we shut the door. But, at any rate, the Mexicans are our enemies ; and now, whatever we please to take from them is unquestionably ours. Dr. Johnson told the story of one Bet Flint, a lady of light life and conversation, who stole a counterpane, for which she was tried for her life and acquitted. She received the verdict with great satisfaction, and said, " Now the counterpane is my own, I shall make a gown of it." From the great similarity in moral views, one would think that Bet must have been the Eve from whom our Christian nations sprang. Flints undoubtedly they are, so far as moral sensibility is concerned ; and the lady in question, had she any disquiet of conscience afterwards (which does not appear to have been the case), might have been comforted with the assurance, that, if it is right in nations to steal territory which they do not want, there could be no possible objection to her supplying herself with raiment, in which she did not abound.

But these rights of war, as they are called, can be more accurately understood, if seen from another point of view. Over against every right there is a corresponding duty. If the loose old lady who was empress of Russia, with her sister sovereign, the Austrian devotee, and Frederic the Great, the most remarkable human petrifaction the world ever saw, — if this triangle of Cyprian, saint, and sinner had a right to dismember Poland, the last act of which tragedy has just been completed by the Austrian seizure of Cracow, why, then, it was no doubt the duty of the Poles to submit to it. But such is not the view which the world has taken of their obligation. They have been cheered on in every brave endeavour to redeem their native land from its usurping masters. And in general, it may be seen that the moral

sense of any people is sharp and clear enough, where their own imaginary interest is not concerned. Thus, France is fully awake to the enormity of other pretensions, and remonstrates vigorously against the sin and shame of what Austria just now has done. England weeps aloud at the sight of American slavery, and kindles with a holy indignation at the thought of the French aggressions, without one misgiving for her own. The people of these United States prime and load their long speeches, on all occasions, with bitter censures of other nations for this same besetting sin; but when they see a chance to extend their territory by the same process, they are easily persuaded that what would be a crime in any other case is but just and necessary in theirs, and therefore they shut up the dark-lantern of their conscience, and proceed without scruple to the work which they undertake to do. But when they talk of right, they should remember, that, if we have a right to kill the Mexicans and seize their territory, it is the duty of the Mexicans to submit; and perhaps it would be better to employ missionaries to go among them, and endeavour to bring them up to a sense and acknowledgment of the duty. Far better this than to squander thousands of lives and millions of treasure to accomplish by force what might be gained, if we have a right to it, by peaceful surrender. The very suggestion shows how painfully ridiculous is all this prating about rights created by the act of war. The old Romans never debauched their minds by any such hypocritical pretences. They did what they pleased, without concerning themselves about the right or the wrong, while our Anglo-Saxon civilization, which, after all, is only a form of sanctimonious barbarism, kills, burns, and destroys on the week-days, and on the Sabbath preaches of righteousness and judgment to come, without being aware of any inconsistency between its words and deeds. It may be well, however, to reflect that our own self-complacency is not the best measure of excellence or faithfulness, and that the verdict which our own feeling gives may not be affirmed on high.

Again, the duties of war are very similar to its rights, — enormous perversions of the truth, which would be laughable, if the subject was one of less grave concern. Can any human being in his senses persuade himself that it is really his duty to mangle, plunder, and kill his brother-man, who has done no injury to him or to his country? What duty requires

it? It is not easy to find any obligation in Christianity or in natural religion which enjoins this work upon him. What system of morals is it, then, which enjoins as a duty what all religion so expressly forbids? The answer is, his duty to his country. But what is his duty to his country? If he is bound to serve it to the best of his ability, he may find, if he will look into the matter, that there are better ways of doing this; indeed, he will not find it easy to explain what benefit he secures to his own land by floating another with blood. It is idle folly to suppose that one nation ever prospers at the expense of another. The true interests of all are exactly the same; and no one ever gains any thing from the ruins of another, but the false and hollow name of glory, falling like a drop-curtain to hide the ghastly forms of distress, licentiousness, and all corruption, which even the successful war sends home. But if it were possible (as it is not) for one nation to gain any thing for itself by injury offered to another, the question would return, Can it be duty to inflict those injuries? Is there any real obligation to do it? If so, it must be a sin to refuse to do it; for no man can excuse himself for neglecting a duty. But will any one say that he who will not shoot others in such warfare is a sinner? Do we exhort him to repent and flee from the wrath to come? Does any body ask how he can reconcile it to his conscience to stay at home? Do we hear the ancient malison, "Cursed is he that keepeth back his sword from blood"? It is not very common, we apprehend, to hear any one lamenting on his death-bed that he has so few exploits of this kind to remember; nor does the thought of having taken the little ones of another people and dashed them against the stones give much peace and comfort to the dying heart. We think we can safely promise those who have persuaded themselves of the existence of such a duty, that, should they be somewhat remiss in performing it, no great remorse for that neglect will embitter their closing hours.

But when men talk in this way, does it never occur to them that they have duties to those with whom they are at war? They call them their enemies. Well. In that case their duty is made exceedingly plain. It is to love their enemies; and if they call themselves Christians, it is not easy to see how they will escape from the obligation. Were it only that they are our human brethren, sons of the same Father, our course with respect to them would seem to be

obvious enough ; but by calling them our enemies, we bring the case under the strictest interpretation of the Christian law. And do we really believe that we love our enemies, when we destroy their lives, invade their borders, plunder their property, and trample down their fields and homes with the bloody steps of war ? Or how shall we reconcile such treatment with this command, which we so readily acknowledge ourselves bound to obey ? Is it not one of those instances in which our traditions have made the word of God of no effect ; and is it possible to suffer our conscience to bend the knee to those traditions without disowning our allegiance to the King of kings ? The military theory of morals comes thus in direct conflict with the Christian ; and as that theory would charge with high crime a soldier who should disobey his orders, so Christianity will not hold guiltless those who in words profess their reverence for it, while they choose and travel in the very path where it forbids them to go.

Another perversion of the true idea of duty is seen in the language which statesmen sometimes use respecting war. They labor to show that a war is unjust and dishonorable ; they charge those who have plunged their country into it with falsehood to their trust ; and as soon as they take their places in the public councils, where their influence and action can be felt, they say, what ? Not, as one would suppose, that it must be brought to an end as soon as possible, — but that it must be sustained. A strange inference, sure enough. Sustained ? And, pray, for what reason ? Why, simply because it is begun. That is, a work which they themselves pronounce unjust and disgraceful in the extreme must be maintained even to its unjust and disgraceful close, wherever that may be, and for no better reason than because it is begun. Is such our obligation with respect to crimes ? If we have told a lie, does a sense of duty require us to stand to it, and tell five hundred more, — ay, to keep on till the necessity of lying shall cease ? Surely, this is singular reasoning ; and whoever should follow the same maxim in private life would soon secure a reputation as ragged as a scarecrow in the spring. Common sense and Christian principle would teach us rather, if we have done wrong, to do so no more, to repent of what we have done wrong, and to use our best endeavours to repair it. How it should be unjust and dishonorable to commence a work of sin, and not

equally unjust and dishonorable to become accessory to it, must be proved from authorities which we have been so ignorant or so fortunate as never yet to see.

But more of this. The martial morals of which we have spoken have introduced a doubled and twisted idea of duty, by which the statesman, though he deplores and denounces the war, can and ought to vote for it in council; or, what is the same thing, for supplies to carry it on. Though, as a man, he considers it a sorrow and shame to his country, as a statesman he must lend his aid to it, lifting up one hand in pious horror at its enormity, and at the same time voting substantially in favor of it with the other. And all this, according to the military theory, is perfect consistency, involving no contradiction between the word and the deed. Now it is certain that no member of a state can lawfully offer physical resistance to the acts of his government. That amount of acquiescence his allegiance to the state necessarily implies, since without it no nation could endure. But this requires no suppression of conscience, no misprision of the truth; for all the while he is at perfect liberty to use his moral and intellectual influence to bring his countrymen to a right discernment of the subject, and no power can make him instrumental in sustaining measures which his heart condemns as wrong. But it is one thing to refrain thus from physical resistance, which would be treason, and quite another to supply the means and the men required to carry on the war. It is true, there may be circumstances in which an army is endangered, when something may be done for their relief; but as soon as any purpose of aggression is manifest, whoever does any thing in aid or support of it, while his conscience disowns it, takes a heavy share of the responsibility upon his own soul. It is precisely like furnishing an assassin with money and arms, knowing the guilty purpose for which he intends to use them. Honor forbids it; patriotism forbids it; and conscience says, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther," in tones, which, though inaudible, are more impressive than the thunder's voice.

There is still another of these fantastic duties enjoined upon us by the ethics of the sword; it is, to rejoice, under all circumstances, in the success of our country's arms. Can it be that patriotism is at war with the moral sense? Must we give up our conscience for our country? If one of our children goes into a neighbour's premises to steal his proper-

ty, to violate his daughters, to kill his household, and to burn his dwelling, no one will say that we ought to exult in such doings because the ruffian is of our own race. And yet, when deeds in substance the same are done by hirelings in the service of our country, whoever cannot find it in his heart to triumph in their success is denounced and despised as a traitor. This point of morality it is not so easy to understand. The true heart must always take sides with what it considers the injured party. Most certainly we cannot rejoice in any injury or misfortune which comes to our countrymen; but if they are engaged in a dishonorable and guilty service, we cannot regret to see them under the necessity of returning without having succeeded. And when we are called upon to exult in a victory, it may be well to consider what a victory is. All the gain is, that our troops have driven back the enemy from some barren plain, sunk some of their ships with the seamen in them, or taken some town which is of no use to any but the owners. And in order to secure these blessings, doubtful as they are, there is the certainty that great numbers of men have fallen. In the advantages gained there is no cause of rejoicing; no one gains any thing in comfort or possessions by the boasted success; and the cause of exultation, if there is any, can be found only by counting the number of the dead. And in this, too, there is some perplexity of feeling. We are not, of course, expected to rejoice that so many of our countrymen are slain. O, no! for then we must toll funeral bells, and sing dirges, and mourn with a grand parade of woe. But how can we make this distinction between our own and those who have fallen on the other side? We had nothing against them, — if we had, it would have made no difference; but they were no enemies of ours. We cannot be glad that they are cut off from the living, and that widows and orphans deplore them. And in fact, this wide work of death occasioned by a human pestilence is one in which we can find no cause whatever of joy. What, then, can we think of this duty of rejoicing in victories, rejoicing in death and sorrow, rejoicing in violence and blood? For our part, we shall leave it to bells and cannon, which have no conscience to prevent their saying what they are made to speak. And as to this division of feeling, by which the patriot shouts with delight over the numbers of the enemy's dead, and at the same time weeps and makes long faces for his countrymen who have

bitten the dust, it may be something very self-consistent and graceful, but we cannot understand it, and we shall not lament our ignorance if we never do.

But the most extraordinary perversion of the true idea of duty, for which we are indebted to war, is the notion, — for we cannot call it by a more respectable name, — that it is the duty of a soldier to engage in those excesses and perform those deeds which he detests and condemns in his heart. It is nearly enough to state it in words. The plain English of it is, his duty requires him to do what he cannot do conscientiously; he is bound to aid in doing what he admits that his country ought to be ashamed to do. His honor requires him to engage in a dishonorable business. One would say that his path was sufficiently clear; it is, to leave a station in which any thing of that kind is expected from him. Others, who see the matter in a different light, may perform the service, but he must have no part in the wrong. Taking the question apart from military morals, it is perfectly evident that no man is at liberty to make a machine of himself. God has made him a moral agent; he has a conscience, and should have a mind of his own; he ought to resent the idea of being made a tool to do what he himself declares to be a deadly sin. But he finds this way of duty shut against him. However clear it may be that he acts from principle, he will be called a poltroon; if he throws up his commission, though every one knows that he is brave and manly, he will be shunned and dishonored as a coward. Rather than encounter the pelting of such a storm, there are many who obey their orders, go on in resistance to their conscience, and, to escape the suspicion of want of courage, incur the displeasure of their God. And really it requires more nerve, more moral energy, more determination of purpose, more of every thing that makes a hero, to face this reproach, than to march up to the heaviest battery that ever blazed in the front of war. How strange, in a Christian land, is such an impression, by which the poorest of all baseless illusions is exalted into a commanding reality, while God, eternity, and conscience are set aside as if they were very little things!

We were never so much impressed with the effect of setting up this phantasm of duty in place of the true one, as when we read the account of the death of a gallant officer, given by the friend who was with him in his last hours. During the night, — it was the last of his earthly existence! —

he often spoke with deep interest, not of the eternal state to which he was rapidly tending, — no such thing, — but of the effect with which his artillery played on the enemy, of the numbers which it swept down, and of the greater execution it would make, should he ever join the battle again. When the gloom of death was darkening around him, he was sustained by the confidence that he had done his duty! What he thought his duty as a soldier had been bravely and faithfully done. But where was his duty to God, to the Saviour, and to his fellow-men? His death-bed was lighted up only by reflecting on his fidelity in a war which, we are told, he believed unjust on the part of his country. If it is so with amiable men, of stainless character in their social relations, it can be no matter of surprise to find persons of a different stamp laying the same unction to their souls. There was Nelson, for example, that monarch of the bleeding deck, who lived in adultery, defiled his conscience with murder for the sake of his wretched paramour, and died in mean and guilty separation from his faithful wife and children; his last words were, "Thank God! I have done my duty." Conceive of him as standing at the judgment, with the light of eternity flashing in upon his soul, and boasting there that he had done his duty. His duty to whom? No matter to whom, for he had been basely untrue to all the strongest obligations which can rest upon the human heart.

We have next to look at the effect of war and its attending influences to injure mankind, by creating false standards of character, fixing admiration and applause on unworthy objects, and wasting on plunderers and destroyers that enthusiasm which should be kept sacred to great benefactors of their race. Among our Saviour's far-reaching disclosures was that memorable one, that usefulness is the measure of greatness, that whoever renders the greatest amount of beneficent service is in truth the most exalted, whether men do him reverence or not, and he who does most to injure and deprave them is really, and should be numbered, among the lowest of mankind. But how different from this the feeling of men has been! They have not required either moral or intellectual eminence in those whom they delighted to honor. They have worshipped physical courage, mere hardness and insensibility of nerve, which is by far the meanest of all the forms of courage; they have exalted this above the powers of the mightiest understanding or the affec-

tions of the largest heart. And so far from looking for any thing like human sympathy, or a desire to serve them, they have labored under a sort of insanity on the subject of character. Nothing can exceed the meanness with which they have flattered their worst enemies, licking the hands that lashed them and the feet that trod them down, without one grateful thought to spare for those who have enlarged the boundaries of thought, or enriched the world with useful arts and inventions, or even for those who, in glorious self-forgetfulness, have lived, labored, and died for the sake of human welfare, entirely regardless of their own.

In all these respects the world seems to have been going backward; the shadow on the dial of history would seem to indicate a descending sun. For even the chivalry of the dark ages, that wild and romantic fancy, is invested with a kind of Gothic grandeur by reason of the lofty feelings which it inspired. It required courage, indeed, but as a thing of course, — a trait which it was disgraceful to want, but not an honor to have; while it exalted the virtues of humanity, of high and generous courtesy, of manly and gentle bearing, placing foremost on its list of excellence a desire to protect the helpless and to redress all human wrongs. But in these our days a man may pass for a hero on the strength of one virtue, though shaded with a thousand crimes. The readers of paltry novels are as much enchanted with sentimental pickpockets and highwaymen, as if they were really great and good. The captain of these pestilent scribblers, Bulwer, now somewhat out of date, wants no better hero than a wretch who has murdered another for a few shillings, and can find no earthly reason in his own heart why such a creature should not be a subject of reverence and love. It is difficult to tell whether such works are more distinguished by the nonsense or the depravity in which they abound. They are rich in both, and we should not be surprised to learn that the same is true of the lawless gang who write them. The public mind must be widely perverted to endure such an opinion of its taste as these ministrations imply; and it could never have been reduced to a state so humiliating except by the corrupting and darkening influences of war, which with its devil-worship has invented and disseminated a religion of its own. Christianity enters into no such counsels; she sees these things with other eyes; she keeps her crowns for those whom men think little of; and hers is the

only word that shall stand for ever. Why, the poor Mexican woman at Monterey, who went forth in the battle to give water to the mangled sufferers of both armies and bind up their bleeding wounds, and was there shot down as giving aid and comfort to the enemy, was an object of far higher interest in the sight of angels and of God, than the greatest of those who, as the phrase is, covered themselves with glory there. Her crown is of a fashion which is incorruptible and fadeth not away, because, unlike theirs, it is undefiled with blood.

There can be no stronger instance of this perversion of feeling on the subject of character than the enthusiasm which the name of Napoleon awakens. When he came forward so brilliantly, his country was resisting invasion; and when he rolled back the tide of war into the camps and countries of those invaders, all hearts cheered him onward, as one who was fighting the battles of the free. But when it became clear that he was a slave to low ambition, and was determined to act the poor part of a selfish usurper, they could hardly believe that he was no longer the same; they hoped that their fears might deceive them; till he had placed the imperial crown upon his head, he kept the confidence of all but the La Fayettes of France. His talent and force of character were wonderful indeed; the grasp of mind which he manifested in discussing the laws of his empire give the highest impression of his intuitive sagacity and far-reaching power. But it was only his intellectual and active energy which made him great; for his heart was as barren of all fine and generous affections as the arctic circle of verdure and flowers. His mother is reported to have said of him, that his heart was as hard and cold as one of his own cannon-balls. In his younger days of comparative obscurity, he married a fine-spirited and queenly woman, who consented to share his fortunes when they were beneath her own. Afterwards, with the cold selfishness of an evil spirit, he put her away, to ally himself with a royal house, and left her to die in solitude of a broken heart. So unsympathizing was his nature, that he required his brothers to do the same; but they happened to have human affections, and incurred his deep displeasure by resisting his will. We can see no touch of true humanity in his history, save one or two small flourishes of arbitrary and capricious kindness, and his being moved, on a field of battle, by the wailing of a dog over the

corpse of his fallen master; he felt more for the desolate animal than for the thousands of human sufferers who were mourning those who had shed their blood for him. Again and again did he drain France of her sons, breaking up all domestic and social happiness, simply to gratify his own foolish and diseased ambition to cover fields with the dead. And this was the man for whom the world ran wild with enthusiasm! Even now there is no bound to the rapture of his adorers. The glory of Washington, great and commanding as he is, seems cold and pale beside this idol of stone. And yet the fame of Washington is gaining upon the reverence of mankind, while that of Napoleon is growing dim. It shall die out like the transient flame of a bonfire sinking in darkness and ashes, while that of the great American is best described in those beautiful words, — "as the rising light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

The work of which we have given the title at the commencement of our remarks is in substance a history of some of Napoleon's campaigns. For his Marshals were nothing more than instruments in his mighty hand; none of them apparently being men of great ability when left to themselves, but well fitted by their energy and daring to carry out the plans and purposes of their chief. They learned from him that they must accomplish the service assigned them, without the least regard to humanity; and the one highest in his favor was always he who, with the loss of ten dead to one surviving, carried his bloody purpose triumphantly through. It is curious to see the exact resemblance which their campaigns bear to each other. Reading the successive chapters of this work is like attending so many rehearsals of a thunder-storm; the senses are confused with the smoke of cannon and flashes of fire, but there is no distinct impression of what the chiefs and armies were about. By dint of rolling thunders, plunging masses, "falling earthquakes," illuminated with an unreasonable proportion of meteors, volcanoes, and similar fireworks, the reader is stunned into admiration, and confesses that the whole affair is superlatively grand. It is matter of some surprise, that the author, who is understood to be a clergyman, should rejoice in such descriptions, at least that he should not file some small protest against them in the name of the Prince of Peace. He seems to be a disciple of the church militant, and reminds us of the old soldier whom

Mr. Balwhidder rejoiced to see so thoroughly converted, that he "read his Bible daily, delighting most of all in the books of Joshua, the Chronicles, and Kings." Should future researches be successful in recovering the lost book of the "Wars of the Lord," alluded to in the Old Testament, this writer would be the man of all others to translate it and set forth its beauties for the edification of the Christian world.

Of the execution of the work we cannot speak in the highest terms. It seems of the kind which is very likely to fascinate a taste that is youthful and unformed, partly by a rich display of finery like a theatrical wardrobe, and still more by its illustration of the fact, which many modern authors have discovered, that there is a power in certain scenes, which supersedes the necessity of any special power in the writer. There are many at the present day who trade with a capital of talent and information almost invisibly small, but who, by selecting very attractive subjects, striking in with some popular key-note, and beating high-sounding cymbals of eloquent language, make themselves masters of the younger part of the reading world, as the clang of tin kettles and warming-pans astonishes the natives of the hive into a dreamy submission, till they are carried captive at will. But every one to his fancy; we only say, that whoever would form a style or a taste in literature would do quite as well to follow Johnson's advice, and to give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison, as to abandon his mind to the works which are most eagerly devoured by the reading public of the day.

This writer, though he has talent, has evidently been at no great expense of thought or study in preparing the present work, nor can it be said that his idea of Napoleon is very thoroughly defined; but he gives the impression that he was more sinned against than sinning; that his wars were mainly defensive; and that, when it was otherwise, he was doing battle for the rights and liberties of mankind. This is made out by the easy process of proving that the powers opposed to him were, as every body knows, selfish, oppressive, and tyrannical; and this is taken as a complete justification of Napoleon, without any attempt to show how their being as bad makes him any better. While this writer calls him a moral dwarf, and keeps a judicious silence concerning the darker passages of his history, excepting the murder of D'Enghien, which he had better let alone, he contrives to

give the impression to his readers that the dwarf is a moral giant, as eminent in virtue as in ability, and surpassing other men as much in high and generous feeling as in energy of character and intellectual power. This, to be sure, he does not say; but such is the effect of his labors, that most young persons, not thoroughly versed in that period of history, will rise from his work with more exalted impressions of Napoleon's magnanimity and tenderness than they ever had before; while neither he nor they can give any reason for this change of opinion, except that Sir Walter Scott and Alison have been too severe upon him, that English writers are prejudiced, and that his enemies were not the best of men. That his soldiers were strongly attached to him is true; but the same is true of many outlaws with their robber-gangs; and it is one of the gravest charges which we have to bring against war, that it enables a bold and able man to inspire this attachment, like that of dogs to their master, where there is not one trait of character to deserve it. However, Mr. Headley evidently has no clear and self-consistent view of this great man to communicate to others; and it is unfortunate that the dim and misty impressions which he conveys should be so misguided and misleading. He says, that, if Napoleon had founded an Oriental empire, as he once proposed, he would have been as unprincipled in his aggressions on peaceable states, as heartless in the means he employed, as reckless of the law of nations, as perfidious in his policy, as cruel in his slaughters, and as grasping for territory, as Great Britain has ever been. In other words, he would have been very much the same sort of person in that point of the compass that he was in the West; which is enough to show that human admiration, when lavished on such a character, is worse than thrown away.

The history of Napoleon is sufficient to illustrate the fact, that war has depraved and injured nations by changing shame into glory and glory into shame. It has destroyed that good understanding with each other, which is essential to their common prosperity; it has forced them into the position of enemies, when the God of nature meant them to be friends, and gave them at least sufficient light to discover, that, when any one aims a blow at another, it is sure to return to his own heart, wounding deeply, perhaps fatally, by the looseness of principle, the licentiousness of every kind, and the taste for violence, which victory leaves as an inheritance

to the coming generations. Strange as it may seem, the public law of Europe is founded on the maxim, that nations are enemies to each other. This truth is not brought home to us as perhaps it may be at some future day. The States of our Union are so many nations bound together by a common government, which takes them out of this vicious position; but if the madness of party spirit or fanatical folly should ever sunder the bands which hold them together, they would relapse into it at once; they would become more bitter enemies, because they had once been friends; and instead of any part gaining in prosperity by the separation, there would follow a succession of border wars, and a frenzy of martial spirit and adventure, which would soon fill them all with an ample, if not an equal, proportion of poverty, wretchedness, and blood. Out of this state of things in Europe has grown what is there called the balance of power; a vision which has exercised a searing influence on the minds of statesmen for ages, and, like the fabulous Upas, in this respect as well as others, has been talked of, and sought, but never found. We see that England in the last century, and particularly in the wars which followed the French Revolution, spent lives without number, and a thousand millions of treasure, to maintain the balance of power; and now her suffering subjects, her grinding taxation, and the depths of poverty and sorrow which her outside magnificence but thinly covers, show what gain it has brought her. There is not a British statesman now, except perhaps some lingering ruin of the past, who does not lament this fatal policy of Pitt, "the pilot that weathered the storm." While they admire his stern disinterestedness and wonderful strength of heart, they see that, under the influence of this bewildering dream, he had wellnigh ruined his country. Sadly was he deceived in his expectation of establishing her prosperity so; had he cherished her inward strength, unfolded her vast resources, and kept all her energies at home in harmonious and successful action, the Ocean Queen would have ruled a nobler dominion and have won a brighter crown.

To show that a different policy is far more successful, we have an illustration so directly before our eyes, that it sets all doubts at rest. The present king of France is not only the ablest living monarch, — which is not saying much, — but is generally admitted to be one of the first of statesmen; certainly no one has ever shown more clear-headed

sagacity in accomplishing his purposes, whatever they may have been. He has held back his people from the wars into which they would fain be plunging, in order to favor the industry and bring out the rich resources of his country, and in that way to establish her standing among the nations. And the result is well worth observing. While in Tahiti, where he relies on warlike measures to carry out his base design, a handful of natives resist with success his attempt to rob them of their little island, — and while in Algiers, where he is engaged in the same piratical work, a small Arab chieftain of the desert, undismayed by his human burnt-offerings, laughs his marshals to scorn, so that he has not even success to balance the infamy of such proceedings, — in Europe, where peace is his perpetual watchword, he carries all before him with an easy command which no obstacle can withstand. To him, the balance of power is like the scales on a tradesman's counter, entirely under his control; and we have just now seen, that, when he has arranged his selfish plan of a marriage for his son, though the faith of treaties and the voice of nations cry out against him, though England looks on with a fierce and angry scowl, he listens with a placid smile, takes no manner of notice of their remonstrances, and marches on to the accomplishment of his purpose, leaving other powers to breakfast with what appetite they may; thus affording a marvellous example of the truth, that war is weakness and that peace is power, and suggesting the great truths which governments are so slow to understand, that health is the great element of stability and strength in the political as well as the physical system, that the convulsive spasms of battle are no indication of real energy, and that the vital and active powers are sure to be undermined, sooner or later, by the sharp disease of war.

We have not time to illustrate the truth which we have alluded to, — that any purpose can be accomplished more effectually without war than with it; though we should not need to go far for interesting and striking examples. We do not believe in thorough non-resistance; there must be a power somewhere to resist evil; the Quaker exercises it, in his own way, as much as any other man. We have never been able to see the difference between resisting in action, and employing for the purpose, as some non-resistants do, the hardest terms of abuse afforded by the English language, which is quite wealthy in that sort of ware. They use the dialect of Wapping

with perfect unconsciousness that it is not in the exact spirit of their unreviling Master. But however this may be, there are some things which show that more can be done at times by not resisting than by any appeal to arms. An instance may be found in the cruise of an American frigate, which lately returned from a voyage round the globe. When the captain was in the China seas, he heard from a French Catholic missionary who was imprisoned in a town of Cochin China, and generously determined to go and set the captive free. He sailed to the port in question, and certain proceedings followed, which we give, we believe, substantially as they took place, though of course in language of our own. He demanded the prisoner from the authorities of the place; all he could get from them was that they knew nothing about him; and when he said that he had evidence that the Frenchman was their prisoner, they said, if so, he knew more than they. Finding that negotiations were not successful, he threatened to batter down their city with his broadside, if the prisoner was not forthcoming; to which they replied, that, if it would be any satisfaction, there was nothing to prevent his doing it. But doubting whether his government would approve of that strong measure, since the territory is one which cannot be conveniently annexed to the United States, he armed his officers and men, and proceeded to the city, determined to fight them; it was intimated that he could fight if he pleased, but not with them, as they had something else to do. Exasperated at this coolness, he seized the mandarins, took them on board his ship, and sent word that he should keep them till the prisoner was surrendered. What was his dismay to be informed, that, if he liked their company, he was perfectly welcome to keep them to the end of time. After remaining several days, he found that he could do nothing but sail away, and not with perfect satisfaction. Three days after, a French ship arrived, and the prisoner was immediately delivered up. On being asked why they had not surrendered him to the American, the answer was, because it was none of that gentleman's business. This shows the invulnerable power of non-resistance in some cases, and also illustrates the wisdom and efficiency of keeping reason and right on one's side.

We can only allude to our Saviour's saying, of divinest wisdom, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." It is apt to be so with individuals; in the case of

nations, there is no exemption. It is of no use for them to lay their foundations in blood. Sooner or later these give way, and their false glory lies low in the dust. Every one of the successive empires which from time to time have arisen to desolate the world has borne testimony to the operation of this law. After shooting up into the sight of men like rockets in the darkness, they explode and leave no trace in the earth or the skies, save the remembrance of that usurping spirit which made the nations curse them while they flourished, and triumph over them when fallen. Eminently was this true of the destroyer of our own day; after choosing the beaten walk of common ambition, he could not fabricate an empire equal to that of Charlemagne before him; and when, against the counsel of all wise and friendly advisers, he determined to exalt his throne on "the sides of the north," the day of change and retribution came; his dominions were rent asunder, and he himself was banished, a lonely and discontented exile, to a rock in the heart of the seas. Nothing can be more impressive than the presentment of this great truth in the ancient prophet's vision, where he represents the downfall of the Assyrian from the height of his power; he is cast down from his elevation into the regions of the dead. The kings of the earth, who lie there in glory, every one with sword under his head, rise up to meet his coming; they bend on him their pale and sullen brows, saying, "Art thou become weak as we?" "Is this the man that made the earth to tremble?" And well does the Christian poet represent the tyrannical nation as triumphed over by the nations which it oppressed: —

"Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thou that hast wasted earth and dared despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
Is this the god, the thunder of whose hand
Rolled over all our desolated land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the nations tremble at thy frown?
The sword shalt light upon thy boasted powers,
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours."

W. B. O. P.

Art. II. — MAN'S ENMITY TO GOD.*

The volume, the title of which is given below, is a large octavo of more than five hundred pages, handsomely printed, elaborately written, the result evidently of much reflection, but yet, from the nature of the subject, not likely to attract many readers. The author is undoubtedly a studious man, and an earnest seeker after truth. He belongs, apparently, to no sect; he is of his own order, — *sui generis*. Our readers may easily fall into the error of confounding him with Rev. J. H. Thom, the esteemed minister of the Renshaw Street Chapel in Liverpool. They are advocates, however, of very different forms of Christian theology.

It is often the fate of genius to fail of securing an immediate and general appreciation of its productions; and this negative misfortune is usually attended by another of a positive kind, which is even more unpleasant, namely, that of being obliged to pay for their publication. This double disappointment operates badly in two ways. In the first place, it mortifies those high imaginations and benumbs those creative energies which are the undisputed birthright of genius, and on which the hope of the world hangs; and, in the second place, it is apt to produce in the sufferer a gloomy view of life, misanthropy, and an opinion of human nature not so favorable as truth might warrant. We sincerely trust, however, that Mr. Thom has too much philosophy, as well as too many proofs that his works on theology are justly appreciated, to be in danger of a personal calamity of this sort. Yet we are not without misgivings; for this book certainly opens as though the "Divine Inversion," a former treatise of Mr. Thom, might not have received all the attention which in his judgment it merited; and as if the melancholy view of human nature had in consequence begun to settle into his mind, and to throw up its cloud over the objects of his contemplation. Still we do not despair; for it must be confessed that the author carries himself through the immense labor of this volume with great steadiness of nerve, with much amiability of temper, and as if, like Mr. Prynne, he could "write a folio much easier than a page." But

* *The Three Grand Exhibitions of Man's Enmity to God.* By David Thom, Bold Street Chapel, Liverpool. London. 1845. 8vo. pp. xxxii., 558.

whatever we might be disposed to say in praise of the work, — of the industry, learning, ability, and candor which it displays, — we cannot in conscience commend it as a whole. For, not to speak in this place of its objectionable doctrines, it contains an "Introduction," and a "Summary" of great length, which were intended, no doubt, to furnish a clear and edifying synopsis of the contents, but which, in fact, only make confusion worse confounded. It is not every author, especially if he writes under an impression of his originality, who is able to give an intelligible account of his own productions, to translate his thoughts into common sense, and "to set them forth in order." This would be too much a work of method and detail. He is wise who leaves that office to his friends. Our author unfortunately seems not to have had this wisdom. His effort to open the mysteries of his book by a key at the beginning, and to present them in a birdseye view at the end, was a sad error of judgment; since these are the portions which are usually read first, and from which an opinion is at once formed of the merits of the entire book.

It would be presumptuous in us to undertake to do what our author himself was unable to accomplish; and we shall surely be caught in no such folly. We shall rather be content with the humbler duty of selecting some passages which may serve to indicate the prominent points of the work; venturing, also, it is possible, to offer a few suggestions in opposition to its fundamental idea.

It may be due, however, to our author to declare in advance that we have a religious repugnance to all *schemes* of divinity. In general, they serve no better purpose than to mislead the honest mind in its search after truth. Besides, the idea of a "scheme" of salvation, to our own minds, borders on profaneness. The word — and the thing itself, as frequently exhibited — is associated with a lottery and wheel of fortune. But there are minds so constituted, that they enjoy nothing so well as inventing, by new combinations of words and texts, new plans of grace; just as there are minds for ever on the rack to discover the philosopher's stone and the quadrature of the circle. Mr. Thom, if not one of this class, has certainly invented a new scheme of divinity; a scheme, too, which has all the merit of originality, though it borrows freely from several existing systems. In its combinations and in the grand result it is unique, and beyond all

controversy Mr. Thom's own. The author is a high-toned Calvinist,—rolling the doctrines of Total Depravity and Election as a "sweet morsel" under his tongue; a high Antinomian, in comparison with whom John Agricola was but a boy, —for he maintains that there is now no law for man, either of Moses or of Christ, of works or of faith, all having been fulfilled *for* him by our Lord; he is a Swedenborgian, in claiming a double sense for every word of the Old Testament; he is an Annihilationist, for he holds that human nature is to be utterly and for ever destroyed; and he is a Universalist, for it is the result of all his inquiries and reasonings, that all men are to be immediately, equally, and for ever happy after death.

Mr. Thom makes the total and universal enmity of man to God the foundation of his theory. "The enmity of man to God is complete. It extends equally to man's intellect, to man's will, and to man's affections. And it makes its appearance in every case in which an opportunity is afforded to it to do so." (p. xiii.) "Enmity to God is not merely a quality of human nature, but constitutes the very basis, principle, or essence of human nature." (p. 3.) "My grand proposition, resting on the basis of revealed truth, is, that man's mind, consisting of fleshly intellect and will, *is enmity against God*; or, in other words, that man is not merely *different from*, but that he stands diametrically *opposed to*, God, in his very nature itself, and therefore in all his feelings, tendencies, desires, views, and pursuits." (p. 501.) Assuming, without attempting to prove, the truth of this proposition, Mr. Thom asserts that it is one of which the great majority of mankind are profoundly ignorant, and which is held even by most of those who adopt it at the expense of logical consistency. We give his own forcible words on this point. Speaking of the proposition above mentioned, he says: —

"Socinians absolutely loathe it. Numerous individuals and bodies of individuals who disclaim being actuated by Socinian principles conceive that, however decidedly opposed to God on the whole man may be, there are nevertheless to be discovered in his nature some remains of good qualities and dispositions — a certain latent love to God — by which his enmity to that glorious Being is counteracted, if not even neutralized. Others, again, who cannot subscribe to this idea, fancy that the enmity of man to God — the natural existence of which they do not dispute — is capable, without any injury to his nature, of being re-

moved; and that he, as a mere human being, may be induced to love God by means of the civilizing and refining influence of the precepts, motives, and examples of Scripture. While even the strictest classes of professors, — those who lay it down as a fixed and undeniable maxim, that there exists, on the part of man, such a native and thorough opposition to God as nothing but a new creation in Christ Jesus can overcome, — betray their ignorance by self-inconsistently contending for *the natural ability of man to love, serve, and obey God:* that is, by contending for the possession of this ability on the part of a creature *acknowledged by themselves to be essentially opposed to God;* and by representing this as imposing an obligation on every descendant of Adam to believe the Gospel! In other words, while Socinians openly and honestly avow their conviction that the doctrine of man's essential enmity to God is untrue, and proceed on the strength of this their denial to invest human nature with qualities the most lovely and attractive, thousands who disavow the Socinian theory, but are in reality Socinians at heart, evince an equal although a less honest and straightforward hatred of this truth: and this, either by representing the enmity of man to God as coexisting in him with qualities, the tendency of which is to recommend him to the Divine favor; or by supposing the enmity capable of being withdrawn from human nature, without there existing any necessity for the destruction, by means of the new creation of that nature; or by most absurdly and inconsistently making a creature who is, by their own admission, essentially opposed to God, to be nevertheless qualified to love, serve, and obey God.

"In clear, marked, and diametrical opposition to all such open denials, and indirect although equally infidel sappings of divine truth, does Scripture itself proclaim the doctrine of the enmity of man to God: not only laying down the enmity as a matter of fact, but likewise showing it to be so deeply seated in, so essential to the nature of man, that only by the destruction of the nature itself can the enmity, as necessarily involved in it, and as necessarily therefore sharing its fate, come to an end and pass away." — pp. 3–5.

So it seems "the strictest classes of professors" are "Socinians at heart" in their views of human nature! It may be so, but we rather think they will hold out in the inconsistency which our author fixes upon them, a good while, before they acknowledge that they are. It is harder to confess an error than to maintain a fallacy.

Proceeding from his fundamental idea, Mr. Thom maintains that the several dispensations of revealed religion have had for their primary object to bring out and make manifest

by successive exhibitions the abiding and exhaustless enmity of human nature to God; that intellectual growth in the race, with increase of religious privileges, has had no other effect, as it had no other design, than to evolve new and more striking expressions of that hatred which constitutes the inmost nature of man; that there has therefore been a progressive development of human enmity, corresponding to the progressive manifestations of Divine love, through all the ages from Adam till now; and that, as the enmity of man increases, so does his punishment increase likewise.

There are three grand epochs or eras in which this enmity has been exhibited, corresponding to three grand "experiments" of the Divine Being upon human nature. The first was the paradisiacal; and the "experiment" consisted in imposing on man a single law, *of the nature of a prohibition*, the lightest kind of all law, as the test of his ability to yield obedience to God. The result was, that Adam violated the single and apparently light and easily borne Divine prohibition. So far from resisting, he actually surrendered at the very first summons of the enemy. Such was the first "exhibition" of enmity to God on the part of man. And all this took place according to the Divine purpose.

"Man was God's creature, invested with the nature which God saw meet to confer on him; and in paradise, a place prepared for him by God, was he temporarily stationed, where by circumstances, every one of Divine arrangement, he was surrounded. Therefore all that happened to him, and all that he did, were necessarily according to the Divine purpose and preappointment. Upon him, by God himself, through an instrumentality adapted to the end aimed at, was an experiment made; and this experiment had, and could not but have had, the result which actually took place." — p. 43.

The era of the second "experiment" embraces all that period between the fall of Adam and the end of the Apostolic age. It is made upon a single nation, as the former had been upon a single individual. Its design is to test the ability of this nation — who for that purpose represent the whole human race — not merely to obey a law of prohibition under the fear of losing by disobedience what was already possessed and enjoyed, but also to obey a *law of command under the promise and hope of reward.*

"Mere man had hitherto shown himself unable to abstain from violating laws of prohibition, sanctioned by threatenings of loss.

Is he so decidedly opposed to God as to be unable to obey a law of command, when sanctioned by the most glorious and affecting promises? " — p. 117.

All the circumstances of the descendants of Abraham — their wanderings, their captivities, their religious institutions, their miracles, their prophets' tongues — were but a series of experiments adapted to bring out and make manifest through successive generations their enmity, while they were at the same time preliminary and subservient to one grand experiment to be made at the appearing of the Son of Man, when the great law of command, " Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," was made the final test which should determine their fate as the people and church of God, for ever. But, further, this second experiment had another object. It " had a reference to Jesus, the second man, the Lord from heaven, no less than to men who were of the earth, earthy ; having been intended to bring to light what he, the Creator, could do, as contrasted with what mere creatures had not done and could not do." (p. 66.) As this is one of the leading peculiarities of Mr. Thom's theory, we copy his words at length.

" In subserviency to this manifestation, obedience, death, and resurrection of the second man, as one of the grand objects or designs of the Almighty, was the nation of Israel selected and set up — was law of every description issued — was law reduced to writing — did the subsequent events of the history of the Jews take place, and were they recorded — were prophecies delivered to that extraordinary people — and was the whole mass of narrative, law, and prophecy collected and digested into one volume. In other words, not so much for the sake of the ordinary Jews themselves, as for the sake of him who was emphatically THE JEW, did every thing mentioned in the Old Testament Scriptures happen, and was it placed upon record. . . . . There is not a person, an event, a prophecy contained in the books of the Old Testament, but has in one way or another, directly or indirectly, a reference to Jesus Christ. Even passages the most unlikely and unexpected are found to speak of him. Under the aspect, to mere fleshly mind, of treating only concerning Adam, Abraham, David, and other Old Testament worthies, they are in reality treating concerning the death and triumphs of him who was Son of Man and Son of God. . . . . .

" Understanding this, we are prepared to understand still farther that as the Old Testament Scriptures spoke throughout *of* Christ, so likewise did they speak throughout *to* Christ. As every part of their contents was of the nature of prophecy concerning him,

so were they from Genesis to Malachi of the nature of laws addressed to and imposed on him. . . . . It was only in a subordinate sense and in appearance that the law of Moses was given to the whole house of Israel: that law having been in its highest sense and in reality given to him who was himself the true Israel, the being who truly wrestled with God and prevailed. . . . . The object of God in issuing his law is now seen to have been, to show that what creatures had proved themselves incompetent to perform, the Creator manifest in flesh was both competent to do and would do; that what creatures had endeavoured to dishonor by their disobedience, should through the obedience of the Creator be 'magnified and made honorable'; and that what in every particular had been violated by man, having been in every jot and tittle fulfilled by the Son of God, should pass away, being swallowed up, along with all human transgression, in his own perfect, divine, and everlasting righteousness." — pp. 102–105.

We have no room for comment on these singular notions. We only marvel that the writer does not see the absurdity and nonsense in which his Trinitarianism involves him. The man who can speak seriously of the "obedience of the Creator," — of the Creator trying an experiment on himself, under another name, to see what he could do, — of the Creator proving that he could do what the creature could not, — we should say, were it not for fear of offending our Trinitarian friends generally, must be either very deficient in discernment or far gone in insanity.

The third grand "experiment" covers all that period reaching from the end of the Apostolic age to the consummation of all things earthly, the destruction of the world. It is made, not on a single man or a single nation, but on all mankind. The test consists in the offer of a free and unconditional salvation to all men. And the enmity which it makes evident, the most virulent and intense possible to a being of a nature so limited, is manifested in *the denial of the divinely revealed fact that there is such a salvation.*

"God has for eighteen hundred years been declaring, in his written testimony, that all mankind are saved with an everlasting salvation in his well-beloved Son; and that in consequence of this, eternal life in him is their free, assured, and indefeasible possession. There are no *ifs*, or *buts*, or *may bes* in the case. No conditions remain to be fulfilled; upon no future contingencies does the blessing depend. There is no law of any description whatever to be obeyed. The declaration is, that in Christ Jesus 'we are saved,' that in Christ Jesus 'we have eternal life.'

This benefit we derive from Jesus being one with all mankind, as Son of Adam and Son of God. As one with us, he ended our sins in himself, and brought in an everlasting righteousness, which is ours no less than his, when he died on the cross. 'Dying for our offences, he rose again for our justification.' One with him, we are not only righteous, but live for evermore in him. And all this, be it observed, not as blessings which are conditional, contingent, and fortuitous, but as matters of actual fact and necessary enjoyment. Such is the Gospel. Glad tidings of great joy, whenever and wherever understood, to the guilty children of men. 'Salvation is yours,' says God in the Scriptures, addressing human beings. 'I give it to you on no conditions; I exact from you the fulfilment of no terms; I have secured it to you in my own Son. In Adam you have sinned and died: this is matter of fact. In Jesus you are righteous and live for ever: this is equally matter of fact.'" —pp. 217, 218.

"Towards this revealed fact, and not towards law in any of its forms, is now going out the full tide of the enmity of the human mind. Not towards a conditional salvation; for that man can understand and relish: but towards an unconditional one. . . . . Individuals hate this doctrine. Sects and parties do so. A salvation by abstinence from evil, or by a loving acceptance of an offered Christ, or by the performance of some other crotchet of the human brain, is the salvation for them. 'Salvation by pure grace! Salvation irrespective of the present state and circumstances of the creature altogether! Salvation in spite of all man's vileness and worthlessness! . . . . Salvation in which the unprincipled, the vicious, and the profligate are put upon a footing of equality with those whom the world respects and delights to honor! Abominable doctrine! How we loathe, how we abhor it! It is the vilest antinomianism.' . . . . . Thus talk men, and thus do they inflame the natural malignity of one another against God's simple and glorious message."— pp. 220, 221.

So, then, it seems that a denial of the doctrine of unconditional salvation, and the intimation, however modest, that it becomes us to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, is the highest exhibition of human enmity to God, — greater even than that which the Jews manifested in the crucifixion of Jesus! "Let the Jew *believe* that," — it may be some consolation to him, — but nobody else can, we are sure, unless by courtesy we except our author.

The punishments that follow the successive exhibitions of human enmity have a corresponding ratio of severity. The punishment of the first exhibition, by Adam, was simply death, — the loss of natural life; that of the second,

by the descendants of Abraham, was their exclusion from the kingdom of the Messiah, — the loss of all their peculiar privileges and blessings as the people of God ; and that of the third, by all mankind, is the complete and everlasting destruction of human nature itself. And this is effected, we are told, " by the complete and everlasting supersession of the nature of the earthy by the nature of the heavenly, or by the swallowing up of the nature of the earthy in the nature of the heavenly." (p. 503.) As to the time and manner of this punishment, the author says, that

" The destruction, or highest punishment of human nature is effected through the medium of its new creation in Jesus glorified. In this way is it destroyed, by being new created in the persons of the members of the church, [those who receive the truth of unconditional salvation,] in time, as to their minds, and at the end of time, or fulness of Christ's second coming, as to their bodies likewise. And in this way it is destroyed, by being new created, in the persons of the unregenerate, at the consummation of all things, when ' death, the last enemy, is destroyed,' and God is manifested as the ' all in all.' Then has the corruptible the incorruptible put upon it; then has the mortal the immortal put upon it; and, as the necessary result, ' death is swallowed up in victory.' " — pp. 506, 507.

Thus it appears " that the highest punishment of human nature and the highest blessing conferred by God on man are actually identical. In other words, that God, in punishing, blesses in the highest degree the subjects of his punishment." (p. 506.)

We have gone far enough in the investigation of the merits of this grand scheme to be satisfied, that, upon the whole, we cannot adopt it. We commend Mr. Thom's ingenuity, sincerity, and zeal, but cannot praise his system. It is all wrong, from the foundation to the cap-stone. And yet, in our judgment, it is preferable, on the score both of the arguments by which it is maintained and of the spirit which it breathes, to that system, with its various modifications, which prevails so extensively in the Church under the name of Calvinism. In one, the love of God appears striving with the horrible malignity of his creatures, and never abandoning them, but at last raising them up into his glorious kingdom. In the other, Divine love easily exhausts its efforts, and retires to give place to that Almighty vengeance before which the guilty quail and sink everlastingly into night and hell. Mr. Thom writes like a humane man and a Christian.

The idea of the incompetency of man, by reason of the inherent depravity of his nature, to do the will of the Creator, is the fundamental error both of the book which we have been noticing and of the prevalent theology of the Christian world. It created the necessity for those plans and expedients, invented by men and presumptuously attributed to God, for effecting salvation without obedience and moral goodness, which constitute the substance of our popular creeds, and pervade by their spirit our religious literature. In fulfilment of the purpose intimated in the beginning, we may be permitted to offer here a few remarks upon this error.

It is undisputed, that God has addressed to us certain commands; — as, for example, that we shall love him, — that we shall love our brother, — that we shall forgive our enemies, — that we shall put on kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering, — that we shall put away anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, — that we shall submit ourselves to God, and set our affections on things above. Now the Creator knows equally well the degree of our moral ability and of our physical strength. Suppose, then, he should command us to do with our *hands* some work entirely above our strength, — an impossibility, — as, for example, to drain the water of the ocean, or to erect a solid column to the sun, — and should threaten us, for failure to do it, with everlasting punishment; — what would be thought of his wisdom or of his justice? Yet what is the difference, in respect to the wisdom or the equity of the command, whether he require the achievement of a moral or of a physical impossibility? If the thing required be, either from physical weakness or moral infirmity, impossible, there can be no justice in demanding it. To say, that, though *naturally* able, we are *morally* unable, is only to confuse the subject with terms, without touching the difficulty. What human parent would not be pronounced in-human by the unanimous voice of all right-minded men, who should strenuously exact of a child a task completely and manifestly above his strength; and this, whether his inability were that which is common to the race, or the peculiarity of his own natural constitution, or the result of his previous folly? In any case, it is unjust to require what is impossible, he who makes the requisition knowing it to be so.

It is urged, we are aware, that the Scriptures refer all

the righteousness which man ever attains, and all the blessedness for which he prays and hopes, not to his own efforts, not to the spontaneous aspirations of his natural heart, but solely to the grace of God. Grant that the Scriptures do exhibit the matter in this light. What then? Is human ability thereby set aside? God forbid! Who ever believed that man has any moral ability independently of the grace of God? If Jesus could do nothing of himself, how much less the poor weak creature who leans upon Jesus. But surely the ability of a moral being is not measured and defined by what he is in himself alone. It comprehends whatever, lying within his reach and at his disposal, may be of use to him in accomplishing his work. When, therefore, the ability of man to fulfil the requirements of religion is asserted, the motives of faith, the influence of prayer, the love of Christ, the communion of saints, the comfort of the Holy Spirit, are not excluded, but, being subject to his will and desire, make an essential part of that moral power by which he is able to "do all things." And in this respect all dependent moral beings, we conceive, are on a level. Prophets and apostles, spirits of just men made perfect, angels crowned with light, like the feeblest pilgrim of the earth, of themselves can do nothing; but if they use the means which the Infinite Father provides in order that they may fulfil his purposes, there is nothing demanded of them by the laws of their nature, by the circumstances of their existence, or by the more explicitly declared will of God, which all may not do. To deny this, it seems to us, would be to bring a charge of injustice and cruelty against Him all whose ways are equal.

Observation confirms this view. There have been witnessed exhibitions of the moral ability of man so striking, as to make us almost feel, that, if any thing be impossible, it is to define the limits of what is possible to him. Often an angel's might seems lodged in his bosom. We have seen him stand upon the world, the world's conqueror and prince. We have seen him walk erect over the stormy sea of circumstances, over appetite, over passion, over temptation, majestic in his strength. And when we have observed the high attainments which thousands have made, by the exertion of faculties belonging to their nature, — when we have regarded the triumphs, which whole communities have gained, of moral principle over brute force, of religious sentiment

over secular passion, of humane and civil manners over the coarseness and brutality of savage life, — when we have remembered what multitudes have broken the chains in which sin had bound them, and raised themselves into a condition of moral independence, — we have felt that nothing more was necessary to satisfy us of the immeasurable ability of man, no other proof, that, for every precept of religion, there is in him a corresponding and perfectly adequate power to obey it. Look at the victims of intemperance. In men of this description moral power has, till quite recently, been considered as wholly exhausted, and self-recovery as impossible. Their moral life was thought to have been burned out in the lake of fire which is the drunkard's element. "Poor, degraded, lost being," we have said, "the energies of his mind are withered up; his will is crippled; his conscience is seared as with a hot iron; his self-respect is gone; he is past recovery; his doom is fixed." But not so. God has taught us otherwise. He has taught us by numerous examples, that, however the body may be wasted and the affections abused and the soul imbruted, there is ever a residuum of moral strength secreted in the depths of our being that cannot be wasted, cannot be destroyed, and that is sufficient or our redemption. And who does not rejoice in these moral triumphs more than over the trophies of a thousand battle-fields? Who does not feel, in view of them, that, weak, irresolute, tempted, fallen though he be, it is still an honor to be a man? We are told that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety-and-nine just persons that need no repentance. We believe it. We can understand why it is. We can pour a full note of harmony into their enraptured song. For man, as he then appears, is no more a mean, deformed, impotent, grovelling creature, — a broken and crushed monument of the Creator's handiwork, the sight of which moves the heart to pity or contempt, — no longer the mere "paragon of animals," more cunning and of more lofty bearing than the rest. He seems, on the contrary, a being "but a little lower than the angels"; he is crowned with glory and honor, he sits a king on the circle of the world; sin crouches subdued and ashamed at his feet.

> "O misanthrope! deny who would—
> O moralists! deny who can—
> Seeds of almost impossible good,
> Deep in the deepest life of man."

We are constrained to indicate briefly one other aspect of this subject. It is one of the plainest principles of Christianity, that man is to be loved and held in honor *as man*. This is an important principle. But the theology which assumes as its basis the inherent enmity of human nature to God makes man a despicable being. It represents him in a character which it is wicked to honor. Such as it describes him, he ought not to be loved. The enemy of all goodness, the enemy of the good God himself, why should he be regarded with respect? Either that principle is false, or this theology must pass away. And if it does nothing for man,—nothing to cheer him, nothing to help him, nothing to carry him forward towards the perfection of his being,—in Heaven's name, why should it not pass away? If it tends only to depress, discourage, afflict, and paralyze his heart, and to divide him from his brethren, the world may well spare it. We may speak of man as desperately wicked, and overwhelm him with our sense of his awful condition by nature; but if we take no other means to save him, if we have no friendly word for him, if we have no heart to love him, we shall speak to no purpose. The Gospel is kind even to the evil and unthankful. It loves man *as* man. It goes into the garret of the beggar, into the cell of the prisoner, into the cabin of the slave, and there, in the forlorn, the forsaken, the crushed, sees men, immortal men, children of God, with God's image in them, to be pitied, loved, comforted, and saved. Before its holy presence, all men are as one family of kindred hearts, warmed with the same spirit of life, having many common sentiments that bear the impress of a Divine origin, and destined to survive together all earthly things. With this view, we may, we must, honor and love our brother; we must look benignly — as God looks from heaven — on our race, pressing onward by infinite struggles, and with groanings that cannot be uttered, to rest and glory.

This principle, if true, must work a reform in religious literature. That literature, of necessity, bears the stamp and color of those ideas of man — his nature, capacities, rights, and duties — which have prevailed. Now these ideas are for the most part contrary to the principles of Christianity, opposed to those sentiments of freedom, humanity, and brotherhood which Jesus inculcated. Most of the standard religious works breathe no spirit in unison with his who tasted death for every creature, and who taught that all are breth-

ren ; utter no sentiment, unless it be faintly, and, as it were, by accident, in harmony with those exalted views of man with which the Gospel abounds. It is true, indeed, that much of the religious poetry of Christendom forms a grateful exception to this remark. Much of it breathes the right spirit. Imagination, taking the lead in poetry, breaks away from all artificial conditions and unnatural relations, — soars "above principalities and powers," and rests in truth, lives in light, so that, when man is the theme, justice is done him ; he is fairly portrayed ; and we can honor and love him in the picture. But generally, religious literature, having grown up under those institutions which create great distinctions amongst men, does not regard man in the spirit of Christianity, fails to recognize the moral grandeur infolded in his nature, and is wanting in sentiments of respect, sympathy, and love towards him. It notices with becoming reverence only the few. The doctrine of Election shines clearly on its pages. The literature of freedom, founded in the capacity of man to know the right and to govern himself, has scarcely begun to be written. That liberty which draws its life from a widely diffused intelligence and virtue, and which is at once their offspring and their guardian, has been but indistinctly illustrated in the writings of those who exercise the widest sway in the world of letters. In fact, intelligence and virtue have been denied to men at large. The doctrine of the essential inferiority and natural subordination of the many to the few vitiates the literature of the civilized world, ancient and modern, and has controlled most of the productive minds in all nations. Man is not generously regarded. That he has capacities for service ; that he is a useful and necessary instrument for clearing forests, and working mines, and building roads, and fighting battles ; that some provision should be made for his subsistence ; that laws must be enacted to govern him ; that the evil tendencies of his depraved nature must be watched and restrained ; — this is clearly enough admitted. But that he is a being of excellent faculties, "large discourse of reason," boundless capabilities, noble heart, created to gain eternal life "by patient continuance in well-doing," — this finds no fit expression. And it cannot be doubted, moreover, that the theology of Christendom partakes largely of the spirit of the political institutions under which it has been formed. Between that theology and those institutions there is a mutual action and reaction in each

other's support. It is a theology of caste and privilege, — of the noble, the prince, the emperor. It looks with contempt on *man*. It stigmatizes him as abject, vile, miserable, incapable of any good; and so falls in exactly with the notions of those who assume a divine right to govern him. It has no agreement with the great principles of human liberty. It is essentially feudal, aristocratic, and despotic.

But we rejoice to add our belief, that, with the spreading intelligence, virtue, philanthropy, and freedom of this age, it is gradually changing its features and assuming an aspect of greater benevolence. The good work begun in it, we doubt not, will go on till the theology of the Christian world, resting on the basis of man's capacity for all goodness, instead of that of the total enmity of his nature to God, and demanding for him the honor and love which are his due, shall adequately represent the simplicity, the freedom, the humanity, and the benevolence of the Gospel of Christ.

J. W. T.

Art. III. — CONCLUSION OF PLATO'S GORGIAS.

[The following extract from Plato is justly ranked among the most remarkable passages in Greek literature. It presents in a form sufficiently distinct, through the fable or myth in which it is conveyed, the idea which the best and most enlightened of the Greeks entertained respecting the future state, and shows how they derived from the doctrine a motive for living a good life here below. It insists that we ought to be more anxious not to do injury than to escape injury ourselves. It teaches that a man's supreme care should be, not to *seem*, but to *be* good, in private and in public; and admonishes us so to live in this world, as to be accepted when called to our final account. Perhaps we see in this passage the utmost limit to which the light of nature has ever conducted the human mind; and the coincidence between parts of it and the highest Christian precepts is certainly very striking. But Jesus has revealed the Father as neither Socrates nor Plato ever saw or could see him, and more fully and spiritually illustrated the Divine law, and brought life and immortality into brighter light, and by these revelations has supplied immeasurably higher motives to a good life.

Socrates is addressing Callicles, who, with Polus and Gorgias, are the characters of the dialogue.]

Now listen to a very beautiful story, which you, I suppose, will regard as a fable, but I deem it a genuine account. For what I am going to say I shall rehearse to you as being true.

According to a tradition in Homer, the government was administered by Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, when they had received it of the Father. There was formerly in the time of Saturn, and always has been, and is yet now, among the gods, this law respecting men, — that whosoever of mankind has conducted justly and religiously in life shall depart when he dies to the Islands of the Blessed, and dwell in all felicity beyond the reach of evils; but whosoever has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the prison of retribution and punishment, called Tartarus. Now men in the time of Saturn, and yet more recently in the reign of Jupiter, received while alive their sentence from living judges, and judgment was administered on that very day on which they were to die. Of course, the judgments were badly administered. Whereupon, Pluto and the keepers of the Happy Islands went to Jupiter, and told him that men very often came to them appointed to each of the two places, not according to their deserts.* Then Jupiter replied, — "I will put a stop to these proceedings. The judgments are now indeed badly administered. For," said he, "the persons who are judged are covered all up when they are judged, since they are judged while living. Hence," continued he, "while having depraved souls, they are apparelled in beautiful bodies, and are aided by family rank and wealth; and when the judgment takes place, many witnesses appear to testify how justly they have lived. Of course, the judges are perplexed by these things. They themselves, too, are all covered up when they administer judgment, having eyes, and ears, and the whole body, spread as a veil before their souls. Now all these things, both their own coverings and those of the persons judged, are in their way. Wherefore," said he, "a stop must be put to their foreseeing death; for now they perceive it beforehand. Accordingly Prometheus has already been requested to prevent this. Next, they must be stripped of all these coverings when they are judged. In order to this, it is necessary to judge them after death. It is necessary, also, that the judge be in the same naked condition, and that

* That is, the bad to the Happy Islands, the good to Tartarus.

he himself also, having died, should with the soul itself inspect the very soul of each person as soon as he dies and is removed away from his kindred, leaving behind him on the earth all that former pomp and circumstance, so that the judgment may be just. Having known these things, then, already before you came, I have constituted my sons the judges, — two from Asia, Minos and Rhadamanthus, and one from Europe, Æacus. When, therefore, these shall have died, they shall sit in judgment in the grassy plain, where three roads meet, two of which lead away, — one to the Islands of the Blessed, the other to Tartarus. Those from Asia Rhadamanthus shall judge; those from Europe, Æacus. To Minos I will give the rights of seniority, to rejudge any decision of the other two which may admit of doubt, in order that the sentence respecting the road for men to take may be most just."

These, Callicles, are matters which I, having heard, believe to be true; and I draw from them the following conclusions. Death, as it appears to me, is nothing but the unloosing of two things, the soul and the body, from one another. When they have become unloosed, each of them has about the same habitude and condition which it had when the person was living; and its nature, and culture, and whatever it has suffered, are all apparent. As, for instance, if the body of any person while living was large by nature, or by training, or by both, the same person's dead body is large after he has died; and if fat, the dead person's is also fat, and so in other respects. If a person adopted the custom of wearing long hair, the same person's dead body has the hair long. If a person has been punished with scourging, and has borne on his body the marks of blows, — scars, whether from the lash or any other instrument, — you can see that the dead person's body has the same. And if the limbs of any person living were maimed or distorted, these have the same appearance after death. In a word, such as any one had trained himself to be in body, while he was living, the same, either entirely or in greater part, does he continue to be for a considerable time after the person is dead.

Now this same principle seems to me to hold good of the soul, Callicles. After the soul has been stripped of the body, all things become manifest in it, — its natural endowments, and the passions which the individual has acquired by every practice he has pursued. When, therefore, they come into

the presence of the judge, — those from Asia, for example, before Rhadamanthus, — Rhadamanthus, placing them near, inspects the soul of every one, not knowing whose it is; but if, upon laying hold of some great king, or any other king or ruler whatsoever, he discovers nothing at all sound in the soul, but perceives that it has been scourged, and is full of scars which perjuries and injustice have made, and which the deeds themselves imprinted on each one's soul, and that all has become distorted by lying and boasting, and nothing is straight because the soul has been trained up without truth, — that, in short, it is destitute of symmetry and full of turpitude, through power, and luxury, and pride, and intemperance, — he sends this soul away forthwith in ignominy into imprisonment, where it will endure the requisite sufferings. Now it is necessary that every one who is visited with just punishment should either derive advantage from it and grow better, or furnish an example to others, so that others, beholding him suffer, may through fear of what he suffers grow better. Some are really benefited by undergoing punishment both from gods and men. They are those who commit remediable offences. Through their griefs and pains, a benefit arises to them both here and in Hades. Nor can they free themselves from unrighteousness in any other way. But those who do wrong to the very last degree, and by such acts of injustice become incurable, are set forth for an example. They themselves are benefited no more, because they are incurable; but others receive benefit from beholding them suffer the greatest and most excruciating and terrible tortures, for ever and ever, being held up there in Hades altogether as examples, — a perpetual spectacle and admonition to those of the unrighteous who come thither.

Of whom I assert that Archelaus also will be one (if Polus * tells the truth), and any other tyrant of a similar character. Indeed, it is my opinion, that the most numerous class of these examples will consist of tyrants, and kings, and lords, and administrators of civil affairs. For it is by abuse of power that they commit the greatest and most impious crimes. Homer also bears testimony to these facts. For those in Hades whom he hath set forth as suffering eternal torment, Tantalus, Sisyphus, and Tityus, were kings and rulers. But Thersites, or any other private individual

* Polus had mentioned Archelaus as a prince who was fortunate and happy, although he was cruel and unjust.

of bad character, has never been set forth as suffering severe punishments and in an incurable condition, for I think he had not the opportunity of incurring such a fate, and on this account he was more fortunate than those who had. Most surely, Callicles, it is to the ranks of the powerful that the most depraved men belong. Nothing, however, renders it impossible that there should be good men also among them, and when there are such, it is worthy of special note. For it is difficult, and most praiseworthy, for men who have great opportunity of doing injustice, to live justly. Of this class there are a few. There have been both here and elsewhere, and I think will still be, honorable and good men, who possess the virtue to execute justly whatever is committed to them. And one has become even very illustrious among his Greek countrymen, — I mean Aristides, the son of Lysimachus. But the greater portion of those in power, my excellent friend, are bad. Accordingly, as I said before, when Rhadamanthus takes any such person in hand, he perceives nothing else about him, — neither who he is, nor of what origin, — but only that he is bad; and on perceiving this, first putting a mark upon him to denote whether he seems to be curable or incurable, he sends him away to Tartarus; to which place coming, he suffers due punishment. But sometimes beholding another soul that has lived religiously and according to truth, the soul of some private or other man, — and especially, let me say, Callicles, of some philosopher, who has minded his own business in life, and meddled with no one's else, — he is very much pleased, and sends him away to the Islands of the Blessed. The same course Æacus also pursues. Each holds a sceptre while he judges. Minos sits considering apart by himself, holding a golden sceptre, as Homer's Ulysses says he saw him, —

"A golden sceptre holding, administering laws to the dead."

I therefore, Callicles, have been influenced by these facts, and have considered how I may exhibit to the judge a soul in the soundest state possible. Relinquishing, therefore, the honors which the many pursue, I shall sincerely endeavour, by contemplating the truth, to live the best life, and, when I die, to die the best death. And I exhort all other men, as far as I am able, and especially do I in turn * exhort you, to

* Callicles had exhorted Socrates to quit philosophy and attend to rhetoric and politics.

adopt this mode of life, and this contest, which I say is preferable to all the contests of the world. And I utter it as a reproach against you, that, when you shall meet the judgment and condemnation of which I just now spoke, you will not be able to help yourself; but coming into the presence of the judge, the son of Ægina,* when he takes hold of you and leads you forward, you will stammer and grow confused there, no less than I here, and perhaps some one will give you a disgraceful blow on the side of the head, and treat you with every species of indignity.†

Perhaps these things sound to you like an old woman's story, and you despise them. And it would not be wrong to despise them, if we had any means of finding something better and more true. But you now see that you three together, who are the wisest of the Greeks, — you, and Polus, and Gorgias, — have not the means of showing how we can better live any other life here than that which appears expedient there. But after so much discussion, other things having been refuted, this position remains unshaken, — that we ought to shun doing injury more than the receiving of an injury, and that a man should make it his supreme care not to seem to be good, but to *be* good, both in private and in public. If, however, one becomes bad in any thing, he should be punished, and the next good thing to being just is, to become just by means of the punishment. All flattery, too, both of one's self and of others, and whether of few or many, is to be avoided. And the rhetorical art, and every other practice, we ought to make use of always for the right.

Be influenced by me, therefore, and follow on in that path in which you will be happy both living and dying, as the discussion shows. Suffer any one to despise you as stupid, and to abuse you, if he pleases. Nay, by Jove, do you cheerfully be struck with this disgraceful blow, for you will suffer nothing dreadful, if you are truly honorable and good, and practise virtue. After having thus practised it together, then, indeed, if it seem best, we will devote ourselves to political matters, or whatever else may suit us. Then will we act as counsellors, being better able to give counsel than

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* That is, Æacus.

† The point of this will be felt by considering that Callicles had used this same language to describe Socrates's condition before a human tribunal, under some unjust accusation, against which he would not know how to defend himself.

we are now. For it is highly discreditable to us, with no more than our present attainments, immediately to begin dogmatizing as though we were something, when the same things appear to us to be always changing their aspects, and these things too of the greatest moment, — to such a pitch of ignorance are we come! Let us therefore use the conclusion now clearly established as a guide; for it shows us that the best way of life is this, — to live and die in the practice of justice and of every other virtue. This therefore let us pursue, and exhort others to pursue it, rather than that which you believe, and to which you exhort me. For that, Callicles, is of no account. N. S. F.

Art. IV. — WRITINGS OF GEORGE SAND.*

Among the great social questions of our age, the relation of the sexes, and the abuses of it, form a topic of exceeding perplexity. Perhaps there is none requiring a more remarkable combination of qualities as essential to its profitable investigation. Appalling as are the evils of licentiousness, imperative and loud as is the call for more fearless and faithful attention to its causes, and the means of counteracting it, yet every unskilful or superficial attempt to discuss it only increases the difficulty, and renders the prospect of reform more desperate. More than almost any other question, this demands a singularly philosophical, calm, and pure mind, for its right discussion. There must be a close and patient observation, where observation is both hard to be conducted, and hazardous to the reputation of the observer; facts must be gathered in quarters where there is every disposition to conceal, distort, or misrepresent them, and not much principle to stand in the way; there must be an extraordinary delicacy of taste and sensibility, united with a rugged hard-

* 1. *Consuelo.* By George Sand. Translated by Francis G. Shaw. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 499 and 505.

2. *Œuvres de George Sand.* Bruxelles. 1843. Cinq tomes. 8vo. pp. 518, 560, 486, 515, and 540.

3. *The Countess of Rudolstadt.* (Sequel to Consuelo.) By George Sand. In Two Volumes. Translated by Francis G. Shaw. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 301 and 302.

4. *Jacques.* By George Sand, Author of Consuelo, etc. Translated by Anna Blackwell. New York. 1846. 2 vols. pp. 178 and 173.

ness and absence of excitability; there must be a strong practical sense, too shrewd to be easily deceived; an insight too penetrating to be imposed upon; a comprehensive power of generalization; and a heart quick and tender enough to feel keenly the outrageous wrongs and unutterable miseries which curse and degrade the victims of this base passion. Ordinary persons, therefore, however zealous to do good in this cause, must be content to stand aside from public effort, and confine their endeavours to the narrower but not less noble limits of a personal influence, within a private sphere, — where perhaps, after all, the chief burden of the reformation is to be borne, — or else they will be sure to do irretrievable mischief. The task of awakening and directing the public conscience, of informing the public mind, and of pointing out methods of action must devolve on a select few of the wisest of our generation.

With some diffidence, and much reluctance, we are constrained to avow our honest opinion that George Sand cannot be enrolled in this number. Yet it is a place she aspires to hold. So she distinctly declares, in more than one of her prefaces. She asserts her desire to do something, conscientiously and sincerely, to promote a pure, blameless relation between man and woman; to deliver society, as at present constituted, from one of its most appalling and fatal scourges. And we have neither the disposition nor the right to dispute this claim. The special object of her satire — for certainly her representations are not of a kind to convict us of severity in applying this term — is marriage, as it exists under modern civilization. That we may do her no injustice by a misstatement of her purpose, we will allow her to declare her design in her own language. We quote now from her preface to a Paris edition of her complete works, under date of 1842.

"A singular phenomenon has made its appearance, within the last ten years, in quite a small corner of the literary world, with reference to my romances. It would be hardly worth speaking of, if all cases of the same nature were not exemplified by this instance, which is but one among a thousand. The following is the fact, seeming personal to myself at first sight, but nevertheless connected with great social questions. During those ten years, in a series of novels which I do not therefore pretend to consider very important or very profound, I have addressed to the men of my age a succession of very sincere questions, to

which criticism has yet found no reply, except that it was very indiscreet of me to demand the truth. With much reserve and deference at first, I asked, in two novels entitled 'Indiana' and 'Valentine,' What is the morality of Marriage, as we contract and consider it at the present day? I was twice answered, that I was a dangerous questioner, and an immoral novelist.

"This determination to elude the question, after the manner of the Catholics, by condemning the spirit of inquiry, surprised me a little in critics in whom I vainly sought for any trace of a religion or any belief whatever. This made me think that the ignorance of criticism related not only to social, but also to human questions; and I inquired of it, in a novel called 'Lelia,' how it understood and explained Love. This new question threw our critics into a real fury. Never had a novel unchained such anathemas, nor excited such ferocious indignation. I had a perverse spirit, an odious character, an obscene pen, for having sketched the phantom of a woman, who seeks in vain for love in the heart of the men of our time, and who retires to the desert, to dream there of the love with which St. Theresa burned. Yet I was not convinced that the fathers of the Church, with whom I had my head filled at the time, had inspired me with the idea of an abominable book.

"I wrote a new novel which I called 'Jacques,' in which, taking man as the principal type, I asked again, and this time in the name of the man, as before in the name of the woman, what was the Ideal of love in marriage. This time it was worse yet. I was the enemy of marriage, the apologist of licentiousness, the despiser of fidelity, the corrupter of all wives, the scourge of all husbands.

"Still later, in a novel called 'Spiridion,' I asked of my age what was its Religion. It was said to me that this preoccupation of my brain wanted actuality. The critics who had reproached me so much for having neither faith nor law, for being only an artist, — that is, according to their notions, an atheist fit for the stake, — addressed to me wise and paternal reproaches for my pretension to a belief, and for wishing to give myself the airs of a philosopher. 'Remain an artist,' they cried from all sides; as Voltaire said to his wig-maker, 'Make wigs.' . . . . . These doctors have at last taught me one thing, namely, that the criticism of the journals has not the first word of those social enigmas of which I have ingenuously asked the solution. Hence it is that I shall continue to question my contemporaries, not accepting at all this reasoning of the conservatives, that one must not make known the evil, at least until one has found a remedy. If questions are crimes, there is a way to stop them. It is, to answer them. And I ask those persons whom my curiosity

scandalizes, to put my mind to rest once for all by proving to me that all is clear and goes well. But hitherto, alas! they have given me no other reply than that of the song of King Dagobert, that great politician of antiquity, if we may believe the legend,

'Apprends, lui dit le roi,
Que je n'aime pas les pourquoi.'"

Now we will not advance the harsh hypothesis, that this preface is wholly an after-thought; that it occurred to Madame Dudevant not till after her works were written, that they might be brought under the fair show of a very ingenious and pretty system, and emblazoned in an ethical design; for there are intimations of an earlier date, that she claimed to be the teacher of some ethico-social lessons.* Neither will we attempt, on the other hand, to disguise our suspicion, that several persons, having been very well entertained by successive tales which they supposed to be provided for the entertainment of idle and listless moments, will open their eyes wide with astonishment, on taking up this ponderous edition, to find what a sturdy moralist and preacher they have been communing with. A vision of the reformer's camel-hair and battle-axe breaking in upon the dreamy mood of delighted senses under the spell of "flutes and soft recorders"! A magic transformation, by a sudden shifting of the scenes, of the gorgeous appointments of Parisian gayety and luxury, to the awful cave of him that crieth in the wilderness!

But without raising personal questions, let us look, for a moment, at some considerations pertaining to this great subject. And we readily avow our conviction that the relation of the sexes, with the duties growing out of it and the vices incident to it, in its engaging interest and its solemn importance forms one of the foremost topics of our time, — one that all good men and women ought not to blink; one that has been too shamefully neglected; one that daily lifts up its cry of bitter reproach in our civilized communities against the false delicacy that has self-righteously gathered up its

* In a preface (prefaces are her stronghold) to *one* of the works constituting the collection introduced by the preface quoted above, there are some expressions that we cannot exactly reconcile with her later professions. She there defends herself against the charge of grave immortality by saying, — "S'il s'était senti assez docte pour faire un livre vraiment utile, il aurait adouci la vérité, au lieu de la présenter avec ses teintes crues et ses effets tranchants"; again, — "Chargé de vous *amuser*, et non de vous *instruire*." This comports more with our notion of the fact, than with claims set up elsewhere. But logical consistency is not one of George Sand's distinguishing traits.

Pharisaic robes, and passed by on the other side. Yet there is a true delicacy, as well as a false; and the destruction of the former would be a far more fatal error than the existence of the latter.

The institution of marriage is by no hyperbole called divine. Next to the worship of the Almighty, it is the holiest institution among men. It is the fountain of the chief blessings that dwell in human habitations. The sacred objects it contemplates, and was ordained to secure, are such as these: — the chastity of the husband and the wife; the contentment and peace of their lives; the preservation of that genial atmosphere of domestic affection, in which all their noblest powers may be developed, and their largest usefulness promoted, not only in this, but in all the relations of life, inasmuch as a happy home sends us forth better fitted and furnished for every task and office assigned to humanity; the perpetuation of the race; the education of children in all that makes up the vigorous, virtuous, Christian man; and the cherishing, in all these, of that reciprocal tenderness and charity which harmonize the energies and activities whereby the tasks of wisdom and enterprise are accomplished. Now, what we urge first is, that an institution such as this, so intimately concerned with all that is finest and most delicate in the spiritual nature and welfare of mankind, so founded in subtile and spontaneous affections, — too deep for the acutest logic to systematize, too recondite for the sharpest metaphysics to analyze, — and so involving the happiness and progress of our kind, — that such an institution should not be disturbed, even with the most sanguine hopes of its amelioration, without the gravest and most enlightened deliberation, not without a most reverent conscience, not by any minds but such as meditate and adore. If flippant levity will tamper with such an institution, it must stand accursed of God and men. We are conservative enough to believe that the institution were far better left precisely as it is, in this country at least, than that it should lose any of its present sanctions through incompetent advisers. It is just one of the last things to be made a topic for agitated and promiscuous discussion. As it involves the most sacred and delicate obligations, and relates to the *adyta* of human welfare, so, for this and other reasons, it should remain to be made one of the last objects of public reformatory movements of all the great departments of civilized life. Let social reorganizers soon-

er assail almost any custom, sooner try experiments on almost any ordinance, — trade, labor, finance, politics, *forms* of worship even, — than on this holy institution, so vital to the order, progress, purity, and peace of a commonwealth. Let them lay no rude hands on this shrine of domestic happiness, lest they mar and confuse, where they cannot mend or restore. The state of marriage is doubtless to be elevated and undergo changes for the better. But it must not be by violent and radical revolutions; nor till the general tone of Christian feeling and life is raised to a higher level, by improvement in many other directions.

The point most in discussion at present in regard to marriage relates to the dissolubility of the contract. There are those — and George Sand is of the number — who advocate more freedom of divorce. They maintain that this would subserve the happiness and virtue of the married, that it would prevent or diminish infidelity to the vows of wedlock, and leave the children that are the fruit of the union in a condition no worse, at least, than they suffer at present under loveless, inharmonious connections, restrained by force of law from being dissolved. Some of them hold that the matrimonial tie would be even more lasting, if it were to be held in a voluntary tenure; that the parties would be under stronger inducements to form real and lifelong unions, and would use more pains to please, if they were left free to separate upon inclination or bad treatment. Such is the doctrine of Bentham and others. "It is well known," says Bentham, "that prohibition and constraint are a stimulus to the passions." "The rule of liberty would produce fewer stray fancies than the law of conjugal captivity. Render marriages dissoluble, and there would be more apparent separations, but fewer real ones." We do not object to a greater liberty of divorce for the reasons put forward by many objectors. We concede that several advantages would apparently result from it. We think Milton's interpretations of the strong passages in the New Testament, if not quite convincing, are yet so far successful as to forbid an opinionative and bigoted adherence to the letter of the precept. We believe that it were well, if some part of the breath expended in enforcing the solemn direction, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," upon those already in matrimony, were devoted to cautioning the hot blood of youth to see to it, that, when male and female are united, it

is because *God hath joined them together*, and by true Christian marriage, such as is discoursed of in that beautiful homily of Master Asheton. We doubt not this all-essential institution would remain nearly the same, in power and authority, though such a change were made. We have, moreover, a perfect faith, that, whenever the state of the civilized world shall be such as strenuously to demand an amendment of the statutes, they will be seasonably reconstructed. Our chief difficulty in the matter is this, — and it is one which no treatise on marriage or divorce we have ever met with has provided for; — not so much that the children will be made orphans, not so much that ill-treatment would be used to bring about frequent separations, — for this the law might regulate; but that one of the parties, becoming causelessly and capriciously desirous of a release, without any tangible violence that the hand of justice could lay hold upon, but by a course of minute annoyances and the wearing persuasion of a discontented temper, would so sicken and distress the other's spirit as to extort finally a dissolution, apparently willing, but really compulsory, — apparently consentaneous, but really both the product and the occasion of unutterable misery to one of the partners. The injured husband would not divulge the painful secret and publish his sorrow to the world. The wife, with faded charms, with a disconsolate heart, perhaps with the burden of forsaken offspring in her bosom, would be left to struggle or to die, broken-hearted, alone.

Of absolute moment it certainly is not, that one side only of this interesting question should be advocated, and the other be undefended. Let truth come here, as it is her wont to come, by the fair comparison and conflict of opposing arguments. But of absolute importance it as certainly is, that the noble theme should always and everywhere be investigated with a serious, thoughtful, reverential, Christian spirit, not only with candor towards the antagonist, but with a weighty sense of accountableness to God. It is this spirit that is too feeble, too difficult to be detected, even by a favoring charity, in many of the fictions of George Sand involving the subject in their plots. This author contrasts most unfavorably with the writer already quoted, who, heartily as we reject his philosophy, and shrink from the principles at the foundation of his system, has treated this topic with a moderation, a calmness, and a conscientiousness not at all empirical, but

philosophical in the real sense of the term. How different, too, are the Frenchwoman's meretricious pictures of domestic discord and inconstancy from that mournful lamentation and solemn protest of John Milton, "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, restored, to the Good of both Sexes, from the Bondage of Canon Law, and other Mistakes, to the true Meaning of Scripture in the Law and Gospel compared," — a treatise not more distinguished and admirable for the grandeur of its diction and the ingenuity of its logic, than for spotless purity of sentiment; — in his own phrase, "as impossible to be soiled as the sunbeam," and not rousing one impulse of passion in the most corrupt mind by any sentence it contains. Both of them had known the deplorable experience of an infelicitous connection, and both had undergone a suspension of the marriage tie. But no one can follow, we think, the intellectual processes of the two minds, and mark their moral coloring, without seeing how different were the results wrought out by the discipline in the two cases. The one harps continually, in Parisian dialect and voluptuous touches, on the solicitations and suggestions of the animal nature. The other rings out in every page of his magnificent Saxon periods, that the Scripture, "They twain shall be one flesh," signifies a loftier than any physical conjunction. As if he had our very romancer, the author of "Lelia," "Valentine," and "Indiana," in his thought at the moment, he thunders forth: —

"This [my treatise] is no mere amatorious novel; though to be wise and skilful in these matters, men heretofore of greatest name in virtue have esteemed it one of the highest arcs that human contemplation, circling upwards, can make from the globy sea whereon she stands; but this is a deep and serious verity, showing us that love in marriage cannot live nor subsist unless it be mutual."

"He who affirms the bed to be the highest of marriage affirms that which is in truth a gross and boorish opinion, how common soever, as far from the countenance of Scripture as from the light of all clean philosophy or civil nature."

"I suppose it will be allowed us that marriage is a human society, and that all human society must proceed from the mind rather than the body, else it would be but a kind of animal or beastish meeting."

"We know St. Paul saith, 'It is better to marry than to burn.' Marriage therefore was given as a remedy of that trouble; but what might this burning mean? Certainly not the mere motion

of carnal lust, not the mere goad of a sensitive desire; God does not principally take care for such cattle. That desire that God put into Adam in paradise, which God saw it was not good that man should be left alone to burn in, was the desire and longing to put off an unkindly solitariness in the cheerful society of wedlock. 'It is not good,' saith He, 'that man should be alone; I will make a helpmeet for him.' From which words, so plain, less cannot be concluded, nor is by any learned interpreter, than that in God's intention a meet and happy conversation is the chiefest and noblest end of marriage."

These expressions are culled from hundreds of kindred import.

George Sand deals with marriage in a very different spirit. Her pet notion of the wrongs of women drives her into peevish and aimless complainings, and without so much as endeavouring to point out a remedy, she vents, through pages of discontented declamation, her uneasiness and her disgust with the age, and with its husbands in particular. The darkest feature in her conjugal creed is, that she shows us no ray of hope, no method of relief. As far as we can glean her doctrine from the comparison of different passages, and notwithstanding an occasional asseveration in form to the contrary, she holds that human nature is so constituted that love absolutely requires a change of objects. If she supposes there is a possible state of society where any thing like a real and permanent marriage between one man and one woman could exist, she certainly fails to explain to us either what that state of society should be, or what kind of marriage that should be. In her ardent rebellion at marital abuses, she concedes no advantages and no peace to our present matrimonial alliances. By ridicule, by argument, by sarcasm, by paradoxes, by picturing, by attacks direct and allusions indirect, she holds them up as preposterous and debasing. Her genius is essentially destructive. She is a thoroughpaced radical, and, forsaking the course of wise reformers, she gives us no hint of the form or proportions of the structure that is to rise from the proposed ruins. We defy her most devoted admirer, with the sharpest critical ingenuity, to take "Valentine," "Lelia," and "Indiana," and give us a clear, connected account of the *moral* instructions relating to marriage to be gathered from all the various characters and incidents of those fictions. We have essayed the task with her own prefaces to help us, and confess

ourselves utterly at fault. Now, to say the least, it is a rather remarkable course for a high-minded and modest woman, feeling herself summoned by irresistible calls to discuss this delicate point in behalf of her aggrieved sex, to sit down and paint, at haphazard, year after year, the caprices, intrigues, and vices of a score or two of imaginary, ill-matched, unhappy husbands and wives, and to do nothing more. It is not exactly the Miltonian method.

We are quite sure that the sort of cure demanded for the matrimonial evils of this age is not the portrayal of such characters as those of Valentine and Monsieur de Lansac, the generous but mistaken Jacques, and the dissolute Josephine; nor our introduction into intimate companionship with unprincipled debauchees like Octave, Benedict, Raymon, Stenio, and Le Corinthien, or women of such fatal facility of seduction as Fernande, Louise, Indiana, or Lelia herself,—for even she had a passage recorded in her memory that might sadden, one would suppose, the retrospects of a woman revering chastity. We are aware, it may be urged that we must be cautious in taking the sentiments or the conduct of a novel-writer's characters for an exposition of the opinions of the writer herself. In reply, we submit, that a writer who chooses this form of communicating her views of great subjects must consent to be judged by that spirit and that teaching which seem to the reader, in the result of patient study of each work, to proceed most from the author's own heart, and most to express herself. In that much lauded but extravagant production, "Lelia," for example,—a sort of symbolical representation of the leading powers whose working involves the progressive history of humanity,—we should be far from taking the sophistries or the sins of Pulcherie, the courtesan, for the manifestations of Madame Dudevant's own principles, though we do not think a woman of the loftiest principles would have presented just such a portrait of just such a person. But we are abundantly convinced of more than we wish to believe, when we can discover hardly a female in all the group of her creations who is not thrusting upon us, *ad nauseam*, some wearisome evidence of the omnipresent influence of the sexual appetite. Such ceaseless harping on that single passion is to the last degree disgusting. We had supposed pure-minded women made the topic a stranger to their thoughts.

But, according to our author's standard, it would seem that

female experience, of a high, thrilling order, must be shockingly incomplete without a lapse or two from virtue. A life of uniform, chaste contentment, domestic self-denial and forbearance, is altogether too tame, commonplace, stupid, for romantic moralists of your women-in-pantaloons school. This is precisely the pernicious, seductive, mischief-working stuff which ought to be ejected from all righteous and home-loving society. It is as contemptible as it is unblushing. It is worthy of a woman who makes audacity, over and over again, her boast, and prides herself in the singularity which, under a false and foolish notion of female independence, spurns those becoming restraints, and those innocent if not venerable proprieties, which a genuine and wise modesty would, after all, be greatly reluctant to trample under foot. The career of vice is described, not always, but sometimes, without its natural retributions. Iniquity rejoices in its low triumphs, villany reaps no harvest of remorse. Society must bear the blame, and suffer the reproach. Individuals may be quite easy; they are only the victims of social inequality, and their sins the legitimate consequences of public wrongs and hereditary customs. We would be unfeignedly thankful to any commentator who would designate the admonition, the lesson, the moral, the poetic or any other justice, in view of this subject, developed either in "Jacques,"* "Le Compagnon du Tour de France," or "Indiana,"— notwithstanding the author's explanations, as quoted above.

It is astonishing how persons of some talent and moral sensibility, but less judgment or profound conviction, will lash themselves into a frenzied feeling that they are raised up for the conduct of some important revolution, which they fondly call their "mission." Undoubtedly, as we have said, married life needs to be improved among us, — needs to be spiritualized. But we shall err prodigiously, if we overlook the incalculable amount of genuine peace, virtue, order, and secret content that dwell in ten thousand habitations of our land, — the result of happy, lasting conjugal connections. Home, just as it is, is about as effective an institution as we

* The real friends of the reputation of George Sand in this country would do well to appoint a committee to circumscribe selections from her works for translation. The recent translation of "Jacques" will do more to inform really virtuous and wise people here of the vicious character of those works than any strictures of her enemies. A few admiring critics will not be able to prove that it is otherwise than vile. There are two kinds of cant,

have for human salvation. It is the fountain of what is noblest and purest in character. Whatever may be said of "la belle France," for New England Madame Dudevant's distress is, in large measure, superfluous, we rejoice to say, — allowing it to be unaffected. Whoever has his abode in village or city may count over, till he is satisfied, instances of blessed and beautiful unions, pledged with earnest and thoughtful affection, with a deliberate and conscientious choice, in ardent youth, made firmer and dearer by all the sufferings and rejoicings of a changeful experience, and in a late and glad old age bringing forth that fruit of mutual attentions and close-bound sympathies which so stays and cheers the pilgrimage when it verges toward the shadowy valley. Every hill-side and plain of our country has been the witness of these holy and harmonious connections, and will be. And for the correction of prevailing wrongs, — wrongs that we by no means ignore or under-estimate, — practically we need a few simple remedies, not much enlarged upon in the Dudevant philosophy. One is a greater simplicity of life, bringing marriage within the means of a larger number of persons, without wounding pride by the necessity of a meagre establishment. Another is a more responsible and Christian action in the forming of connections by young persons on their own part and on that of their interested friends. A third is such a change of public opinion as will fix on the husband who is guilty of infidelity to his marriage vows the same stigma of disgrace that is the inevitable portion of the adulterous wife. A fifth is a resolute disposition, in both parties, whenever the beginnings of dissatisfaction appear, to extinguish them, and rekindle affection by voluntary acts of self-sacrifice and kindness. And lastly, above all, this faith planted in all hearts, that irregularities and caprices of passion in the married are not the uncontrollable giants that George Sand and her associates represent them to be, but things that *can* be controlled, and must be, under penalty of social and personal ruin, — things not to be cured by the detestable, mean, debauching doctrine of a "change of object," but by a small portion — every strong-minded man and woman knows how little and how attainable — of self-command, by useful occupation, temperate living, and a Christian culture of the thoughts and affections of the upright soul.

We proceed to observe that another peculiarity of George

Sand's writings, prejudicial to her claims as a social reformer, and rendering the free circulation of her works an enterprise of questionable propriety, is that by their representations of vice they exercise an immoral influence. We speak advisedly, and after careful, deliberate study. We are not unacquainted with what has been said and written on this subject by different parties, and the devious course of criticism respecting it. We beg not to be understood as belonging to that company of critics who have caught up the scandalous rumors, so busily circulated from Paris to Oregon, about this lady's private life or principles. Equally unwilling are we to be understood as agreeing with others, who maintain that an author's personal character ought not to be taken into the account in forming an estimate of the morality of his productions. When we meet an advocate of a particular moral code, we naturally and rightly look to see the effects of that system, as exemplified in the teacher's own conduct. This is legitimate, and no brave champion would shrink from the scrutiny. But we would leave all the eccentricities and foibles, — and the iniquities, if she has been guilty of such, and we have found no one, however enthusiastic, among her admirers who denies that she has, — we leave them all as if they were not. Gossip has fed upon them to satiety. Into the details of her strange biography we enter not. Many of them are but part and parcel of that silly affectation by which she persists in wearing masculine attire, assuming a masculine *nom de guerre*, using pronouns to match that *alias*, and smoking cigars. Whether these are just the methods by which a very great woman would prefer to assert the independence, dignity, and rights of her injured sex, may admit of a question with some minds. "We women are equal to you men! To prove it, lo! frock-coats, tobacco, and nouns in the masculine gender!" It is certainly greatly to her praise that she has lately rejoined her husband, — an individual who is said to be the original of the portrait given us in "Indiana," under the name of Colonel Delmare. We are both ready and glad to believe that she has run her race of folly and sin, that her affairs of gallantry are over, and the days of her transgression ended.

We think we have come to this inquiry as free from bias as if we had never heard a syllable of the author's fame. While we deprecate the standard of moral judgment indicated in the Introduction to the English version of "Consuelo,"

where it speaks of the loftiest style of character as "reared not in the *timid* paths of outward *innocence* alone," we will yield to none in the earnestness of the conviction, that each returning prodigal, male or female, whose penitence is real, should be greeted by every Christian's most cordial welcome, should be met even afar off, should have a place of honor, esteem, and cheering confidence. On the other hand, a writer whose experience has been of that mournful character, whose path has been in places forbidden of God and every high and holy sentiment in the soul, should certainly show us, in her Magdalen confessions, no taint of remaining passion, no delight in the polluted scenes she has forsaken. She should either observe the modesty of silence, or speak language lifted far above suspicion, — language betokening regrets unspeakably solemn, breathing an unsullied purity, and never rousing one ambiguous emotion. This indicates the charge we have to bring against George Sand. It is not that she pays no formal and verbal homage to virtue; for she has many beautiful tributes to that heavenly power which every human soul, in its inmost depths, must sometimes revere with a feeling akin to worship. It is not that we cannot glean from her voluminous productions many expressions such as this: — "All that tends to fix the desires, to shut in the volitions and affections, tends to establish paradise on earth." It is not that she jests at crime, and ridicules purity, — the abominable sin of so much of English literature; her disposition is not of the jocose or even humorous order. It is not that she does not sometimes make vice reap a harvest of wretchedness. It is not that she has a base intention, and *means* to preach impurity at all. But it is that, by the infelicitous and terrible sway of a diseased and abused nature, there creeps into her writings a subtle and almost indefinable spirit which the instinct of a pure heart revolts from. It is that vague but ugly something, which the quick moral sense detects instantly as corrupt, and shuns as poisonous, insinuating itself into her descriptions by force of an inward coarseness long indulged and not yet quite subdued, — herself not willing it, probably unconscious of it; just as we catch from the tone, the countenance, the whole air, of some persons what their lips never tell, but what lies deep in their characters notwithstanding. Is it not true that an irresistible perception of this forces itself even upon her most devoted admirers? One of her most loyal

reviewers, for instance, after an elaborate defence of her writings, as having no immoral tendency, — not yet quite imbued, we should suppose from the expression, with his favorite author's notions of woman's equality with men in strength of intellect, — confesses that a considerable number of her more prominent and celebrated fictions cannot safely be read by "the inexperienced, the young, men of weak minds, and *females.*"

We are aware of the plea, that the world needs to be informed of its iniquities; that good men require to be told of the wrongs and vices about them, in order that they may be roused to work for a reformation; and that novels like Sand's perform this important office. We grant that there is an appalling insensibility to the evils of our social state, and that a voice as of an archangel is demanded to break the slumbers of the selfish and the satisfied. And therefore we regret all the more that an attempt doubtless so well designed and by so able hands should, for other reasons, be so ill adapted to the great purpose. You, Christian parents, would have your sons and daughters secured from the horrible shame of licentiousness, by being apprised of the dangers that lurk at their side. Would you, therefore, spread before them the most voluptuous descriptions of seductions and intrigues, amidst all the appointments of luxury and passion? Would you familiarize their minds with the often-repeated story of sensual indulgence, minutely detailed, and wrought up with warm and brilliant coloring? Would you cover their chamber-walls with the pictures of the Rake's or Harlot's Progress, however repulsive the termination of the downward career may be represented? Would you employ their evenings with relating the amours of Venus, or put obscene books in their hands to prove that obscenity is in print? Stir the animal passions of the young by frequent incitements, intoxicate their senses, tell them pleasure is a charming and delicious thing, and though you add that it leads to ruin, there is self-confidence enough in the bosom of youth to imagine, as experience shows us millions have imagined, that they can enjoy the pleasure, and yet stop short of the ruin. No; this is not the way to inform mankind of the perils that lie in wait for their peace. George Sand has not the secret of that delicate errand. It is not her mission. Her pencil is too glowing. She gives us, not bare and hideous outlines, but the warmth and passionateness

of finish, which are too insidious for such readers as make up the multitude, — readers not guarded either by the impenetrable armour of Christian principle, or by a temperament unusually frigid. She lingers with too much apparent relish over passages which she should either have never recorded, or have blotted with repentant tears. Acquaint society, by all means, with existing corruptions, that you may prepare the way for reform. But, in the name of all that is sacred, do it with solemnity, with awe, with a God-fearing, soul-honoring sense of responsibility. Do it by facts, statistics, results, — not by the imagination. Show men the extent of evil, not the process of its seductive operation. With a few general features before them, their own imagination, without the stimulus of another's, will easily fill up the picture. Set before them the victim of vice in the prostration and infamy of the last lapses in degradation, then just indicate the beginnings that are to be resisted, without gorgeous and protracted portrayals of the scenes of solicitation. Difficult as it is to describe it, who cannot conceive of a fiction even executing this very office without one trace of indelicacy; and who would not thereby conceive of a very different sort of production from these under our notice? An example occurs, on an humble scale, indeed, in Wilson's "Margaret Lyndsay." After all, there is a species of fallacy about this whole matter of informing the world of its vices, which a profounder knowledge of human nature would explode. "Purest wisdom sometimes comes from knowledge of *both good and evil*," says the Introduction to the American translation of "Consuelo." We remember a remark of a very penetrating mind to this effect: — "As the highest knowledge of music supposes keenest sensibility to discord, and as the possession of poetic power is the safeguard against puerile rhyme, so does perception of error come from knowledge of right; by knowing what a straight line is we know what crooked ones are, and the clearer our notion of the straight, the quicker our detection of the reverse. The spiritualist has the clearest eye to all moral estrangement." And as to the bad, they certainly need not go to school to vice to learn its lesson. Society, we hold, is more improved and renovated by images of purity than by images of pollution, by examples of its noblest attainments and loftiest qualities than by pictures of its degradation. Better elevate men by surrounding them with an atmosphere of light and the company

of the good, than by urging their attention to the records of depravity.*

That we may not seem to deal in general charges without proof, we will specify a few instances, in George Sand's novels, of the kind of immoral painting we have referred to, — as unnecessary and superfluous to any good purpose, as it is salable in the market. Take, at random, the scenes at the villa of that abandoned voluptuary, Le Prince de Bambucci ; † those between the accomplished libertine, Raymon, and the poor Creole, Nona,‡ and indeed those in "Indiana," *passim* ; the passage in "Le Compagnon du Tour de France," Tom. III., pp. 108, 109 ; or the libidinous adventures of the vile Corilla, of the disgusting Count Zustiniani, and that precocious specimen of Venetian profligacy, Anzoleto, in "Consuelo." And here a word on "Consuelo" in this regard. Consuelo herself is an impersonation of all that is pure and noble, and for presenting us that beautiful creation, we join heartily with the most grateful and admiring friends of the author in any words of praise. But we must confess, too, that a refined taste will revolt sometimes at the repeated introduction of licentious suggestions, in connection, or by contrast, with this stainless character. Could not the strength of her resistance and the multiplicity of her temptations be sufficiently indicated to any reader of sense, without this elaborate, incessant recurrence to amorous *rencontres* ? First at Venice, in her forlorn and scanty lodgings, in public, and in gondolas ; afterwards in her northern home at Giant's Castle, both above ground and below ; then in her virgin wanderings with Haydn, and later still in the dazzling theatre of Vienna, and at Berlin (in the Sequel), — is this beautiful being brought before the reader, as undergoing solicitations to unchastity. The thought is thrust into the reader's mind, in one shape or another, and whether he will or not, till it becomes to the last degree nauseous. What earthly use in this perpetual harping on the sexual passion ? Why keep the mind, by implication, allusion, the position of the parties, and in a thousand other ways, on the stretch, for fear of a vile catastrophe ? What pleasure or what profit, for a woman of exalted aims, to associate the heroine of her romance, from

* We beg leave to refer to some other remarks on this subject in our last number. The article in which they occur — on Novels and Novel-writing — was intended to be introductory to this.

† *Lelia*, Tom. I., p. 54, etc. ‡ *Indiana*, Tom. I., pp. 195, 196.

beginning to end, with a bed of lust? To us this fault mars the whole production. We cannot conceive how a very chaste person, male or female, accustomed to put away all associations of the kind as something harmful, belittling, and unwholesome, can read this book, — however high enjoyment may be derived from it through other qualities which it has, — without growing weary of the prominence held by the sexual appetite in its representations. Nor will it quite suffice for its indiscriminate advocate to repeat the proverb, "Evil to him that evil thinks," or "Unto the pure all things are pure." This defence will not pass, nor is the reproach it implies just. Unless those true maxims are to have limitations in their application, they will excuse more than any Christian authority could sanction, more than the disciple of the "largest liberty" would dare to ask. Besides, that weapon of satire has another edge; and if the taunt is, that the offence is in the perverse heart of the offended, the reply may be made, that, where there is no complaint, it may be because there is a secret satisfaction in the companionship, which is intrinsically wrong. Jesus Christ thought it a petition worthy to be offered in that divine prayer, the prayer of humanity and of all centuries, — "Lead us not into temptation." He must be a presumptuous mortal, that can afford, in this frail and sinning estate, to plant himself without the circle of that security.

A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review, in the course of a plea for Madame Dudevant, contrasts the acknowledged voluptuousness of her descriptions with some of the coarse passages of Balzac, — such as his sickening accounts of loathsome diseases, — and avows his opinion, that the latter are decidedly unclean, while the former are not. This is generally the world's way of judging. Refined sin is far more agreeable than the horrors of physical deformity or suffering. The physical consequences of guilt are so repulsive, that they ought not to be contemplated; but the moral disease, eating out the soul's life, may cover itself with outward splendor, and be gazed at with impunity! It is false judgment, and by a false standard. Coarse designations of vice are much less harmful than highly wrought descriptions. Shakspeare and a host of English dramatists introduce foul words into their plays, but they hardly weaken the restraints of any good principle or rouse the passions at all. A tolerably educated person could visit Alsatia, or La Cité of the

"Mysteries," with comparatively little danger, as Nigel and Rodolphe both did. "The Five Points" would furnish a safe promenade for many a young man or woman, who could not withstand the blandishments of a Parisian boudoir. "La Chouette" is a less perilous companion, for any body who can read of either, than "Pulcherie." In the "Mysteries of Paris," Sue has hardly given us a scene that offends the feelings of modesty, notwithstanding the depravity he represents, — not even where he places Jacques Ferrand at the grate; for a feeling of disgust counteracts the excitement of any lower emotion. But what he has escaped in the "Mysteries" he has not shunned in "The Wandering Jew," and hence the fatal error of that powerful piece of fancy. When he goes from the "Tapis Franc" to the gorgeous toilet-apartments of Adrienne de Cardoville, in the Hotel de Saint Dizier, he passes from secure to forbidden ground. Whoever would see the Almighty blasphemed by prayers offered to him over the bed of deliberate adultery, and the corruption of an entire book excused by a flimsy apology in the Dedication, may find both in "Jacques." There is nothing in the whole volume to brighten or cheer any mortal's lot. All is dark, cold, gloomy, repulsive. May Heaven remove the curse which must follow such a work unrepented of!

We maintain that an author is responsible for the general impression produced by his works, not less than for particular arguments, doctrines, or assertions contained in them. And this indwelling, pervading spirit of a book, no disclaiming preface, however fair its aspect, can contravene, though it may contradict it. Just as an indefinable influence goes out from the living man, apart from any specific words he may utter, or from his actions in detail, not to be fully accounted for by any given deed or speech, not to be substantiated by any specific example of conduct, but yet eminently expressive of character because it is a kind of involuntary manifestation of the result developed from its aggregate of qualities, — so a book, of any ability, reveals a certain pervading spirit, and impresses a meaning hardly to be detected by the sharpest analysis. It is as subtile, as intangible, as the odor of flowers, yet as characteristic.

Now we are far from saying that this general impression of a book will be exactly uniform on a number of different minds. But it will be sufficiently so to impose on the writer

a serious responsibility for its nature. To each individual this impression may be a far more important thing than any detached passage, or any single doctrine, presented in the volume. If it be hurtful, it may work more mischief than the boldest advocacy of an untenable proposition, the most glaring perversion of the reasoning faculty, the most deplorable display of false logic, or the misstatement of many facts. If it be good, it may produce a glow of moral enthusiasm, not to be accounted for by quotations. It is this perverting influence, which, in the case of many of George Sand's novels, we pronounce to be either alarmingly doubtful or positively bad. Without undertaking to speak for other readers, we honestly record our declaration, that we have repeatedly laid down her books with the feeling of having been in an unwholesome presence, — with much the same sensation as that with which one escapes from an ill-ventilated apartment into the open air.

We cannot omit to say, in passing, that this lady has a way of recommending petty falsehoods. She attributes, not to her worse or doubtful characters alone, but to those that are in other respects quite exemplary, this vicious trick of lying. And so far from representing the habit as objectionable, she leaves us to infer that it is a very pretty accomplishment. Sue is guilty of the same indecency. Persons so amiable, and even so honorably just and nobly benevolent, as Rodolphe and Adrienne de Cardoville, when they are overtaken by any little embarrassment, relieve themselves by a falsehood, with as much coolness and as light scruples, as they would scatter a handful of francs among a company of mendicants. So, precisely, with the gentle and high-hearted Consuelo. She tells five lies in Bohemia (in one of which she denies that she ever told any), four in her wanderings with Joseph Haydn between Bohemia and Vienna, and four after her arrival at Vienna. In the Sequel, "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt," it is worse yet, if possible; and there we have a deliberate apology for the practice, on the score of generosity. Now it is a matter of something like moral certainty, established by wide observation, that persons who lie in small matters will, under certain exigencies, lie in large matters; and that persons who lie deliberately at all will commit other sins of a like kind. Mean vices are no anchorites; they do not love a solitary life. Nor will we allow the defenders of these authors to say that it is a narrow and bigoted

criticism to censure faults like this in the presence of high, commanding, and atoning qualities. On the other hand, we protest against this laxity. We say, lying is decidedly bad morality, under all circumstances whatsoever. Done for personal security, it is cowardice. Done for selfish convenience, it is a detestable meanness. Done in a good cause, it is an insult and an injury to that cause. As Carlyle says, after the Gospel, and to the purpose, — "A man in no case has any liberty to tell lies. It had been in the long run better for Napoleon, too, if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose, reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies?"

By far the most weighty fault in George Sand's writings pertains, however, not to her views of any one specific subject or statute of morality, but to the principle that lies at the very foundation of her religious philosophy. There is a fatal absence of any believing recognition of Christ and Christianity. In the plans which she, and her French compeers in social agitation, propose for the regeneration of the race, the faith of the Evangelists does not hold the supreme place. Consuelo is represented as the model of feminine character. But what has Christianity in the most distant way to do — what has any thing but nature, art, music,* to do — with her purity, her elevation; and the development of the powers of her soul? These writers and workers do not bend submissively, meekly, trustingly, before that majestic revelation of truth which has ever been and ever must remain the fountain of all great endeavours for the moral amelioration of mankind. In their dispensation, it is easy to see that Jesus of Nazareth is not the authoritative lawgiver, his word is not the supernatural light and life. Rhetoric may speak of Jesus in courtly and well-turned phrases, in flattery almost profane, as the highest genius, the noble, the brave. There may be a fervent admiration often expressed for the martyr

* "To glorify music," says the Introduction to Consuelo, "is her religious mission." "Music is her highest duty, her confession of faith, her acknowledgment of God." This is sufficiently intelligible. — In the fatiguing disclosures, made in the latter part of "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt," of the principles of that redoubtable Order of Free Masons, "The Invisibles," we find set forth the place which this ultra-rationalizing school assign to Christ. Excellent, humane, holy, as many of those principles were, have we not a significant intimation of the results of any such system in the fate of the Order, as afterwards announced? Crafty men speculated in it, and it was betrayed. (*Œuvres*, Tom. V., p. 203.)

of Calvary, as one, perhaps the mightiest, of the "noble army." Among the sages, the moralists, the heroes of the centuries, he who spake as never man spake may hold an honored seat. And in the pantheon of modern worship, the statue of that Divine messenger who cried, "I come forth from the Father," "I and my Father are one," "I am the resurrection and the life," may be even permitted to stand side by side with the images of Orpheus, Jason, and Pan, Solon, Numa, and Alfred. How different all this is from a reception, by faith, of the Christ of the Gospels, as the Son of God, the Head of the Church, the Redeemer of men, who, — after the speculations and controversies of the last half-century, in Germany and England, France and America, — who does not know?

According to the system referred to, æsthetics is the substitute for theology; art, for Christian faith; associations of artists and artisans, for the Christian Church; the admiration of the beautiful, for piety towards God; and homage to genius, for the worship of the Father. Virtue is an impulse. Enjoyment is the fulfilling of the law. Follow the leadings of a refined taste, and the spontaneous suggestions of nature, guided only by a conventional and politic measure of restraint, and you will reach the perfection of being, and the ultimatum of human happiness. Is a man vicious? It comes from without, not from within him. Would you redeem him? Lift off the burdens imposed by society, and the unjust restrictions of custom and law. Would you sanctify the life of all classes of men? Equalize, and equalize again, their condition. This is rather shallow, and threatens to grow stale. Granted that "all things beautiful and harmonious, all things bearing testimony, however generally, to the divine origin and immortal destiny of man, have some *affinity* with the highest truth, and are rays of that light which dawned upon all mankind in Christ"; yet, — we can do no better than quote the lucid language of a clear thinker, —

"As soon as the worship of genius proposes itself as a substitute for religion, the *Christian* religion, its falsity becomes perceptible for three reasons: because homage is not religion; because genius is not God; and because Christ is not merely a man of the highest genius. Theoretical in its development, it wants the full ethic power; and though it may occasionally exercise a moral influence, its operations are too secondary and too feeble to be compared with the mighty workings of religious faith. Not

only in moments of spiritual excitement and elevation, but also in those of depression and deepest sorrow, the thought of God can soothe, reconcile, and bless. The worship of genius has not this all-sufficing power. Religion is simple, wholesome food, — the bread of spiritual life, always nourishing and palatable; the worship of genius is a stimulating dainty, agreeable at times, but incapable, when the soul longs for the highest food, of affording permanent sustenance. When the Divine nature has taken its place as the absolute perfection in man's mind, he contents himself no longer with mere *veneration*, but, overpowered by the infinite sublimity and blessed majesty of God, bows before him in the dust, and *adores Him*. Man requires not merely a worship of intellectual excitement and luxury, but an adoration which humbles, sanctifies, and morally regenerates him. Genius points to its Divine Original, can indeed *bear witness* to the all-mighty, all-holy, all-loving One, but can never supply his place." *

No substitution, by philosophy or fiction, naturalism or mysticism, for Christ and the Christian faith, can ever guard from sin, or lead into the heights of holiness,—can ever satisfy the spiritual craving of the soul. Nor can any vagaries of the human intellect, any theorist's speculation or dreamer's fancy, sever the bond which holds the living, personal, divinely commissioned Saviour to the frail, sinning, heavy-laden, but repentant heart of humanity. The multitudes of the world, weary with fruitless seeking, will come back to his fold, gather themselves in glad and grateful discipleship at his feet, and enter into his kingdom.

Of the literary execution of George Sand's writings, in general, it is not easy to speak in terms of too high commendation. Apart from an occasional extravagance, already alluded to, which finds its way sometimes from her strain of feeling into her style, that style is one of rare excellence. She writes always with beauty, often with singular power. Had we left ourselves larger space, we would gladly speak more at length of the artistic merits of "Consuelo," and its Sequel, "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt." In the latter, the interest falls off. A succession of strange events, unnatural scenes, and feverish excitements leave that magnificent creation, Consuelo herself, to exert over us a far less beautiful and powerful charm than when she appears as purely the child of art, struggling with the intelligible trials of her lot, before

* See the able Letter of Professor Ullman to G. Schwab on the "Worship of Genius," called out by the article of Strauss on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity."

her marriage. Throughout the whole, every thing is made subservient to the development of character, a department in which our author excels, and which she displays triumphantly in this production. Unity, probability, nature, every thing in the story, are sacrificed to this, — the development of the characters, and the ideas which those characters embody or illustrate. Nothing can be better or more perfectly sustained than Porpora. There is, indeed, a striking individuality in all the personages. With regard to the illustrious historical characters, and the justice done them, opinions will probably differ, particularly in the case of the Empress Maria Theresa. As to Albert, we confess we wish he had been represented as a little less cold and clammy, a little more like a live man. We cannot perceive the advantage gained by his mystical moods, his awful forebodings and reveries, his incoherent ravings about Jean Ziska, the Podiebrads, and the wild legends of the Boehmar-wald, which haunted his morbid fancy like a nightmare. In our judgment, nothing would have been lost to the interest, the genius, or the value of the work, if the entire web of supernatural machinery had been swept away. It is as superfluous and awkwardly managed, as in Sue's "Wandering Jew." Its strangeness repels, rather than fascinates by any poetic associations. It is as clumsy and unsatisfactory, as Zdenko's system of hydrodynamics, which, we rather think, would puzzle the Abbé Bossut, Du Buat, or Lagrange himself. But these and all other artistic defects are only secondary qualities. The author leads us on, by the potency of her graceful enchantment, in an almost unbroken enthusiasm of delight. — The translation of "Consuelo" by Mr. Shaw is skilful, faithful, and spirited.

To sum up in few words our opinion of the character and influence of Madame Dudevant as an author, it stands somewhat as follows. Among the intellectual manifestations of the age she is one of the more remarkable phenomena. With a mind capable of diversified and intense action, — with large resources, derived rather from an eager and penetrating observation, from an intuitive perception of the significance and relations of things, not unassisted by reflection, than from learned investigations, informed rather by insight than by research, — with an imagination vivid and not easily fatigued in its flights, — with a strong command of pathos, and a stronger of satire, — with an extraordinary mastery

of the flexible qualities of the French language, — with these brilliant endowments, she is equal, intellectually, to high endeavours and unusual achievements. Such achievements her rather voluminous romances present. On her susceptible nature a painful experience has wrought with terrible power. Unfortunately, the strength of her moral principles has not balanced the vigor of her mind. Accordingly, we see in her one of those sad spectacles of which literary history exhibits too many; — genius wandering from rectitude ; conscience unsettled from its throne ; no firm faith to harmonize and tranquillize the motions of a soul, deploring in bitter lamentations, now in whinings of discontent, now in shrieks of anguish, its desolation and its misery. She has deep, fervent sympathies with her kind, and she would rejoice to deliver them from the inequalities, wrongs, sufferings, that burden them. But for the office of a genuine reformer it is to be feared she has unfitted herself. Her spirit has not the healthful, genial tone which to the true reformer is indispensable. Granting what her friends claim for her, unaffected earnestness and longing for truth, yet her earnestness is a bitter earnestness. She has too much the temper of Rousseau, too little that of Fénelon ; too close an affinity for the morbid anatomy of Byron, too slight an infusion of the wholesome sympathy of Wordsworth, Dickens, or Scott. Her energy has not the magnificence of a surface in repose, hiding invincible powers beneath. She chafes peevishly, and raves frantically, and sometimes rails almost spitefully. Some of her most eloquent and splendid passages, like that at the conclusion of "Lelia" for example, lose a great part of their force and beauty by their exaggerations ; they are not true, they grossly misrepresent the age, and abuse humanity. For the prophet's vocation, the loftiest human calling, she has not the needed consecration. Sadly out of joint as the world actually is, by looking at it through the distorted and discolored medium of a distempered and remorseful heart she does not see even its disturbed proportions aright. She drank too deeply of the world's most poisonous cup ; and though she has repented with a sorrow that we would not doubt is accepted of Heaven, yet the dregs have left disease and imbecility in her constitution. There is no exception to the heavenly rule of retribution. The time may come, when she will have risen so far above her past debasement (we will not change the word, for the glitter of genius

shall not make itself a curse to us by blinding us to the eternal justice and verity of God's law) as to teach mankind on the most sacred of their duties, and by lessons that exhibit no remaining stain of the corrupt scenes which her erratic feet have traversed. We naturally require of a Magdalen, that she should be even farther removed, in repugnance, from every trace of the sin forsaken, than another. At present, she has not reached that height. The stain is there, palpable, though no malicious rumor pointed its finger at the cause. It is not improbable that she will yet become so baptized into that living faith of Christ, hitherto little more than one of many pure poetic dreams to her fancy, that she may instruct the world in their highest obligations. That time has not yet come, as we devoutly hope it will. When it arrives, we shall gladly welcome her counsels, whether by romance or disquisition. Till then, we cannot rejoice in the dissemination of her works, indiscriminately, among the half-informed portions of the community. The books that mark the previous stages of her progress, and chronicle the vagaries of her struggling philosophy, can do little service to the substantial welfare of men. The work of a destructionist is not so difficult that we need be as anxious to multiply laborers in that field as to hearken to those who propose remedies for existing evils, — though even the work of destruction may be done in a gentle, loving spirit. Nor can we regard it as a sign of very profound thinking, that our author makes it her boast, as in the preface quoted above, that she can put questions which the age cannot answer. It strikes us as rather a weak piece of smartness, this complacent sally, — "The shortest way to silence questions is to answer them." To ask questions that nobody can answer is the sublime prerogative of any child in leading-strings, the marvellous victory of babyhood.

May we be permitted, in conclusion, to address one word to the advocates of social reorganization, — whether on the basis of Fourier or any other, — suggested by the circumstance, that the translation of "Consuelo" first appeared in the pages of the "Harbinger." Brethren, there are those in our community, thoughtful, working, sympathizing men and women, who are looking, not with a prejudgment of contempt, but with sober solicitude, and with the candor that seeks to be enlightened, upon your noble endeavours. Oppressed with a painful conviction of the wrong tendencies in

our civilization; pained by the falsities that cover up injustice and foster vice in the present social condition; knowing well how contradictory many of our institutions and customs have become to the Christianity that is now eighteen centuries old, and was announced by Jesus of Nazareth, bringing deliverance to the captives, healing the broken-hearted, and preaching the Gospel to the poor; perplexed, yet longing to act; with no bigoted subservience to old ways, but distrustful rather, and seeking better methods, with faces towards the East, — these men and women are pondering the thoughts that your voices utter, and are awaiting anxiously the results which your experiments shall unfold. Do not disappoint them and injure truth, by a hairbreadth's departure from the straitest code of morality. Do not make the adoption of your peculiar theory an apology for laxity in the ethical creed, or derelictions in life. Do not fall into a kind of social antinomianism. Do not seize and adopt with avidity authors that favor your scheme, unless they are also elevated to the level of your own purity of aim. Do not weaken the sanctions of stern virtue; nor remove responsibleness from individual souls to institutions, customs, or that vague, vicarious agent called society. Do not impair the reverence, which no spiritual mind can ever willingly see abated, for the benign revelation of the Father's love in his Son. Do not compromise the great amelioration you have at heart, by a heartier devotion to party or plan than to the new kingdom itself, which all good efforts shall help to establish, — the kingdom of purity and peace, freedom and love, righteousness and faith, the everlasting kingdom of God.

F. D. H.

Art. V. — CLOUGH'S SELECT WORKS.*

This book claims particular notice from us on several accounts. It is the production of an old acquaintance, whom we had reason to respect. It is devoted to the furtherance of liberal views, similar, for the most part, to our own, re-

* *A Series of Articles and Discourses, Doctrinal, Practical, and Experimental; constituting the Select Works of* Simon Clough. New York: Published by the Author. 1843. 8vo. pp. 540.

specting the doctrines and spirit of the Gospel. It is the only volume of sermons which has come to us from the sect distinguished by the name of "Christians." The high character and position sustained by the author in the class of ministers to which he belonged give to his writings a peculiar importance. Nearly half of his official life was spent in New England, and there are, doubtless, not a few accustomed to look into our pages, who would rejoice to become acquainted with the printed discourses of a preacher to whose living voice they formerly listened with pleasure and advantage. For these reasons, and others of a like kind, we should feel it to be a duty, and a gratifying one, to invite the attention of our readers to the work before us, even if its intrinsic merits did not entitle it to high regard. The same considerations, as well as the author's personal deserts, induce us to give a brief sketch of his life and character.

Elder Clough was a native of Monmouth, in the State of Maine. He was born in 1793, and, till nearly twenty years of age, was employed on his father's farm. His opportunities for learning, during this period, were such only as the common schools of the town afforded. From early childhood, however, he had given tokens of an inquisitive mind, always loving to read better than to play; and when, in the autumn of 1812, it fell to his lot to have two or three months at his own disposal, he devoted the time to books, under the direction of a good instructer. The consequence was, that he decided to make intellectual instead of manual labor his business for the future. We accordingly find him, for several years afterwards, a diligent student at one or another of the neighbouring academies, except when engaged occasionally as a teacher of some district school for the purpose of procuring means to defray his expenses. It was while so employed, in 1814, that, excited by the frightful mortality which a prevalent disease was causing around him, his thoughts were turned, as they never had been before, to the subject of religion. The serious impressions thus produced resulted, before long, not only in his professing himself a Christian disciple, but also in his resolving, with God's permission, to become a preacher of the Gospel.

With a view to this office, and strongly desirous of obtaining a liberal education, he now devoted himself to the study of the classics, first at a private seminary in Winthrop, and subsequently at the academy in Hebron, where his applica-

tion to the Latin and Greek was so intense, that his eyesight failed him, and he was obliged to refrain from books for several years. Though prevented by this cause from going to college, he did not relinquish the purpose of becoming a minister of Christ. He prepared himself as well as he could; began to preach in the summer of 1817; was soon after ordained as an evangelist; and having, as the earliest fruits of his labors, gathered several new churches between the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers, he supplied, during the winter of 1818–19, the pulpit of the Christian society in Eastport. In the spring he accepted an invitation to visit Portland. Respecting his first effort there, Elder Morgridge — to whose memoir of his friend we are indebted for several of the foregoing particulars — gives this anecdote, for the encouragement, he says, of young preachers.

"As he was the best educated minister of the Christian Connexion in the State (then District) of Maine, his appointment in Portland called together an unusually large congregation and many ministers, — being attracted chiefly by the report that a young man of *learning* was expected to preach. When the hour arrived, the house being crowded, and expectation high, he arose, opened the meeting, read his text, and, having proceeded a few minutes, he paused, and said to the people, — 'My subject looked very dark when I commenced, and it has been growing darker ever since; — I can proceed no farther.' Expressing a desire for some other minister to take his place, he retired from the pulpit, weeping profusely."

From Portland he removed, in 1819, to Boston, and took charge of the Christian society whose place of worship is now in Summer street. He remained in this position, an industrious and successful minister, till 1824, when, having resigned his office here, he went to New York, and established the first Christian church in that city, which soon became large and flourishing under his care. But he did not confine his labors to his own congregation in Broome street. Widely known and esteemed, he was often invited to preach in distant places; and with such requests he seldom refused to comply. Several of his occasional discourses, delivered during this period, were published; as, for example, one, in 1825, at the opening of the Christian meeting-house in Boston, and another, in 1826, before the New York Eastern Conference, at Broadalbin; both of which were of a high order of merit. He was editor, for a

considerable time, of the "Gospel Luminary," a monthly publication, devoted to the interests of Liberal Christianity; in which vocation he gave proofs of talent, learning, and sound judgment. In September, 1826, he was appointed on a committee, by the "United States General Christian Conference," to conduct a correspondence with the "General Baptists of England"; and in the performance of this duty, he wrote that excellent account of the "rise, progress, character, faith, and prospects" of his denomination, which appeared in the Christian Examiner, for March and April, 1827, and which, in the form of a separate pamphlet, was widely circulated, both in this country and in Great Britain. Nor can we refrain from remarking here, that to him at this period, more perhaps than to any other member of his sect, belonged the credit of earnest desires and endeavours to produce that harmony of feeling and action between the Christian Connexion and the Unitarian Congregationalists, which now so happily prevails.

He remained in New York about nine years, or till near the end of 1833, when he yielded to a very urgent request from Fall River, in this State, to become the pastor of the Christian society in that growing town. Of his success there some idea may be formed from the fact, that within three years the congregation, which had been exceedingly small, became so numerous as to require an enlargement of the meeting-house, and that more than two hundred persons were added to the church. Being convinced, about this time, that such services as he could render were greatly needed in New Jersey, he removed to that State at the beginning of 1837, where his preaching was followed by remarkable results, especially in the counties of Hunterdon, Morris, and Sussex. Many houses of worship were erected through his instrumentality; and we are told that large numbers, in that section of the country, attribute to him, under God, their conversion from error and sin. In the eastern part of the State also, to which he chiefly confined his efforts during the last two or three years of his active life, the influence both of his tongue and of his pen was widely and deeply felt. In addition to his other cares and labors, he was for some time employed in collecting materials for a new religious magazine, to be edited by himself, and published by the "General Christian Book Association." But in the spring of 1842 his health became impaired; and after a lingering ill-

ness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and trust, he died in the city of New York, May 20, 1844, at the age of fifty-one.

It is now twenty-two years since we first became acquainted with the subject of this notice. During that time his character has been regarded by us with great respect. It was strongly marked, well balanced, manly, and Christian. He possessed a vigorous mind, which, if not rapid in its movements, was capable of close, steady, and prolonged application. He loved books, was careful in the choice of them, and gave much time to hard study. He was familiar with several of the Latin and Greek classics, and accustomed to read the sacred Scriptures in their original languages. It was said of him, a few years ago, that he was probably the most learned man in his denomination. As to his moral and religious traits, all who knew him were ready to bear testimony to their excellence. Pure, generous, and devout affections seemed ever to rule in his heart. Few men were less selfish than he, and his integrity was incorruptible. He preferred the right to the expedient, and shrunk, as if by instinct, from measures of a questionable character, whatever immediate advantage they might promise. His temperament was naturally quick and sanguine; but calmness, prudence, moderation, and dignity distinguished his conduct. He was ever ready for worthy enterprises, and prosecuted what he undertook with energy and perseverance. He was a man of deep piety; prayer seeming to be his favorite exercise. In the pastoral relation, which he sustained to many churches, he was sincere, affectionate, discreet, and devoted. As a preacher, though in his earliest attempts self-distrustful and often embarrassed, yet subsequently he spoke with ease, fluency, and force, and at times with eloquence. He wrote much, and most of his compositions that we have seen bear the impress of a strong and well-stored mind, and of a heart imbued with the spirit of freedom, truth, and religion. He had his foibles; but they belonged to the surface of his character, were seen at once, easily pardoned, and soon forgotten. From early life he was accustomed to the trials of adversity; but the "evil day," as Elder Morgridge remarks, "revealed his sterling worth, by furnishing a demonstration that his governing principles changed not with a change of fortune. His graces shone forth with a brighter lustre, even as the sun appears more glorious while passing through the darkness of an eclipse."

About a year before his death, Elder Clough selected from his manuscripts a number of essays and discourses sufficient to make a royal octavo volume of five hundred and forty pages, which he published under the title we have given at the beginning of this article. He says of them, in his preface, that "they should have been rewritten; but the state of the author's health would by no means admit of this laborious exercise; so that he was under the necessity of either presenting them in their original dress, or of withholding them entirely from the public. The plain style, however, in which they are now offered, may be as acceptable and as profitable to common readers, as though it had been more labored, and had received a higher polish." We think so, too. Finely wrought diction is not what the majority of people want. But good sense, conveyed by intelligible and strong words, they do require; and of this there is no lack in the book before us. It abounds in substantial instruction of the most useful kind. Faults of language it indeed has; on some points of controversy it lays undue stress, as, for instance, on the mode of baptism; nor is it without errors of Scriptural interpretation. But objectionable matters of this sort are easily overlooked, in view of the sound and wholesome doctrine, the rational and earnest piety, the excellent spirit of liberty and love, and the very faithful dealing with conscience, which distinguish most parts of the volume. We subjoin several extracts, from which our readers may learn something as to the author's views of truth and duty, and his manner of preaching.

The first passage we select is a long one; but it is interesting, because it expresses what the author declares "he believes to be the faith generally entertained by the Christian Connexion."

"I believe, — 1. That the Holy Scriptures, including the books of the Old and New Testaments, contain a full revelation of the will of God concerning man, and are alone sufficient for every thing relating to the faith and practice of a Christian; and were given by the inspiration of God.

"2. That the Holy Scriptures are addressed to the reason of man, and may be understood, and that every individual possesses the inalienable right of reading them, and of exercising his own judgment with regard to their true import and meaning.

"3. That there is but one living and true God, the Father Almighty, who is unoriginated, infinite, and eternal; the Creator and Preserver of all things, visible and invisible; and that this

God is one spiritual intelligence, one infinite mind, ever the same and never varying.

"4. That this one God is the moral Governor of the world, the absolute source of all the blessings of nature, providence, and grace; in whose infinite wisdom, goodness, and benevolence have originated all the moral dispensations to man.

"5. That man is a free agent, never being impelled by any necessitating influence either to do good or evil, but has it continually in his power to choose the life or death set before him; on which ground he is an accountable being, and answerable for all his actions; and on this ground alone he is the proper subject of rewards and punishments.

"6. That all men, in every age, country, and condition of society, sin and come short of the glory of God.

"7. That Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the promised Messiah and Saviour of the world; that there is salvation in no other name, and that he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him.

"8. That Jesus Christ, in pursuance of the glorious plan of salvation, and for the benefit of all mankind, without distinction, submitted to the painful and ignominious death of the cross; by which death the new covenant was sealed, ratified, and confirmed; so that, henceforth, his blood is the blood of the everlasting covenant, and the gospel is the new covenant in his blood; and that, on the third day after his crucifixion, he was raised from the dead, by the power of God.

"9. That the pardon of sin is communicated through the mediation of Jesus Christ, through his sufferings and death; and is received by repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

"10. That God freely forgives sin, on the ground of his own rich mercy, and not on account of any merit or worthiness in the creature; so that we are justified freely by his grace.

"11. That the Holy Spirit is the power and energy of God,—that holy influence of God, by whose agency, in the use of means, the wicked are regenerated, sanctified, and converted to a holy and virtuous life; and that the saints, by the same Spirit, in the use of means, are comforted, strengthened, and led in the path of duty.

"12. That the souls of all truly penitent believers may be cleansed from all the defilements of sin, and be brought into a state of holiness and purity with God, and, by continued obedience, live in a justified state before him.

"13. That the whole period of human life is a state of probation, in every part of which a sinner may repent and turn to God, and also in every part of which a believer may relapse into sin, and

fall from the grace of God; and that this possibility of rising, and liability to falling, are essential to a state of trial or probation.

"14. That all the promises and threatenings of the gospel are conditional, as they regard man with reference to his well-being here and hereafter; and that on this ground alone the sacred writings can be consistently interpreted, or rightly understood.

"15. That Jesus Christ has ordained two institutions, which are to be perpetually observed, baptism and the Lord's supper; baptism is to be administered on a profession of faith in the Christian religion, by which the candidate engages to renounce his sins and walk in newness of life; the Lord's supper is to be frequently observed by all true believers, in commemoration of his sufferings and death, by which death the new covenant was confirmed.

"16. That there will be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust.

"17. That there will be a day of judgment, after which all will be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body.

"This summary, it is believed, contains all the essential principles of Christianity, which properly come under the *rule of faith.* In these principles we should, therefore, be fixed and decided." —pp. 184–186.

With reference to the error, which prevailed some years ago more than now, that "ecstasies and raptures" must necessarily belong to all true religious experience, the preacher remarks as follows, in his sermon on Christian Perfection.

"We admit that true piety is warm and ardent, and is attended with a high state of devotional feeling. If we love God supremely, the spirit of love will overcome and subdue every opposite emotion, and will diffuse itself throughout the whole heart. And when this is the state of the mind, the heart will be warm with love, and a glow of generous and benevolent feeling will swallow up every other emotion of the soul; and this state of feeling will be constant and abiding. Not a few persons, however, have mistaken rhapsodies and ecstasies for the spirit of devotion, and have vainly imagined, because they have been strongly excited, and continually excited, that they are, therefore, wholly sanctified. It should be remembered that excitement depends very much upon the state of the nerves; that some persons are much more excitable than others; and that the nerves of all persons are more excitable when enfeebled by disease, than in the enjoyment of good health. A high state of excitement, instead of being an evidence of full sanctification, is sometimes the result of weakness, either of body or mind, and is more a defect than a virtue. Too much excitement on one subject frequently disqualifies persons for the proper and regular discharge of important

duties. True piety, instead of spending all its force on emotions, and passing off in ecstasies and rhapsodies, in shouts and praises, will lead its possessor to obey God in all things, and discharge every social and relative duty." — pp. 257, 258.

In a discourse entitled "Expostulation with those who neglect the Work of God," the excuse for disobedience founded on the theory of man's inability, since Adam's fall, to choose the right and to pursue it, without God's irresistible grace, is dealt with thus.

"Matter is inactive of itself, and only moves in consequence of its being acted upon by some other being. Man is possessed of a power to begin motion, and to determine it in any direction he may think proper. This power and this intelligence constitute his liberty, and form that image of God which is stamped upon his nature. Whether man possesses this power of acting originally and of himself, or whether he is incapable of forming any resolution, or making any effort, without being acted upon by a foreign cause, is not a point to be reasoned on, or to be disputed about; it is a question of fact, which, as far as can be possibly known, every man has it in his power to determine by the evidence of his own consciousness. We do affirm, then, that every man is conscious that he is a free agent, and that it is not possible for the most staunch advocate of man's moral inability, who has ever yet appeared, seriously and practically to convince himself of the contrary. It is not possible for man in his senses to believe, that, in all those crimes which men charge themselves with and reproach themselves for, God is the agent; and that, properly speaking, they are no more agents than a sword is when employed to commit murder. We do, indeed, on some occasions, feel ourselves hurried on so impetuously by violent passions, that we seem for an instant to have lost our freedom; but on cool reflection, we find that we both might and ought to have restrained that heat in its first commencement. We feel that we can divert our thoughts, and overcome ourselves, in most instances, if we set seriously about it. We feel that knowledge, reflection, and proper society improve the temper and disposition; and that ignorance, negligence, and the society of the worthless and abandoned corrupt and degrade the mind. From all this we conclude, that man is free, and not under inevitable fate, or irresistible motions to do good or evil. This conclusion is confirmed by the whole style of the Scripture, which, upon any other supposition, becomes a solemn and unworthy mockery. It is full of persuasions, exhortations, reproofs, expostulations, encouragements, and terrors. But to what purpose is it to speak to dead men, to persuade the blind to see, or the lame to run?

To what purpose is it to direct a man with a disjointed frame to labor in a vineyard? If we are under impotence till the irresistible grace comes, and if, when it comes, nothing can withstand it, what occasion is there of these solemn discourses which can have no effect? They cannot render us inexcusable, unless it were in our power to be improved by them; and to imagine that God gives light and blessings, which can do no good, to those whom before he intended to damn, only to make them more inexcusable, and for the purpose of aggravating their condemnation, gives so strange an idea of his character as it is not fit to express in the language that naturally arises out of it. We, therefore, conclude that God has set before the sons of men life and death, blessing and cursing; and that the soul that chooseth life shall live, as the soul that chooseth death shall die; and that man has the moral ability of choosing the good as well as the evil, so that the sinner is without excuse." — pp. 409, 410.

We give the last paragraph of a sermon from the text, — "Ye are the light of the world."

"Remember, my dear friends, that the eyes of all are upon you, and that God's glory in the world is very greatly affected by your conduct. Any fault in you will be readily seen and noticed by the world. They who pay but little attention to the stars that shine in their orbits will yet be observant enough of a falling star; and, in like manner, they who overlook the radiance of ten thousand saints will mark with triumph the fall of a professor, and derive from it an argument against all serious religion. You should, therefore, be on your guard against every thing which may either eclipse your light, or cause it to shine with diminished splendor. Avoid, in your intercourse with mankind, the appearance of evil, and give no offence to either saint or sinner. Maintain that seriousness and gravity in your deportment, that becomes an heir of the grace of life. Put away from among yourselves all foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient, and let your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ. In maintaining this character, you must submit to some labor, and expect to be exposed to some inconvenience and danger from those who cannot bear the light; but neither indifference nor fear ought to prevent you from discharging a duty which the great Father of lights has imposed upon all his children. Has God furnished you with talents, or placed you in circumstances which have enabled you to acquire juster notions of religion than what are possessed by other men; endeavour to communicate your superior knowledge to your brethren, by every fair and honorable method in your power, and at every season when you are likely to be heard. Say not, The work belongs to others, — I have

no call to engage in it, — I leave it to those who are better qualified. Providence, which has given you more light, has, at the same time, given you a call to distribute it to all who are in darkness; if you keep it under a bushel, you make an ungrateful return to that Being from whom it was derived; you defeat the purpose for which it was bestowed, and adopt the maxim of that corrupt church which thinks it for the happiness of mankind to keep the world in ignorance." — pp. 516, 517.

From the discourse delivered in 1841, at the opening of the Christian chapel at Hope, New Jersey, we extract the appropriate form of dedication with which it closes.

"We end as we began, by dedicating this house to God, the Father Almighty, the only living and true God. We dedicate it to his undivided unity, to his supreme and unrivalled majesty. We dedicate it to his paternal love, to his free grace, to his supreme worship. We dedicate it to his Son Jesus Christ, the only Mediator between God and men; to the memory of his love, to the celebration of his moral perfections, to the preaching of that gospel which he sealed with his blood, and confirmed by the resurrection from the dead. We dedicate it to the Holy Spirit, the regenerating and sanctifying power of God; to those heavenly influences which bring back the rebellious sons of men to the smiles of their Heavenly Father; to those celestial visitations which communicate peace, joy, and strength to the devout soul. We dedicate it to the sacred cause of Christian liberty, to the rights of individual judgment. We dedicate it to social worship, to religious intercourse, to the communion of saints. We dedicate it to Christian morals, to social order, to diffusive benevolence, to universal good-will. We dedicate it to those solemn warnings, to those affectionate entreaties, to those persuasive arguments, by which a perishing sinner may be arrested and brought back to God. We dedicate it to the precious promises of the gospel, which pour consolation into the devout heart, and lighten the burden of human woe. We dedicate it to the hope of a blessed immortality, in that brighter world of glory, where reigns one eternal day of rest, and peace, and joy. Finally, we dedicate it to the great work of preparing the soul for that state of blessedness, and for nearer approaches to God, its Maker. Here, in this house, may heart meet heart. Here may man meet God. Here may devout gratitude, may fervent prayers, may songs of praise, as fragrant incense, ascend to heaven. Here may the blessings of God descend upon his people, and the dews of heaven water generations to come. May parents bequeath to their children, down to the latest posterity, this sacred spot, this holy temple, where they have met the smiles of their Heavenly Father, and received pledges of his everlasting love." — p. 445.

The author deeply felt the importance of an educated ministry, and upon this subject he was accustomed often and with earnestness to insist. We quote from the able essay inserted at the beginning of the book.

"While piety is indispensable, it should not be forgotten that there are other qualifications which are also essential in rendering a minister of the gospel useful and successful as a public teacher. The great Head of the Church would have an *energetic* as well as an honest and devoted ministry. And hence the necessity of looking into the intellectual, as well as the moral and religious character of the ministry. The enlightened age in which we live, and the general intelligence which is disseminated among all orders and conditions of men, obviously require an intellectual as well as a pious and devoted ministry. It is absurd to suppose a man who possesses a rude and uncultivated mind is properly qualified to preach the gospel with success, to a polished, intellectual, and intelligent congregation, merely because he is truly pious. Pious he may be; but if his talents and learning are not sufficiently commanding to gain and fix the attention of his audience, he can be the means of doing them but little good. There seems to be a great absurdity in giving our children a polite and polished education, and then doom [dooming] them to hear an uneducated ministry. Where education is widely diffused and disseminated among all classes of the community, as in this country, the ministry should also be educated, in order that they may become competent and useful teachers of the Christian religion." — p. 2.

Again: —

"If young men rush into the gospel field without preparation, — without maturity of judgment, — without discipline of mind, — without knowledge, — without that balance of powers which is the result of well-proportioned cultivation, — they will, they must, labor under great disadvantages; and there will be found only here and there an individual among them magnifying his office, pouring forth light on his generation, and blessing mankind. Some will become discouraged in not meeting with success, — others will become vain from a show of attention, — and others again, through ignorance, will be ensnared in the wiles of the devil, and dishonor that holy office into which they have been introduced. It is as necessary for the ministry as the Church, that they should be properly trained and instructed before they are introduced in [into] the holy office." — p. 14.

The topic of these last extracts was a favorite one with the author, and we have reason to believe that what he said

and wrote upon it was not without effect. At any rate, we know that a strong desire has by some means been awakened among our brethren of the Christian Connexion to secure for those who are destined to the sacred office a better preparation than was deemed sufficient a few years ago. And on this fact we dwell with feelings of deep interest. It seems to us that nothing else has occurred in their history, which affords so good ground for high expectations as to their future rank and influence. We are encouraged, indeed, by thinking of their origin; for it is traceable to that love of truth which is stronger than the force of error, to that spirit of freedom which breaks the fetters of injurious custom and throws off the weight of unjust oppression, to that sense of the rights of conscience which is quick to feel and powerful to resist all interference of ecclesiastical misrule, and to that sacred regard for the Divine will which allows no formulary of human device to stand between the individual mind and the record of God's revelations. We also find cause for gratifying anticipations in their subsequent growth, in the success that has attended their efforts to banish unworthy prejudices and improve faulty modes of action, and in their present numbers, entitling them to be classed among the largest sects of the land. Nor do we fail to draw a favorable augury from the amount of natural talent to be found amongst them, — equal, at least, to that of any other denomination not more numerous, — and especially from the piety, zeal, liberality, and devotedness by which they are, as they ever have been, distinguished. But, after all, what more than any thing else makes us hopeful of them for the future is, we repeat, the new interest they have manifested of late in behalf of a more thorough education on the part of their clergy. This has been their chief want. With some honorable exceptions, it is so still. They must supply it, if they would accomplish the ends for which, in other respects, they seem so admirably qualified. Instruction is required of the pulpit now which formerly was not expected from it, and the coming age will be yet more exacting. No sect may hereafter hope to hold a commanding station or to do much permanent good, without preachers possessed of profound and various erudition. God grant that the right views and feelings cherished by so many leading members of the denomination on this great subject may move the whole body to immediate and efficient action! They owe it to their noble principles, to the

favorable position which Providence permits them to occupy, to the wants of the country, to the state of the times, to the claims of future generations, that they make ample provision for a learned as well as pious ministry. Let them do this, and a glorious destiny must be theirs. They now number, it is said, fifteen hundred churches, and as many preachers; and if to their pure and rational faith, their free and liberal spirit, their fervent and elevated piety, their self-denying, zealous, and ceaseless activity, they will but join the highest degree of intellectual culture, we can hardly imagine the limit that shall stop their increase, or the weight of good influence they may not exert. S. B.

ART. VI. — PEABODY'S SERMONS ON CONSOLATION.*

BOOKS of consolation have increased among us of late years. An example was set by the "Offering of Sympathy," an excellent little book, which, though specially designed to meet cases of bereavement of one particular class, is applicable to all; which has carried the peace of God and the consolations of Christ to many afflicted hearts, and has never been superseded by any of its successors, but will always be welcomed in a new edition. This good example has been worthily followed. Several of those whose writings have ever been most acceptable among us have contributed of their best thoughts to this interesting department of religious literature. No one of these books could be spared. Each will naturally be most gratefully received by readers within the limits of the author's parochial walk, who will seem, in reading it, to hear the voice of their own shepherd; and each will have, in the general public, its own class of readers, whose wants it will be best fitted to meet.

Mr. Peabody's book will, we doubt not, fill as wide a sphere, and prove as useful, as any that have gone before it. It consists of twenty-two sermons, selected, as the Preface informs us, "from the author's common parish sermons, written with no view to future publication, at wide intervals

* *Christian Consolations. Sermons designed to furnish Comfort and Strength to the Afflicted.* By A. P. PEABODY, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 312.

of time, and many of them with reference to individual cases of affliction." Nearly all these discourses either directly present the great topics of Christian consolation, or treat of subjects which immediately suggest the comforts of our religion. Two or three of them appear to us to be but remotely, if at all, connected with the main purpose of the volume; but if they do not aid, neither do they counteract, its general effect, and we cannot wish them away. The principal subjects of the volume are the great truths of the almighty and all-wise love that governs all events, the glorious hope of immortality, the wonderful facts of the Gospel history which constitute the rock foundation of Christian faith, the duties of patience and submission, and the true uses of adversity; from which the most solid comfort must ever proceed.

We are disposed to ascribe to these discourses, considered merely as specimens of sermon-writing, a high degree of merit. They are not works of genius; they do not rise to the loftiest eloquence, nor touch the borders of poetry; there is nothing in them, for example, like that beautiful prose lyric of Greenwood, "The Crown of Thorns"; but they are very complete specimens of what they were evidently designed to be, — useful and effective sermons. They appear to have been written with great care, or rather they show proof of being the production of a mind to which close thought, correct and forcible expression, and the exercise of sound judgment are habitual. Their tone is that of manly seriousness. They discover strong feeling, and deep sympathy, and a copious variety of apt and beautiful illustration drawn from the resources of a fertile imagination; and there is also a total absence of every thing against which the charge of sentimentality could possibly be brought. Taken in connection with the fervor that characterizes the whole volume, we regard the perfectly healthy spirit that pervades it as a great excellence and charm. We notice, also, an intimate and accurate acquaintance with the workings of the human heart in sorrow, a nice adaptation of instruction and consolation to various delicate shades of feeling, indicating deep reflection, and a wide experience in the consoling offices of the pastoral relation. The mourner, in seeking comfort from these pages, will feel confidence that he is conversing, not only with a sympathetic, but also with a wise and discriminating friend.

We sometimes meet with sermons, and very excellent

ones, which seem to have been prepared with little or no reference to those whom they are designed to affect. The preacher follows out his own train of thought and feeling, in his own way, taking no pains, apparently, to present it in such a point of view that it may catch the eye of one who does not occupy precisely the same position as himself. A sermon thus becomes a soliloquy, instead of an address. To those who chance to resemble, or to sympathize with, the author, it may be very interesting and profitable; the more so for this very peculiarity; and the fitness of the audience which such sermons find may, perhaps, compensate for its smallness. There are those who defend this style of sermonizing. They call it being perfectly true to one's self, which is certainly the first condition of putting forth all one's power. There are those, on the other hand, who condemn it, as a fault to be corrected, without considering whether correction be possible, or could be purchased except at too high a price; whether the fine and strongly individualized minds which are most likely to fall into this style could operate so effectually in any other way. We cannot, however, but regard it as an infelicity in a preacher. In a writer who sends out his books into the wide world, to find their way to those to whose condition he speaks, it may be a great excellence; but for a living speaker, who has before him a definite audience, consisting of various orders and conditions of mind and character, all looking to him for edification and instruction, it seems desirable that he should, if possible, adopt a different style of address. We have alluded to this description of sermons by way of contrast to those under review. They are remarkable for their directness. The preacher never loses sight of his audience. He proceeds as if the problem to be solved by every sermon was, to put the hearer in complete possession of the preacher's thought and sentiment, and as if he were determined that it should not be his fault if that result were not fully wrought out.

The only point at which we can imagine the doctrine of this volume to meet with dissent is in the importance attached to the facts of Christ's resurrection and ascension as proofs of immortality. In his sermon on the Resurrection, Mr. Peabody discusses, at considerable length, the arguments for a future life derived from the analogies of nature, and from what have been considered the phenomena of consciousness. These are the only conceivable sources of proof,

independently of revelation, that the case admits of. Human experience and observation are entirely out of the question. With regard to the value of the argument drawn by analogy from certain appearances of nature, we suppose the author's position cannot be successfully controverted.

"Analogy proves nothing. It is merely a similarity of relations or principles between beings or objects of different classes; and to reason from analogy is to infer resemblances of which we are ignorant from those which we know to exist. And this we can never do with certainty, seldom with a high degree of probability, especially when the objects about which we reason are of widely different classes; for there must always be some point where resemblance ceases and difference begins, and there is always room to suspect that this point may lie between the resemblance which we know and that which we infer." — p. 133.

Analogy has, indeed, important uses. It is the chief handmaid of discovery and invention. In the process of exploring new truth, its legitimate office is to propose plausible conjectures, to point out the track in which investigation will probably meet with success; but the truth, when found, is established, not by the analogy that conducted to it, but by experiment and proofs. In reasoning upon known truth, its province is to illustrate, to reconcile the reluctant mind to the reception, and help it to the apprehension, of what is strange and difficult. This is the only use that Paul makes of the analogy of the grain of wheat, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. He does not employ it as an argument, but having demonstrated, as he seems to think, the resurrection of man from the well-attested fact of the resurrection of Christ, he adduces this analogy merely to assist the slow apprehension of an objector who had raised difficulties about the manner in which the dead should rise. There are those in whom the imagination predominates over the reasoning and distinguishing faculty, who are fond of tracing out fanciful resemblances, and attach undue importance to them when observed, and even mistake them for proofs and arguments; but we suppose there can be but very few who will seriously say that on such analogies, exclusively, as the bursting of the butterfly from the chrysalis, the springing of the blade of wheat from the buried seed, the fresh and beautiful life of spring succeeding to the apparent death of winter, a faith in immortality can be founded, such as the soul earnestly desires, when it asks the anxious question, — If a man die, shall

he live again? These analogies belong to rhetoric, not to logic.

To speak of a "consciousness" of immortality is, undoubtedly, using language in a very loose way. But there may be a truth deserving of consideration in what is meant by those who talk thus vaguely. That meaning we suppose to be, that a deep experience of the true life of the Gospel brings within the range of clear and distinct consciousness spiritual powers and capacities which physiologically determine man to be an immortal being, in a manner somewhat similar to that by which the organization of an animal determines the element it is destined to breathe, the food by which it is to be nourished, and the mode of life it is designed to live. If this is what is meant, instead of saying that the soul is dimly conscious of immortality, it should be said, that it may become conscious of powers, from the existence of which its immortality may be inferred with a very high degree of probability. And this we take to be the strongest statement that the argument from this source admits of. Let us, for argument's sake, admit the truth of this statement in its fullest extent. How, then, would stand the fact with respect to the Christian revelation of immortality? Why, after a man has made great advancement in the Christian life, he will at length arrive at an assured faith that he shall live for ever; — such a faith will be the crowning grace of high attainments of religious character. Can this be so? Granted that a new source of faith will thus be opened to the soul, which shall strongly confirm all other proofs, or, if you will, which shall be vastly stronger than all others, nay, which shall transcend and supersede all others, still, can this be the only, or the original, mode in which the Gospel reveals immortality? To us it seems very evident that weak and sinful man needs this very faith at the beginning, as an essential means of helping him on to that exalted religious state at which he will find himself on this new and higher ground of assurance. The sensual, worldly, frivolous man, if he carry these signatures of his immortal being hidden in his bosom, is incapable of reading them. It is acknowledged that they are obscured and temporarily effaced by passion, selfishness, and impurity, and grow clear and bright in proportion to the goodness of the life. They are absent, therefore, at the very time when they are most wanted. In the state described, a man has no practical belief in a future life. He needs,

among other things, to have a vital faith in that truth brought home to his heart from a source out of himself, in order that he may be awakened to his first consciousness of spiritual life, that his hopes may be kindled and his fears alarmed, that he may understand his capacity and his worth, and all the responsibilities that lie upon him as an immortal being. This faith Christianity conveys to him by her authoritative teaching of immortality, founded on the word of Jesus, and on his resurrection and ascension. This is one of the most powerful means by which Christianity awakens and reclaims the sinner, and strengthens his first returning footsteps in the ways of holiness. And having conducted him to a high spiritual level, she does there reveal to him the intimations of immortality within his own soul of which we have spoken. We would be far from denying the existence of that source of evidence, though we would not attempt to form a precise estimate either of its absolute or relative value.

But who are they whom we find building their hope of immortality exclusively on this foundation? Are they generally those who have made the greatest progress in the religious life? We feel the delicacy of this point, and we hope to deal with it kindly, though frankly. We shall not, of course, be understood to assume as a general principle, that the truth of opinions is to be tested by the goodness of those who profess them; but in the present case, in which, by the very statement of it, strength of conviction ought to be proportioned to excellence of character, we have a right to inquire whether that proportion is commonly found. So far as our observation extends, — we say it, not unmindful of some of our most esteemed youthful friends, — they who are most disposed to rest their faith in the future life on what they call their intuitions are young persons, of warm and generous feelings, pure purposes, quick religious sensibility, rather exalted imaginations, in whom the virtue of self-reliance tends to excess, whose impulsive characters have not been trained by any very careful self-discipline or by the inevitable discipline of life, who have not sounded the depths of human suffering and sorrow, and dream not of the spiritual wants for which they may hereafter need consolation and supply, but suppose that the faith which has sufficed for the ideal life they have hitherto led will be enough for all the exigencies of the actual life upon which they are yet to enter. We speak of those who are truthful in the expression of their

opinion, not of those who echo it in tones of affectation and cant. They are interesting and amiable in character; but we do not acknowledge their title to come to us as seers from the profoundest depths or the loftiest heights of spiritual experience, and oracularly announce to us what they have seen there. Those whom we might be willing to receive in that character bring to us a different relation. We have only to hope for our young friends, that they will keep themselves in such an open and teachable frame of mind in reference to this whole subject, that, if ever, by an unexpected experience, they should come to feel the need of a more tangible foundation of faith and hope, they may not be unwilling to accept it. Meanwhile, we are not ashamed to rest our own belief on the same foundation upon which such tried and proved spirits as Channing, Arnold, and Ware were content to place theirs.

But suppose we are told by one who relies exclusively on the intimations of immortality which he imagines himself to get from his own consciousness, that, according to the most accurate analysis of his own mental processes which he is able to make, this is the ground, and the sole ground, on which his faith actually rests; that he derives from it an assurance that completely satisfies him, — an assurance that cannot be increased by an external revelation, or by the best attested case of an actual resurrection and ascension; what reply can be made to him? We would say, that, if such be indeed the fact, — if he have read his consciousness aright, — it is a fact beyond his control. It does not depend on his will upon what ground his assent shall be yielded. He cannot choose what arguments shall seem to him the strongest. We acknowledge, also, that, if there be such a thing as an intuition of immortality, it must produce a conviction that is incapable of accession from any other source. But we would ask him to consider, whether it was always thus with him; whether he cannot carry his thoughts back to a period when the authoritative instruction of the Gospel and the facts of Christ's rising from the tomb and visible ascent to heaven had more weight with him than they now have; whether he was not helped up by a faith proceeding from those sources to the exalted position he now occupies. If he have no such recollection, we would then ask him not to despise the external authority and historical facts of the Gospel, because he has risen so far above them; nor to depreciate them in the eyes of others, because they have ceased to be valuable

to himself. The Gospel was not meant to meet his very peculiar state of mind alone. It is addressed to all states of mind and all conditions of character. It comes, not only to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. Not only does it feed the spiritual life of the devout and holy, but it awakens to spiritual life the carnal and worldly. Not only is it a fit companion of the "sweet retired solitude" of heavenly contemplation, in her calmest and loftiest moods, but the guide and helper of the active and busy performers of the world's every-day work, in all its departments, high and low, whose attention is necessarily and strongly drawn to outward things, and who have little leisure or aptitude for searching into the deep things of their own spirits. Not only does it sanctify the enjoyment of our happy days, when the soul seems competent to its own support, but it is the only light and comfort in darkness and despondency, when the soul is made to feel its own insufficiency, and is thankful to be led to a rock that is higher than itself. Let us not, however, be understood as admitting that the proofs of a future life derived from external sources are peculiarly adapted to uncultivated and unreflecting minds. On the contrary, we believe them to have been adapted by infinite wisdom to a vast majority of human minds. We believe that it is only a very peculiar type of mind that is perfectly satisfied, or supposes itself so, by proofs exclusively derived from the soul itself. Whilst the authority and the historical facts of the Gospel have furnished the grounds of their faith to most men, the legitimacy and the weight of the proofs derived from them have been acknowledged by men of the acutest intellect and most exalted character.

In the preceding remarks, we have assigned a place among the proofs of the future life — we would have it understood to be a large and important place — to the intimations of immortality which occur in the experience of the Christian life. Our controversy with those who rely solely on those intimations is limited to the exclusiveness with which they urge their argument, and their propensity to decry other sources of proof. We would say a few words on what seems to us the extreme difficulty, in the case of one born and educated in a Christian land, of assuring himself, and still more verifying to another, that his faith in immortality is based on the internal argument alone. The doctrine of a future life is instilled into the infant mind with its first hymn and catechism. It beams

from every page upon the reader of the New Testament. It is recognized in all religious discourses and conversations. It is one of the very few universally admitted truths of our religion. The materials of which the argument from consciousness is constructed are states of mind and feeling, in their very nature variable and fluctuating, liable to be modified by the more or less spiritual frame of the soul, the peace of the conscience, the elation or depression of the animal spirits, the state of the bodily health. Is it possible that, in the reflex act of examining these exceedingly subtile objects of thought, and drawing inferences from them, the mind should be able consciously to free itself from all the authority of its whole religious culture? Would not the influences of that culture greatly fortify any deductions in harmony with it, that the mind might be disposed to draw? Would it not require an almost superhuman acuteness of analysis to eliminate the force of this one class of arguments from all the influences that have combined to form our belief, and say with perfect confidence, — This degree of assurance I should have had, though I had never heard of Jesus having uttered a word about another life, or having himself risen and ascended? We think that those who honestly make this assertion have misinterpreted their own consciousness. We cannot, indeed, directly prove to them that they have done so. But we think there is a strong presumption, which might make them pause, in the fact, that in the best and purest characters of heathen antiquity, who had attained a degree of moral and spiritual culture which, according to the views we have been examining, should have brought them into the region of clear belief, and whose powerful minds were directed with deep anxiety to the subject, we do not find any thing like the assurance of Christian faith. But on this point we prefer that Mr. Peabody should speak.

"Where, out of the pale of revealed religion, can you find an instance of firm, sufficient, satisfying faith in immortality, — of a faith strong enough to sustain the soul in its seasons of the severest need, and to give it triumph in death? I know not a single instance. The dying Socrates made the nearest approach to such a faith; but between a Christian death-scene and his there is a heaven-wide contrast. 'I have strong hope,' said he, 'that I am now going to the company of good men; but on a matter encompassed with so much doubt it becomes us not to be too confident.' What term of comparison is there between such a timid, hesitating hope, and the full, clear faith of the believer in Christ, whose

whole soul goes forth in the glad declaration,—'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that his disciple cannot die'? The most striking characteristic of the Christian's death is the more than faith, the confidence that will not entertain a doubt, the almost unveiled vision of the life to come, that plays before the eyes just closing upon earthly scenes. I have spoken of the greatest and most revered of the ancient philosophers; and often has his image come up before me in the chambers of penury, and by the death-bed of the lowly, and, except in the word of God, unlettered, and constrained me to say to myself,—'Surely, the least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than he.'"—pp. 135, 136.

The following extract also is pertinent to one of the points of our discussion.

"I shall go from the sanctuary to-day to the home of a widow bereft of her only son, faithful, kind, devoted, the staff of her age, her first grief in his behalf that which rends her heart when she knows that he is dead. With what words shall I comfort the forlorn mother? Shall I babble to her of flowers and butterflies, and talk about the opening spring? Or shall I enter into a metaphysical disquisition on the nature and laws of spirit, and attempt a labored proof of immortality, on grounds which her lacerated mind can neither apprehend nor follow? Or shall I tell her to look within, in proud self-reliance, for her faith and her support, when her stricken and desolate spirit feels more than ever its neediness and its dependence, and craves the voice and the sustaining arm of the Almighty? O, no! I should seem a wanton mocker of her misery. But I can tell her of the widow of Nain, and who stopped the bier,—I can talk to her of the new tomb in Joseph's garden, and of the vision of angels on the resurrection morning; and I know that my words will not seem to her as idle tales, but as the power and wisdom of God for her relief and consolation.

"Here let me remark, that, in these times of intense need, minds are to a great degree equalized. The strongest mind, undisciplined by faith, and inured to a godless self-dependence, then finds itself weak; while the loftiest and richest intellect in the school of Christ stoops to look into the place where the Lord lay, and yields itself to the guidance of humble, childlike faith. At such seasons, we all crave assurances of immortality congenial with the passing scene, covering the same ground, woven (so to speak) of the same material. We demand to see actual instances of resurrection in a body like our own,—death visibly 'swallowed up of life.' I am delighted to find, as I write, the testimony of one of the truly great men of our times, recently deceased, to the adaptation of our Saviour's resurrection to his own moral na-

ture and necessities. I refer to the late Dr. Arnold, whom it would be hard to convict of weakness or superstition. Speaking of a death in his own family, he writes,—'Nothing afforded us such comfort, when shrinking from the outward accompaniments of death, the grave, the grave-clothes, the loneliness, as the thought that all these had been around our Lord himself, round him who died, and is now alive for ever more.'"— pp. 138–140.

It would be useless to multiply specimens of a book which we trust will be in the hands of most of our readers. We would, in conclusion, remind them, that a true book of Christian consolations, a book which aims to impart comfort upon the broad principles of Christian truth, possesses an interest, not only for those who are actually suffering affliction, but for all. The views and sentiments which must furnish support in sorrow, in order most effectually to perform their consoling ministry, should be deeply seated in the heart, and made habitual, before the day of trial comes; and submission under extraordinary calamity is the same in its nature with contentment and patience under the daily crosses of life.

C. P.

Art. VII. — POETRY AND IMAGINATION.*

Nearly all the volumes whose titles we have given below are the poetical productions, within a brief space, of our

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* 1. *The Estray: a Collection of Poems.* Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 144.

2. *Schiller's Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets.* By Charles T. Brooks. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 151.

3. *The Island Bride and other Poems.* By James F. Colman. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 16mo. pp. 164.

4. *Poems.* By Thomas Buchanan Read. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 124.

5. *Poems of Many Moods.* By C. G. Fenner. Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown. 1846. 16mo. pp. 87.

6. *Poems.* By William W. Story. Boston: C. C. Little and J. Brown. 1847. 16mo. pp. 249.

7. *Poems.* By William Ellery Channing. Second Series. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 160.

8. *Songs of the Sea, with other Poems.* By Epes Sargent. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 208.

9. *Poems.* By R. W. Emerson. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 251.

10. *The New Timon. A Romance of London.* First American, from the third London Edition. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1846. 12mo. pp. 208.

American soil. In faithfully searching through their contents, that we might taste the quality of every particular growth in this wide harvest, we have stood sometimes wearied amidst the rich and cloying feast. But we give a warm welcome to these words of the poets, for we esteem highly their vocation. Poetry is second only to religion in its refining and elevating influence. Especially in a community like ours, where so many harsh and excited voices are sounding, we gladly hear the gentler accents of the bard. At a time when truth and conscience themselves are made not seldom to speak in a tone of severity borrowed from the passions, we are glad to have their own proper sweetness restored to them in the numbers of the Muse. And when we see the passions themselves, without being made in any sense the servants of goodness, so often taking the lead in human life, or a contentment in worldly aims and sensual satisfactions prevailing in utter indifference to high principles and spiritual pleasures, it is refreshing to listen to the lyre of the bard, and hope, that, as in old fable, things animate and inanimate will be drawn after it.

We do not sympathize with any strain of unqualified complaint as to the condition of things. Certainly this can be called no longer an unpoetic and merely utilitarian clime. Every unfavorable tendency in human life seems to beget its opposite. The more mechanical the age grows, the more spiritual it grows; the more money-making, the more it mines for the treasures of thought and knowledge. The more the useful arts are cultivated, the more the fine arts flourish. In fact, the soul of man cannot be contented with grovelling in the dust, and serving the purposes of this short existence alone, but recoils from the earth with most violence when materialism seems on the point of most firmly chaining it down, as the torrent of water in proportion to its force sends backward the reaction-wheel. As it were, out of the cleft in the rock, which the engineer lays open for his road, springs up the sculptor. From the encroachments of the noisy activity and base work of partisan politics, the finely attempered soul of the painter retires in disgust to draw his ideal scenes of beauty. And the sharp bargains and grasping avarice of the market-place drive the poetic spirit to set forth in the wondrous colors of language what is heroic and heavenly in character. On its page, at least, good affections and generous aims can appear and triumph.

Virtue can move there unstained. Vice there must submit to rebuke and disgrace. Every quality, mean or noble, receives its award in the trial of this silent court, as at a bar of judgment. And those good principles, which the stress of what is "evil in the world" may have warped, are in the reader's mind restored to their uprightness.

But we proceed, without further delay of general reflections, to pass in brief review the authors whose names and works have attracted our examination.

The purpose of Mr. Longfellow's "Estray" would seem to be to bring together such well-favored children of the Muse as he had found to be solitary wanderers from the way. And certainly they are put into a very pleasant *pound* in his choice volume, and delightfully introduced to us at the door by a happily conceived "Proem." We fear, however, that we may construe the title of his book too strictly, for there is many a piece in it which we have seen and enjoyed in a fair and lawful inclosure of its own. Perhaps the several owners may consider the seal of the collector's approval a remuneration for the seizure of their property. His good taste has at least known what to take to form a charming and matchless group.

Mr. Brooks has done the translator's work with the genius and artistic skill of the poet. We find in his volume, what we always expect from him, fine taste, graceful execution, a free command of the resources of the English tongue, a perfect appreciation of whatever is excellent and beautiful. May he live to execute as well the further translations so modestly hinted at in his Preface, and receive encouragement thereto by the wide circulation of his present work. The poet is free of all the nations of the world; and the German mind can give richness and expansion, if not sense and judgment, to the American.

We have read Mr. Colman's volume with much interest. The single poem, which occupies the larger space, is wrought with uncommon force. Thought and feeling, imagination and historical allusion, the workings of conscience and the yearnings of religious faith, are combined into a picture painted with no thin colors upon a glittering surface, but possessing the great qualities of the canvas, breadth and depth. There is no weak diffuseness or servile copying of other men's meanings in his lines, but every stroke of his pen is direct, and marks the page with the intensity of the writer's

own spiritual life. If he has borrowed any thing, it is not conception or imagery, but a little of the style of other poems, written in the same stanza, something of that subtile spirit which characterizes original creations, and is unconsciously imitated and reproduced. Our author may have caught something of the air and movement of earlier writers to introduce into his own melody, but his emotion, his fancy, and those fine analogies between sensible and spiritual things which make the charm and lustre of poetic language, are all his own. And though he certainly has not produced what may be called a great work, he has given us one which vindicates the true office of a poem, to refine and elevate, while pleasing, the mind. And the lesson in "The Island Bride," of what sin and error leave for repentance and suffering to do, ought to induce all to build for heaven on other than those dark and sliding foundations.

The poems of Mr. Read indicate a talent for versifying, and a poetic aspiration promising a more powerful performance to new exertions and longer practice. Light touches of sweetness and sentiment are scattered over them, but only a few pieces stir up the stronger emotions, or leave, after the reading, much on which the mind earnestly dwells. But it would be unjust to an author whose claim is so unostentatiously made, to apply especially to him the remark, often suggested to us in reading the effusions of the day, that a more confirmed basis of intellectual energy is needed to sustain even the airy products of the fancy. The crystals of genuine and abiding poetry must shoot upon a solid substratum of thought.

Mr. Fenner's little volume is, in its kind, of real merit. It consists of short pieces, each one of which is the expression of a thought or the sketch of a scene which must some time have had a living interest in his experience, and so has embalmed itself in his memory. His pen is for the most part light and graceful, though its stroke becomes in places deep and bold, as it is said Michel Angelo smoothly carving the statue would, in his earnestness, sometimes cut sharply into the marble. On the whole, his chief gift is for fine, delicate description. Some of the closing pages, apparently suggested by his own travels, show much skill for picturesque drawing. A religious purity and fervor characterize and ennoble his treatment of several themes. His little poems are like the slight, richly colored mosses from the deep. Alas that they must be laid as a chaplet upon his early grave!

In reading Mr. Story's poems, we seem to be borne without effort on a smooth and limpid stream. Words and fancies seem to come out from him as easily as breath. The pleasant continual flow of his distinguished father's noble mind appears to be still running through his ; and we admire the versatile activity which can link law, art, and poetry together, in "a threefold cord, not quickly broken!" His poetic current is, we think, almost too undisturbed and even ; and as we gaze upon its manifold issues, we find ourselves wishing that all the jets of the fountain could sometimes be gathered together, and sent up in one unbroken column. There are instances, indeed, of energy as well as beauty in these pages ; but for the most part the writer's feeling glides off from the level of his mind, like the noiseless overflowings of a quiet spring, and does not irresistibly rise heavenward, as when the imprisoned waters are released from the earth's heart. We would have our friend restrain a little the wonderful productiveness of his mind, and distil his musings in a stronger alembic of thought, such as we doubt not he can well command, — for vigorous expressions, here and there forcing their way up from the closed centre of the soul, prove it. These poems are pure and generous in their tone. They are born of an affectionate and sympathizing spirit.

The poems of Mr. Channing are plainly sincere utterances of his own mind. They have no borrowed look. They do not wear the "coat of many colors" of commonplace metaphor. The author has an eye of his own, and has seen the things which he describes, without giving us simple copies of the old masters. He has a genuine love of nature, — though not equally in all her moods. He has sympathy for man also; but this, too, not all-comprehending. His genius, while calm and self-subsisting, is a little saturnine and unsocial. Yet not a capricious fancy alone guides his pen, but not seldom fancy's nobler parent, imagination. We cannot but feel that his book has the great merit of being true to his own mind. His words and phrases have nothing of the wearisome and disgusting quality that belongs to the endless repetitions of conventional forms of language. If the frame of his style were filled out with a larger humanity and a more expansive philosophy than we can trace in these pieces, he might take high rank among the poets of the day. It is only a remark that we may make upon these in common with many other

poetical writings, that we miss too much in them the grander order of religious sentiments and ideas which we have been taught to entertain, and find a poor substitute for them in the portraiture of fantastic thoughts and self-pleasing idiosyncrasies. We do not wish to see the poet figured in his own mirror, but only so much of life and nature as the breadth of that mirror will contain. When one asked to see a famous divine, "You cannot see *him*," was the reply, "he is behind his Master." So let the poet choose a great and worthy subject, and be content to disappear behind it. We want not what he can tell us about himself, but, if he has aught to say about the world, we will gladly listen. Let what is subjective in him be used only to make the object he presents distinct and transparent, his heart not having its emotions laid bare, but infused as an informing power into every thing he touches. A certain disinterestedness is the summit and soul of true genius, as it is the life and crown of good character.

Mr. Sargent's volume of songs and poems possesses no ordinary merit. He not only has good conceptions, but they are wrought out with an uncommonly free, strong hand. To use a phrase appropriated to musical performers, his power of execution is great. The rhythm of his verse takes the mind up and with easy vigor bears it onward, "as a steed its rider," at the same time giving it the fine glow of healthful exercise. The inward thought and outward object are rightly balanced to exhibit the true poetic fancy. He strikes the just medium of expression, avoiding alike the superficial and the obscure. His pen changes with great flexibility through different styles; his description is picturesque; his sentiment often dignified, and sometimes noble, as in the piece called "Adelaide's Triumph." The general cast of his writings is not such as to task the attention and make the grandest stroke on the imagination, but is rather suited to refresh and please the mind, or nerve it, in its sad or weary hour, for new exertions. And this is no slight or poor office of the Muse.

We come now to by far the most original and peculiar of these volumes, the poems by Mr. Emerson. To his genius, considered in its peculiarity, we bow. We own the spell which, more powerfully perhaps than any other American writer, he has thrown over our fancy. We know of nothing in the whole range of modern writers superior in original merit to his productions. He is "of imagination all compact."

To read his finer pieces is to our poetic feeling like receiving a succession of electric shocks ; and each additional line in them, communicating subtilely with all the rest, multiplies the force of this ideal battery. He is so frugal of language, as to let no phrase stand which is not charged with meaning. His merit, however, is not uniform. He is sometimes trivial in his themes, but never weak or wordy in their treatment. He is occasionally vague and mystical, but the brilliant distinctness usual in his thoughts and illustrations we take for proof that all his sentences refer to something real in his own mind. His best strokes cut below the superficial impressions made upon us by ordinary writers, and chisel themselves in the memory ; while the softest musical rhythm is often so connected with the sharply arranged parsimony of his words, that passages repeat themselves in our involuntary recollection, as in the mysteriously sounding chambers of the spirit we hear over and over again the tunes of some great master. We are always glad to confess our obligation for intellectual helps, and we have to thank Mr. Emerson for the strong flashes of wit and sense, clad in bright imagery, with which he has often waked our minds from slumber. His discernment is as keen as his invention is fruitful. No man has a finer eye than he to trace those secret lines of correspondence which run through and bind together all parts of this lower frame of things. And even when we have been in the very spot in the realms of thought where he pitches his tent, he will detect some hidden analogy, and surprise us with a new observation. We know of no compositions that surpass his in their characteristic excellence. Even his unshaped fragments are not bits of glass, but of diamond, and have always the true poetic lustre, an inward gleam like that playing amid the layers of a sea-shell. Some of his conceptions are turned into as admirable expression as we find in Milton's sonnets or Shakespeare's songs.

We have thus praised this writer, and, as some may think, over-praised him, in the sincerity of our hearts. Our reference has, we find, unconsciously included his prose as well as his poetry. But they are both of a piece, and bear alike the stamp of their author's intellectual unity. The same affluent and over-mastering imagination, the same grasp of all the powers of language, the same faithful report from sight and experience, prevail throughout all his productions. But our criticism must find fault with the same frankness with

which it bestows eulogy, and will be for that but the more prized by our friend's magnanimous spirit. He has, we think, more height than breadth. He shoots up like the pinnacle of an *aiguille* mountain into the atmosphere of the great poets, but he lacks altogether their various richness and comprehensive proportions. He is dry and cold in the comparison. The productive fields do not so spread out below the frosty cone of inaccessible sublimity which towers above. There is more of a hard, steel-like glitter than of the hue of life in his landscape. He is, in fact, rather the poet of a class than of the race. The circle of his sympathies is narrow. His intense admiration of a few forms of life and character threatens to banish the broad spirit of humanity. With all his nobleness and purity of sentiment, in the ascendency of his fancy he can hardly restrain himself from pouring contempt on most of his kind. In view of vague possibilities of achievement, he unworthily disparages actual genius and character. The heart in his poetry is less than the head, and this causes a deficiency for which nothing else can fully atone. Only a transcendent splendor and wealth of intellect could redeem many of his pieces from condemnation and forgetfulness, as being frigid and unfeeling. These are sad flaws in such noble workmanship. Did a fellow-feeling for human nature in all its varieties equal and fill out his other traits, we might think the great poet of America had been born, to bring on our flourishing Augustan age. But, as yet, our hearts acknowledge a more genial and enlivening influence from several of our other native bards. Would that one whom we unfeignedly respect might not only show his power of soaring to the empyrean, but hover with a more wide and loving interest over the lot of his fellow-men! It may be for want of this all-embracing sympathy that his flights are so infrequent, and that he can but seldom continue long on the wing. If he could but kindle his soul with some great conception of human fortunes, and write a generous epic of this our human life, including its great trials and accomplishments, its sublimer aspirations and hopes, we hazard little in predicting that it would be a production to mark the age.

And yet we hardly know how he could have the kind of human sympathy which we most value for the inspiration of such an undertaking, with his present views of religion. There is no recognition in his pages of the Christian faith,

according to any, however catholic, idea of it which we are able to form. He seems to have no preference of Jesus over any other great and good man. He either does not accept the evidences authenticating a divine revelation, or they press with but little interest upon his preoccupied mind. But what we must regard as his religious unsoundness strikes still deeper. He does not even appear to own any distinction between man and Deity. He talks of "the gods" as an old Roman would do. One personal Creator is not present to his thought. He does not go for the signs of such a Being into the broad circumference of his works, but confines himself within the little rim of his own individual consciousness. He puts aside Bible and ritual, and all human speech and outward light, for the "supersolar beam." In religion he fills the whole space of thought with that mystic element, which we must perhaps admit, but should confine in a corner. He does not, with a plain trust, examine the world which God has made, but curiously inspects the inverted image of it upon his own mental retina. He does not pay to the instincts of mankind or of society the respect he would render to the peculiar instincts of the animal, the bee or the beaver. And not taking cordially to his heart the Christian doctrines of a Father and a particular Providence, how can he strongly embrace the dependent doctrine of human brotherhood, or feel the unlimited sympathy which this doctrine inspires? We speak here, of course, of his system. We doubt not the kindness of his actual relations with men. We believe a hearty historical faith in Christianity would add greatly to the power of his genius. The views we have alluded to so underlie and run through his writings, as almost to amount to the proposal of a new religious faith,— a presumption which of course astounds us, simple believers in the New Testament on what we deem irrefragable grounds. His ideas carry him wide of the humility of the Gospel, — though they give rise in his own mind not so much to personal pride as to an immense self-respect and an enormous self-reliance. He is willing to trust to or lean upon nothing but himself; — a wonderful state of feeling, when we consider our real condition of dependence in all our powers, — our bodies resting on the attractions of material nature, every vital organ in us doing its part involuntarily, and only a single silvery thread branching into various filaments of the nerves of motion being held by our own will, — our intelligence but

the shadowy reflex of Divine wisdom, like the light from distant worlds in the focus of the astronomer's telescope, — and even our moral nature roused not by an internal force of conscience alone, but quickened and kept alive so greatly by instruction and example. We are made to lean, and are stronger when we lean; and, if we do not lean, we fall. Our poet is dragged by his philosophy to a lower, or at least less commanding, height than, with a better understanding on this point, he might well attain.

We ought, however, to say, that the noblest principles of conduct are often asserted in his pages. We rejoice to find instances of a truly grand morality, and surpassing expressions of a pure and beautiful spirit; but are suddenly perplexed, as we proceed, by an optimism confounding all moral distinctions. He seems, in some places, to know no difference between light and darkness, sweet and bitter. Some revelations, hinted at in one of these poems, respecting a moral indifference in all things, are represented as made by "Uriel," and as causing the older deities, who had been in the secret, to blush. Alphonso of Castile, who is said to have thought he could improve upon the world as described in the Ptolemaic system, makes a bold figure, as the *protégé* of our author's pen, entering in heaven's court a general and unqualified complaint about all things under the sun.

There is an undertone of sadness running through these rhymes, sometimes harsh and scornful, and sometimes tender and refined, like angelic melancholy. We fancy this, too, may proceed from the peculiarity of the writer's belief. Seldom do we hear from him the truly cheerful strain which an earnest faith in Christianity would prompt. In that marvellously beautiful "Threnody," near the close of the book, the sorrow at the commencement is out of all proportion to the comfort at the end. It is the song of a stricken and struggling stoicism. The note falls irresistibly into the minor key. The very voice of consolation dies away in a wail. Alas! it is a poor application here made to the heart's wounds. They still bleed into the very ointment and balm. Every stroke of genius seems but to sharpen the regret. We remember in all our reading nothing more cheerless. It is a picture we would not hang in our heart's chambers. Every touch of the pencil draws a tear. As a painting of grief it is unrivalled, — but it is of grief alone. His hand proves false to him, when he undertakes to draw the form of the

angel of peace. But that the soul of the poet might be deaf to our entreaty, we would implore him to turn his eye to those fountains of comfort which God has opened in the Gospel of his Son. For nothing can be more manly than an humble reliance on the means of revival and support, in our distress, which our Father has provided. Let him in lowliness receive these, and then, for the "Threnody," and the "Dirge" which precedes it, we should hope to receive lines as highly adorned with the lights of a creative fancy, but gilded from above also by the beams of heaven. There would at least be nothing in them of the "grief whose balsam never grew."

But we must pause. The analysis of Mr. Emerson's writings is no short or easy task. We would not pretend to oversee his summit, but only to note our impressions as we stand and contemplate it. His works, on account of their peculiarity, if nothing else, will probably be among the most enduring of the present time. There is much in them to admire and be improved by. And while we must think there is much also that is unsound and must be injurious to any mind imbibing it, we intend no personal commendation in expressing our conviction that he is a true-minded and righteous man, raised above every thing unworthy, and living a blameless life according to the monitions of his own conscience. Our calling is not to speak of the man, but of the author. We think the intellectual states and tendencies which we have noted chill and cripple his genius. He would make better poetry under the sway of views and opinions which he rejects or holds slightly. Were we writing with a different design, we might state other reasons for our regret at some of the sentiments which he expresses. We have now only to say, that they have injured his book, and must restrict the width and impair the quality of its influence. Would he fetch an echo from the universal heart, as it beats in the breasts of men from generation to generation, he must add to his style a faith and fervor as signal as its brilliancy and force.

We must retire from our survey of these fruits of Mr. Emerson's labors. And as we retire, the traits we have objected to fade away from our attention, and many a melodious note from "Each in All," "The Problem," "The Humble-Bee," "Monadnoc," and "The Forerunners," lingers and renews itself pleasantly in our ear.

But having been constrained in our criticism of Mr. Emerson's volume to suggest radical objections as well as to confess strong admiration, we feel it to be right that we should here try to characterize very briefly his mind. Poetry with him is no recreation or trial of skill, but the sincerity and very substance of his soul; it shows not the passing figures of a magic-lantern, but the convictions and views of life for which he would be a martyr. What, then, is the mind that we see on his page? It is a mind subtile, brilliant, rapid, and decisive. It is a mind in which intuition takes the place of logic, and an insatiable aspiration banishes every form of philosophy. The lightning of his genius reveals the landscape of his thought, and the darkness quickly swallows it up again, till another flash reveals more or less of it. It is a mind scorning forms, conventions, and institutions, and, if it could have its way, would substitute for all this stable platform of law and custom on which we live and work the extemporaneous impulses of the spirit. It is a mind that despises all that has been done, and regards the highest and most inspired utterances of men as but "syllables" dropping carelessly from the tongue; and holds in slight esteem achievements to which even itself is not equal, except in the dreamily anticipated efforts of some distant time and unknown world to come. It sees an ideal which makes it contemn all that is actual. It draws upon the well of its own conceptions, and deems that single draught will suffice though it pass by all other fountains. It aims at a lonely, insulated being, shut up to what may come to it from the general life of the universe, and prizes all foreign helps from its fellows only in proportion to their accordance with its independent results. It weighs and oversees, in its own notion, all characters of intellect and virtue that ever were, and Jesus Christ as confidently as the rest. As we might expect, the consequence of these tendencies is much narrowness, a very partial and unfair estimate of other and differing minds, great injustice in many respects to existing arrangements and instrumentalities, and a continual rising above the useful agencies of life into an atmosphere too rarefied to support any organization less singular than his. But let us more gladly observe, in addition to these things, moral courage, fearless candor, freedom from vanity and from many false leanings, if he has not reached all that are true.

The most important effect of the intellectual habits which

he indulges is seen in the aspect of his religious faith. We have barely touched on this in remarking upon the quality of his poems. We feel, however, that perfect truth to our own persuasions requires us to take here distinct notice of this point. Of the primary religious sentiment of the soul, that of reverence, we perceive, especially in his last publication which we have reviewed, but the faintest traces. The personal God of the Gospel, as well as the supernatural manifestation of that God in Christ, is in exile from all his pages. We have already alluded in another connection to this singularity. We recur to it that we may do justice to his positive faith, by noticing the substitute for an Almighty Parent which he finds in an impersonal universal essence, identical with his own spirit and with the common life of nature and of man. There is no print of kneeling on any ground he traverses, save to this vague and undefinable power. We must think his idea a poor basis for any just or truly elevated worship. We know he may think that he exalts the Deity by pantheistically making all things deity. But we affirm that he so degrades the Deity, and not only weakens the religious sentiment, but saps the foundations of good morals, though no devoted friend of his could appreciate more highly than we his personal integrity and purity of heart. So imaginative, so passionless, and so beautiful a frame of spirit as his could be left with moral safety under the influence of views which the virtue of the millions of men could not abide for an hour. If his mind were popular, we should fear that the tenor of his writings would lead multitudes away from God, and set them adrift upon the stream of their own undisciplined inclinations. We admire, nay, we will confess, in spite of all we have said, love the man, but all the more we feel it to be necessary to set up a bar against the operation of many of his sentiments upon our own minds. We wish him the largest success in all that he has done to refine and elevate the community, but we are obliged by a sense of duty to put in a protest against the soundness of much that is implied in his various publications. And may God, for him and us all, bless the truth and prosper the right!

"The New Timon" is a work of great power, and is moulded expressly upon the Christian ideal of human life and duty. It presents a broad conception, a far-reaching aim, and a bold onward movement, that carries forward the reader's interest to the close. In large scope and vigor of intel-

lectual execution, it must take precedence of all the works upon which we have remarked. There is in it no diseased introversion, but an absorption in the theme, and a powerful dramatic working out of the issues of character, with a natural, unpretending infusion of moral sentiment from the writer's own mind, that may give a good lesson to the falsely subjective and sickly conscious poets of the day. Its imaginative splendor is but the clothing of robust sense and keen observation. It is the most fresh and striking work of late English publication; and its strong style is a wholesome protest against the feeble sentimentality and slender ornaments of the whole Tennyson school. Indeed, though disposed to a generous appreciation of our own poets, we must confess that the powerful hand of this last writer puts into unfavorable contrast most of the poetry we have reviewed, as it rises in one general impression upon our mind. A certain weakness of manner and smallness of topic mark the majority of the poets of our day, whether in America or England. Many of their productions are born of a diseased fancy, occupied with things of merely personal and private interest, instead of being engrossed in themes of general concern. We want more of the "poet's eye glancing *from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven*," and less survey of his own poor individuality. He should indeed be reflective, but on large matters, whose contemplation will open his soul to spontaneous issues of the springs of thought and feeling. These will meet and refresh all other spirits. The story of his limited interests and partial affections, however pleasing to a few friends, can be of no moment to others; as a portrait is a precious thing to a man's relatives, but does not attract the public regard. The true poet is the man whose enlarging sympathies have overflowed the narrow barriers of self-esteem and vanity, and whose imagination is inspired with the love of God and his fellow-creatures.

We consider it not unsuited to the objects of this journal, before closing our subject, to make some remarks on the nature and legitimate exercise of the great poetic faculty, — the imagination. Imagination is the power which raises us above the direct impressions of matter. The animal is confined to the momentary picture of surrounding objects; but man fashions that picture into a thousand emblems of spiritual things. Imagination is, in this work, *the mediator between*

the senses and the soul. It is the enlivener of what is embalmed in the memory, and makes us exist again in the past. It is the forerunner of hope, and enables us to antedate the future. It turns the lowliest human breast into a gallery of speaking figures of monition or delight. It is, in fine, the pioneer or complement of human reason, and the finisher of her work. Reason traces the fundamental connections of things; imagination admires the life and beauty that clothe the skeleton of the world. Reason follows the chain of cause and effect, till she reaches the first Cause of all; but imagination ascribes to that Cause all the tokens of power and wisdom which she has gathered in her flight through the universe. Reason concludes that God is good; but imagination clusters around Him all the treasures of excellence which she has collected from the most distant quarters. Reason, on grounds of natural argument or testimonies of revelation, infers the reality of a future existence; but imagination fills that existence with manifold sources of happiness, and lines its anticipated course with the types of endless progress. Indeed, it would seem as though God, having made man for two worlds, endowed him at the outset with a faculty which might counteract any excessive tendency to the present and visible, by foreshadowing a future state. And so imagination is again the ally of faith. Imagination is intended, moreover, to be the companion of duty. Any course of conduct proposed is first by this power held up as a picture within us, and it is often only after a view of many relations and details that the conscience can pronounce as to the right or wrong of a particular act, as, in the same way, a legal tribunal judges of an overt act in the past. The imagination is meant also to be an awakener of the benevolent sympathies. It paints the condition of the needy and afflicted, and was no doubt designed by God to draw us away from that seclusion amidst selfish luxuries which hardens the heart, and to engage us in the various deeds of humanity. Its representations of the lot of our kind send out over land and sea our Christian charity.

Such is the legitimate exercise of this faculty. But no faculty in us is more liable to perversion. It may hover over base as well as holy scenes, and be made the pander of guilt as well as the minister of virtue. The imagination of the bad man broods over his wicked designs, as that of the good man foreshows his fidelity. Hence arises a grave and practical question respecting the culture and discipline of

the imagination. If we mistake not, moral character in these times, particularly with the young, is undermined more through a corrupted imagination than in any other way. One mode in which this takes place we feel bound to specify. Fictitious writings, containing representations only less vile than licentious prints, and working with a more subtle poison upon the soul, are scattered broadcast through the community. And even in works claiming respectability, some of the most highly-wrought displays of romantic genius are but the efflorescence of a sensual fancy. Scenes, with whose actual occurrence it would not be thought fit that a young person should for a moment be conversant, or even pass in their neighbourhood, those of either sex may be permitted freely to mingle in, if they stain only the pages of a book. What has but attained to the dignity of publication, it is supposed, may have undisputed entrance into the heart. Would, indeed, that the invention of printing were more esteemed a sacred gift of God, as it is, and the press were used as a holy power to give free course only to virtue and truth, as it ought! But it is time to raise a cry of alarm concerning it, and to declare that its never-flagging stream has come to be the regular channel of falsehood and pollution also. No slight proportion of its common freight we should refuse to harbour, and keep it, like the plague, in everlasting quarantine. There can be little doubt that the stimulants now used to stir up base imaginations in the heart often do a worse mischief than even the intoxicating drinks which inflame and enervate the body.

We wish not to consider at any length here that literature whose true aims and characteristics have been treated lately by another hand in this journal. We will only say further, that we have no inclination to be harsh towards those enjoyments which come through the imagination, and no wish to put all fictions under the ban of reprobation. But the very best of them should never be the staple of any one's reading. To relieve a languid hour, or raise up the mind from the exhaustion caused by severe labors, it may be religiously lawful to escape awhile from the routine of real life into the pleasant fields of romance, and mingle with the ideal group moving there, and make a part of the train, if we find ourselves in good company. But bad company we should no more keep in a book than in the street. We should eschew even its imaginary presentment, unless the evil is overcome by good;

while there are kinds of iniquity upon which the thoughts should not dwell, — no, not for a moment. The imaginative tendency is not, indeed, to be repressed. Transcendent in some, it exists in all men, and was meant to be developed. But let it be cultivated by nobler means and higher studies. The ever open volume of nature presents inexhaustible symbols of beauty and richness and sublimity to delight and exalt it. The pure creations of art will fill it with a pleasure that leaves no defilement or spot behind. The disclosures of science will expand it to its utmost capacity, to comprehend the glory and vastness of God's works. How the descriptions of the various orders of being with which the great Maker has peopled the earth, and of the connections and analogies which the human frame has with all nature and life throughout the inferior creation, might develop it! How the heightening conceptions of that marvellous grandeur which the astronomer's discoveries lay open in the spaces above would instruct and uplift it! How, especially, the great works of the masters of poetic composition, by their severe and lofty charms tasking the mind and rebuking the light and debasing literature of the day, would strengthen and refine it!

The Muse has been, indeed, insulted by indecent strains, but poetry, as a whole, is purer than prose fiction; its ethereal quality appeals more to the genuine imagination, exercises higher faculties of the mind, cherishes the gentler affections, and awakens oftener the moral powers. Even the sensual poet has more redeeming passages than the sensual romancer, as though he felt he was degrading his vocation, and glimpses of the essential beauty to which his art is akin were, with a silent rebuke, breaking in upon him; while the great leaders in the poetic choir, with a thousand faithful followers in their track, down even to the troop of feeble and unpractised learners of song, have poured out a tide of wholesome influences to fortify all human virtue on earth, at the same time that they make real to the soul the intimations of a purer state in heaven. "Away, away," said Richter, on hearing some rich, entrancing melody; "thou tellest me of that which in all my life I have never found nor shall find." We do not, indeed, find an embodiment of all that the harp of the bard suggests on earth, but this should only lead us to conclude that we shall find it above. And thus true poetry is a sign of immortality. It points upward for the perfection of its utterance and the fulfilment of its delight.

But of the great quickener of the imagination of man we have still to speak, — we mean the Bible. We have already referred in a general sense to imagination as the ally of faith. But we believe that what God offers to our faith in the sacred volume has a power to redeem the imagination from its perversions and to purge all its operations. In the Bible we find that this faculty has a vast range. The sacred writers do not, with prosaic preciseness, declare certain things as revealed and there let them stand. They spend much of their force in clothing the substance of their disclosures with a holy beauty, and in making our imagination auxiliary to the reception of their doctrines. Indeed, this power alone could enable us to *lay hold* of eternal life. Heaven must be infinitely exalted above earth, and a too literal copy and transfer of earthly things into our idea of the upper world must degrade the subject. Accordingly, the complaint has been made against some religionists, who have given minute descriptions of higher scenes, after the likeness of present relations and temporary events, that, though they made a heavenly earth, they made an earthly heaven. But the imagination that gilds all in the Scriptures of truth is subjected to no poor and servile fancies. It quickens our conceptions, but does not confine them in any narrow mould. On the contrary, it leaves unlimited room for them to expand in, without any prospect of fully grasping heavenly things before our own actual experience of them. This peculiarity distinguishes especially the revelations of the New Testament. What a combined attractiveness and uncomprehended grandeur especially marks the language of our Lord! He speaks of heavenly and future things as familiarly as of those earthly and present. But remote indeed are his sublime statements from all those petty delineations which would meet the quest of a low curiosity! There is nothing in his words to gratify human vanity, or to be perverted by a fanatical ambition. And yet how elevating to human hope, how stimulating to the imagination, yea, how clear and deeply engraved on the heart's tables, those brief lines of his utterance, — making no vague or mystical impression where they touch, and yet diverging and running off into the regions of immortality to take in spaces of glory and blessedness, where, save by faith, we cannot yet follow! Blessed teachings! which sanctify and lift up the imagination of man, and direct it in the search only of what is holy and divine. When, for ex-

ample, we hear him speak of the Father's house of many mansions, and of the place he goes to prepare for his disciples, what a throng of remembrances of innocent happiness, of filial and fraternal offices, from the morning of life, rises up to gild the dawn of our immortal being! Every thing that may have been evil and unfaithful in earthly experience is eliminated from the household predicted by those pure lips! All warm affections and spiritual enjoyments, that we have felt or thought to be possible, meet in those apartments whose door he goes to open; while the narrow partition-walls of the little separate homes of this world appear to break and dissolve away, as the treasures of individual worth, which they have guarded by the limitations of personal feeling, flow into that great meeting of the spirits of the just made perfect, where all particular affections are preserved amid the expanse of unbounded love! Or when, again, our Lord says, there shall be no marrying or giving in marriage there, but all shall be as the angels of God, while he strikes away conceptions that dim the glory of that abode, and gives a pure idea, he does not quiet the imagination, but only stirs it up to higher efforts. He gives the canvas and the design, but leaves the picture still to be drawn. And in that simple sentence, which we pause over in wonder and delight, about the angels of little children always beholding the face of the Father, what a perfect, yet enlivening, spell is laid upon the mind by *this* bright yet shadowy outline, — the only kind of outline of heaven which our earthly thought could discern; — the innocent and young, who have been translated from this world, forming the innermost ring of the circle, cheered by the direct light of God's countenance, and fostered by the arm of his nearest protection! Verily, the death of the spotless is not here invested with the unconsoling splendor of genius, but is transfigured in the glory of spiritual vision. Death, in the light of all our Lord's instructions, is a crownless king, deposed and disrobed of his terrors.

We have illustrated the Christian guidance of man's imagination. And in what bold contrast does the unguided or pagan imagination stand to the Christian! What other pictures of heaven and immortality, whether classic, Mahometan, or Hindoo, can compare with those of the Gospel? How gross and degrading, rather than exalting, they generally are! There are some of them with which we would not consent to stain our page, even for the sake of setting off

the matchless superiority of the Scripture representations. We will only thank God for delivering this faculty of the imagination, especially liable as it is to wander, and so needing guidance, from the monstrous fables that had usurped the place of truth, and for substituting, in the place of their cruel and terrifying lordship, the kindly sway of his truth. When human fancy, disowning the helps it has derived from the written word, has departed on the independent enterprise of fashioning its own futurity, it has not succeeded in building for itself so fair and goodly an abode as the simplest ignorant believer can construct out of the promises of his Saviour; while the mists of doubt into which that fancy plunges, and the sandy foundations on which it rears its edifice, occasion an anxious uncertainty that must toss the mind to and fro continually.

But in the Scriptures the imagination is not drawn only in this single direction towards the future world. The sublime descriptions in the Old Testament range through the whole space of human thought and observation. Whether it be history or psalm, prophecy or dramatic story, upon which we open, we find our conceptions put to the stretch at the same time that our moral sense is quickened; while, in several of the books, there is an array of the images of beauty and sublimity more splendid and overwhelming than can be found elsewhere in human works. We are so accustomed to look at the Bible in its main purpose, as it bears upon particular questions of duty, that we overlook its power to educate the whole mind. It is the most large and generous, as well as the most solemn and authoritative, of teachers. Verily, it is no dull or narrow text-book, containing a few dry moral lessons, and to be superseded by the writings of these times. But it comprises the most powerful appeals ever made to all the faculties of the human soul. Its holy figures stand as sentinels at the door of the heart, to keep out all impurity. The coloring of its scenes holds as the earth endures. A hundred generations have not been able to exhaust its lessons, to drain the sources of its instruction, or dry up the fountains of its consolation. It is indeed an old book, and the fashion of many bygone days is stamped upon it. But it has survived a succession of immense libraries of uncounted volumes. They have been burned; but, though *it* too has been cast into the fire, no flame has been hot enough to consume it. They have mouldered away or been moth-

eaten; but its leaves, made incorruptible by their eternal meaning, have defied all the forces of assault and decay. The survey of this noblest monument of the past will give dignity and refinement to our thoughts, as well as inspire good purposes in our hearts. We mistake the method of intellectual improvement, when we prefer the glittering fancies of the day to the inextinguishable lustre of its time-hallowed inscriptions. Let the poet go to it for his inspiration. Let him drink of the fountain which streams from beneath the rock of ages, so that his work may be instinct with life and purity. It is only by baptizing his thoughts in "Siloa's brook," that he can hope they, like it, will flow down, bearing health, for the coming centuries, to the children of men.

C. A. B.

Art. VIII. — CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE ACCOUNTS OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

The so-called Transfiguration may be regarded either as the grand symbolical representation of the divine glory and heavenly relations of Christ, in which light it is typical of much that is most solemn and awful in our religion, and suited to affect deeply the devotional heart, or as part of the Gospel history liable to the examination and questionings to which all history, from the very nature of the evidence on which it depends, is subject. In some remarks that will now be made on it in this latter view, the writer, although complying with custom in the use of the plural number, is not to be understood as expressing the opinions of the conductors of this journal, nor of the body of its supporters. He proposes only, with that freedom which belongs to the individual in all such inquiries, to offer a few observations, in great part justified by other more learned investigators, on a subject which admits of several opinions, and which has hitherto for the most part not been made the subject of close scrutiny, but been left as a splendid picture on the very horizon of the general faith. We are glad to think that it will remain there, whatever may be the results of our critical inquiries. There, perhaps, it was meant to remain, in spite of

inquiry. For its religious use, it is not a thing to be inquired into, but to be felt. There is a religious imagination certainly, as well as a religious judgment; and the influences of heaven fall upon the heart through the former as well as through the latter.

Neander, in his "Life of Jesus,"* well remarks, that we can receive the Transfiguration, as a part of the Gospel, "in two senses;—as something objective, as a communication from the world of spirits, or as a more subjective psychological phenomenon." We would inquire which is the more probable or natural sense.

All knowledge of this great scene must have originally proceeded from Peter, James, or John, and the accounts which stand in the New Testament must consequently be derived, and not immediate. Through how many hands derived, the examination of the text affords us no means of determining; while the argument from the probabilities in the case remains always very loose; and that drawn from the evidence in general of the composition of the Gospels is too large a subject for us to enter on at this time, and by no means admits of that easy solution which is generally given to it. Leaving that out of the discussion, as the nature of this question fully allows us to do, we propose to consider what conclusions we may arrive at from examinations of the text alone. This will not show us how near the authors of our accounts stood to the original narrator; but it may afford us a ground of judgment as to their relative nearness, and, in consequence, their relative authenticity, and may exhibit some data from which we may form a probable conclusion as to the shape and character of the first testimony from which they are derived.

The accounts in Matthew and Luke differ in such a manner as plainly to mark them as independent; and they are yet so similar, that we cannot doubt they were both derived originally from the testimony of the same Apostle. That is, each has such peculiarities, and differs from the other in such

* *Leben Jesu*, Hamburg, 1845, p. 489. We see that a translation of this work has been advertised by Mr. Clark, the respectable publisher of Edinburgh. We hope it will not be long delayed. The book is one of the most valuable productions of modern theological literature, and forms, in the judgment of many, the best answer to Strauss which has yet appeared. In its criticism, it exhibits the ground which must be occupied by devout and well-instructed believers from this time forward.

a way, that it is very unreasonable to suppose either written from a knowledge of the other; and, on the other hand, there is not such a degree nor such a kind of difference as would necessarily have resulted, if one of the three Apostles had been the authority for the one, and another the authority for the other. They are independent; but they must be traced back to the same first source. Which of the three this first source was must remain matter of conjecture. It is plausible to suppose, when we consider what had transpired immediately before, that it was Peter, since he seemed peculiarly prepared at that time to be the subject of such a vision. But the prominence of Peter in the dialogue, and the report of words which he spoke, "not knowing what he spake," may perhaps point more probably to one of the others. However that may be, it is not so material to inquire after the author as after the character of that first testimony.

We beg our readers now to compare the texts which are the subject of our comment, and, if possible, in the original. They are Matthew xvii. 1–9, and Luke ix. 28–36. Mark is but a repetition of Matthew. There is, in the first place, a difference in the general impression left by these two reports. One conveys the impression of a scenic miracle, and in all the parts inclines to a corresponding marvellousness; the other, when read by itself, leaves on the mind the feeling that the occurrence was natural, and that its supernatural splendor was only the outshining of a spiritual light. Matthew omits all mention of the fact, that the purpose for which Jesus went into the mountain was "to pray," and seems to suppose, certainly would leave on the reader the impression, that his object was to exhibit to the Apostles the heavenly scene about to be related. The change of his appearance, therefore, being mentioned abruptly and unconnectedly, has all the character of a magic transfiguration. But Luke, by relating the purpose of Christ's retirement, unravels what would otherwise be a mystery; and by informing us that it was "*while* he was praying" that the wonderful change took place, intimates that in that state of prayer the radiance of his outward person found its cause. The first Evangelist, knowing nothing of this, describes the change as a "transfiguration," *μετεμορφώθη*, which even Matthew Henry translates, "a metamorphosis"; while the other Evangelist speaks only of a change in "the fashion of his countenance," *τὸ εἶδος τοῦ προσώπου.*

But there is a still more important difference as to the state of mind of the beholding Apostles. In the former of the reports we hear nothing of what is a very significant feature in the latter, that the three attendants were "heavy with sleep," βεβαρημένοι ὕπνῳ,* out of which state they had not wholly roused themselves when "the two men" departed.

The slumbering state of the Apostles irresistibly leads one, who is not convinced of the *a priori* probability of such a miracle as this is supposed by Orthodox expositors to be, to seek an inward cause for the vision. This is found in the exciting influence upon them of the conjuncture of affairs at that time, — in their dim anticipation of the terrible "exit" at Jerusalem, — in their awe before the Saviour, whose supernatural glory they were day by day growing to form a just estimate of, — and in the images with which Christ's recent conversations, as well as his prayers with them here in the mountain, had filled their minds. Though they were weighed down by sleep, they did not lose their Master from their thoughts, and his extramundane relations were only the more vivid to them when their senses were closed to present things. Was the world that was then open to them less the theatre of revelation than that around them? Could not God communicate

* We cannot, with Mr. Furness ("Jesus and his Biographers," p. 319), find in this that "they were sunk into a deep sleep." The phrase seems to answer perfectly to the "*gravati somno*" of the Latin, and signifies, we imagine, a heaviness of the senses, the slumbering that precedes the perfect sleep. Chrysostom (Homil. LVII., sup. Matthæum) interprets this ὕπνος as the effect only of the terribleness of the vision and the dazzling light. But this is unquestionably wrong. It is not uncommon for this splendid orator, in the torrent of his practical eloquence, to be led into an untenable interpretation. The words of Peter, "It is good for us to be here," he explains as spoken by him with reference to the security of the mountain as a hiding-place from the Jews. But surely that prudential motive would not have entered into the Apostle's mind, but he would, if any thing, have proposed to Christ rather a public declaration of himself and an overthrowing of his enemies with the aid of those heavenly assistants. Such a proposal would have been in character. And it would have been agreeable to the universal expectation among the Jews that Moses and Elias should prepare the way for the Messiah. The true interpretation of the καλόν ἐστιν ἡμᾶς ὧδε εἶναι lies much nearer at hand. The beauty of the place, the glory and sweetness of the vision, the delectableness of that holy company, move him to exclaim, as he is awaking, "Lord, it is good for us to be here," and to propose immediately the building of three of those booths (σκήνας), constructed of bark and boughs of trees, which he had often probably assisted in putting together for the convenience of his Master, when he retired into the mountains for solitude, and of which he imagined now three to be necessary for the accommodation of the two prophets as well as of Jesus.

to them his truth in vision, as he communicated it to the prophets of the elder time?

But we may ask how the observers and reporters of this fact, if outward fact it was, *knew* that the two men were Moses and Elias. Our readers do not, we presume, believe in an inspiration by which the knowledge of present facts was supernaturally imparted. But unless we take refuge in such a theory, we must believe either that Jesus informed them, or that they observed it, or that they inferred it. But of the first there is no mention in Scripture, and when we consider it, it appears improbable. The second implies that they knew the persons of Moses and Elias, or had some means of identifying their persons, in their beatified state, or that the prophets appeared with the symbols by which they were generally known, — neither of which can be supposed. We are reduced, then, to the third explanation, that the disciples *inferred* that the two men were Moses and Elias, either from their bearing or from overhearing the conversation. But this inference is not a sufficient ground for us. The actual descent of these beatified persons to the earth seems to us not in harmony with the scheme of the Evangelical revelation; and the evidence, if evidence we will call it, on which we are invited to receive this interpretation, does little to make up for its want of probability.

But it is not from extrinsic considerations that we form our opinion, so much as from the reading of the texts themselves. The difference between Matthew and Luke is such as to lead us to find unhesitatingly in the latter the more original narrative. And taking that narrative alone, the *natural* interpretation forces itself on us, even against our will. In Matthew the persons of the prophets suddenly vanish; but in Luke they are spoken of as withdrawing (*ἐν τῷ διαχωρίζεσθαι αὐτούς*) and as being concealed by a cloud. The phrase used by Campbell to express the meaning of the thirty-fourth verse is entirely correct, — "The disciples feared when *those men* [Moses and Elias] entered the cloud." Now this entering of the persons beheld by them into a cloud does not imply an ascent into the sky. On a mountain-side one may often enter into a cloud, either by ascending or by descending from one level to another. In the first Evangelist, the cloud is said to have been a bright cloud; but of this we learn nothing in Luke. In both narratives, however, the figures disappear as the disciples awake. This circumstance, then, being taken with the

rest, we are at liberty to suppose, without transgressing the canons of Scripture criticism, and without undervaluing the narratives for the religious purposes for which they were designed, that the Lawgiver and the Prophet were seen only in mental vision.

We do not deny that it is a higher religious state which receives the account without scruple; and the same mind which makes this criticism may in another of its moods surrender itself to that typical representation of the Saviour's glory. All *things* are likewise but fleeting visions before the eye of the highest religion. They are interesting only for what lies behind them. In the mountain, Christ is the essential glory. To see him as he is is the greatest of all visions for the Apostles. Whether that happen outwardly or inwardly is comparatively of little moment.

We can imagine how the vision would be related, and, being related, we can imagine how it would be received. In the report of it by others, there is little improbability that it should have taken the two shapes in which we have it. As Peter, if it was he, at some distance of time, spoke of it openly, the imagination of each auditor would modify and adorn the fact, and the circumstances might easily become more supernatural in another's mouth. We recognize in Matthew a report more altered from the original form.

But however the matter may stand between these first Evangelists, there is another very strong point, and that is the entire silence of the fourth. If any scene was suited to be reported by the Apostle John, if any incident answered the purposes of his Gospel, it was this; for nothing showed forth so splendidly and majestically the heavenly relations and office of Christ. But he drops no hint of it. The attempt to account for his silence, on the ground that he feared the Transfiguration might be used to support Docetic doctrines, is unsatisfactory. For in that case he would rather have related it in such a manner as to prevent that abuse, and his silence would have been the most dangerous thing of all. There must have been some other reason why he did not introduce any notice of it. And we can find no sufficient reason but that the Transfiguration was not to him an actual occurrence. He knew the narrative that was current. He was aware of the truth which it typified. And it was not to his purpose to contradict it. But if it had been an outward miracle, at the prodigious display of which he had been present, he would have done more than not contradict it.

It may perhaps occur to some to adduce evidence from the Second Epistle of Peter (i. 16). But the genuineness of that Epistle has not, we apprehend, been sufficiently established.

Since our argument would generally be considered in this neighbourhood as bordering on what is called "Rationalism," we are glad to fortify ourselves with the authority of Neander, whose Orthodoxy goes considerably beyond that of the mass of our readers, and whose childlike reverence is not in the least impaired by his extensive learning, nor his freedom found inconsistent with the most genuine modesty. Setting aside the supernatural interpretation, not as impossible, but as the less probable, he gives his own view as follows: —

"Jesus withdrew, with his three most confidential disciples, at evening, into the mountain, that they might be witnesses of his prayer. This prayer related, we may suppose, to a subject on which he had that day conversed much with his disciples, — the near developments in the kingdom of God, and the trials awaiting him at Jerusalem, which were to contribute so much thereto. Such a prayer made a deep impression on their minds. The glory in which he at that moment exhibited himself to them seemed to irradiate his whole existence, and their Master stood before them in a supernatural splendor. As they, fatigued with the exertions of the day, fell into sleep, the impression of that prayer, and of the Saviour's conversations, reflected itself to them in a vision. Moses and Elias appeared to them in heavenly brightness, in company with him who was the end of the law and the prophets, from whom a glorifying light was to beam back upon the Old Testament; and they announced to him the fate which awaited him at Jerusalem. In the midst of this they awoke, and in a half-conscious state saw and heard the rest. If we regard the transaction thus, what is remarkable in it is, the impression which intercourse with Jesus had unconsciously left on them, — the contest between their previous conceptions and the new ideas which he awakened within them, — the after-effect of his recent conversations even in their unconscious states."

Now the natural interpretation not only explains best the appearances of the record, but it is consonant with what seems to be the law of the Divine communications, that they are addressed to the soul rather than to the senses, and must find in the soul certain conditions of their reception. But an outward splendor, and a scene called up after the manner of magic, may terrify and awe a man who has no sympathy with

the truth, as much as a man who is richly furnished with all the capacity for receiving it. It is forceful in its magnificence and rude in its display. We get out of the sphere and miss the naturalness of the Evangelical miracles. But the natural explanation leads us to Christ, as the one source out of which the vision flowed. We are recalled to that incarnate Word who is the source, and deep and overflowing well, of all splendor and greatness in the new dispensation.

But what now is the mythical interpretation, and what is meant by a myth, so far as our present subject illustrates it? A myth, according to the understanding of the word by those who apply it to the Gospel narratives, is not a *fiction*; for it is not, like fiction, supposed to be devised with a knowledge of its falsity, nor delivered to others for the purposes of deception; nor is it a *fable*, which enforces ideas under a professedly fictitious dress; nor is it, again, an *allegory*, because, besides the above reasons, which are equally applicable to this case, in an allegory the symbolic narrative and the ideal sense are not so conjoined as to be inseparable, but can stand each by itself, while in a myth the two are so married together that they are like body and soul, the one residing in the other; nor, finally, is it another more nearly related thing, a *legend*, for by that name is described a tradition in which a fact or facts are distorted and exaggerated, emptied of their original natural meaning, and made the vehicle of new ideas of a supernatural cast; but the *myth* is a traditionary narrative, in which (there being no original fact) an idea has unconsciously "deposited itself" in the form of history, and taken the character and gained the credit of fact. In the legend we seek for the fact. In the myth there is no fact, and we seek for the idea. Both are delivered down in good faith, and they often run into one another, and legends are often made legends by the mythical elements that enter into their composition. But for the sake of precision they must be so distinguished. Thus, the labors of Hercules are legendary; but the tale of Prometheus is a myth. The stories in the book of Judges, say the writers of whom we speak, are legends; but the Garden of Eden is a myth.

The great religious ideas which possess a people are supposed to throw back upon its early history, as a magic-lantern on a dark wall, images of themselves in the shape of facts, in which, by a necessity in the very ideas, a faith springs up, and, so long as the ideas last, perpetuates itself. But it

is only at a certain stage of development that the genius of a people thus operates; and at a subsequent period such mythical creations would be impossible. The Christian era is supposed to have been such an epoch; and this style of conception is in consequence applied to the New Testament. The Transfiguration, as well as the rest, has to receive the light of this philosophy. It is not explained as an allegory. It is not explained as a fiction. It is not supposed to have been consciously invented; nor to have been delivered to those that came after as any other than a most solemn vehicle of truth, and as in itself actual. But no construction will persuade the mythist so to receive it. The supernatural understanding of it is rejected as impossible, and the natural with equal disrespect; and it is explained as having arisen out of the Jewish idea of the Messianic character. The mythic theory is not always thus thorough. In some cases, it recognizes in the impression made by Jesus the true foundation of the narrative. But this is a case in which Jesus had nothing to do with laying the foundation. It was all laid before he came. Such a thing, thought the Christians, *must* have happened; for thus and thus was the Messiah foretold in the Old Testament, and such and such are the glories with which he should be invested. And so a belief in such a thing, and this account of that thing, arose.

It is, indeed, strange that Strauss, whom we respect as a very candid writer, was not willing to adopt the explanation which Luke seems so strongly to invite, but, notwithstanding all that points that way, must bring in his omnipotent and omnipresent *mythus*, to dispel from our picture not only all fact, but also all actual basis for the idea. It seems astonishing, that, even when his theory permitted it, he would not find that basis rather in Christ himself than in the previously prevailing idea. But so it is. The idea itself was not derived from Jesus, but was imposed upon him. Prophetic dream is the foundation and sum and substance of the whole story. We are far from calling this absurd, as some writers have done; there is to us a consistent sense, and an ingenious sense, in it; and we may allow that such an origin of such a story is possible. But is it probable?

In one respect, unless we are wrong, Strauss has made a just and important criticism. Matthew relates, as immediately subsequent to the Transfiguration, that the disciples asked Jesus, "Why, then, say the scribes that Elias must first come?"

and that Jesus answered, "Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things; but I say unto you, that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed." "Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." And they were undoubtedly right in so supposing. Now, if the presence of Elias in the mount had been an actual one, Jesus could not thus have answered. He would have referred, not to the appearance of John the Baptist, but to this appearance of the prophet himself, as the fulfilment of that expectation. At least, he would have made some allusion to what had just transpired. The common explanations here we cannot find at all satisfactory. If, on the other hand, some may be inclined to maintain (what is perhaps true) that Matthew has misplaced this conversation, and to get rid of the objection by supposing the conversation to have taken place *before* the Transfiguration, it will still in that case be unaccountable (on the commonly received hypothesis of Christ's prophetic knowledge) that he should refer to John the Baptist as the fulfilment of the prophecy, rather than to that magnificent actual proper appearance of the prophet which he knew would soon take place.

But while we concede so much to this writer, we cannot but regard his explanation at large as violently improbable. His ingenious citations from the Old Testament and from the Rabbinical writers may go so far as to show why the imagination of the disciples gave this particular shape to the vision; but they are wholly insufficient to account for the invention of the scene out of nothing. They leave us, as before, there in the mountain with Jesus and the three on that specified night, to find in his presence and his person, in the newly passed developments and the impending catastrophe, the actual basis and cause of this important spiritual phenomenon.

Of the cure of the lunatic which follows, we have in Matthew, Mark, and Luke three wholly independent narratives. In other cases there may be doubt. This admits of none. We remark also that in this, as in similar instances, while in the other parts the variations abound, the words of Christ are preserved by each in the same form. Hence we learn to trust in the faithfulness of the report of his words by all the Evangelists. In other respects we find that they exercise a certain natural freedom; but here they are restrained by awe, and make scrupulousness a point of religion.

A difficulty in this account is generally found to lie in the severity of the rebuke: — "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" — which seems not to find its justification merely in the inability of the disciples to work the cure, and which they manifest no sense of having received, when they ask their Master afterward, — "Why could we not cast him out?" Whether we look into Matthew (xvii. 14) or into Luke (ix. 37), we are equally troubled with this difficulty; but when we compare with them Mark (ix. 14) we find this to be one of the rare cases in which that Gospel clears up the obscurities of the other two; for we learn there that the excited throng, which met Jesus on his way down from the mountain, was composed in part of "scribes," and that he addressed those captious enemies with the words, "What question ye with them?" * It was undoubtedly to these men, lowering there in the hope that the Master would fail, equally with the disciples, in attempting the cure, that he said, — "O faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" and then turned to the afflicted father with the words, — "Bring him hither to me."

These two scenes, Christ with the prophets and Christ with the lunatic, are associated together not only in the narrative, but in the master-work of the master-painter, the "Transfiguration" of Raphael. And they must always remain associated together, as exhibiting in different parts of the same picture our Lord's human heart and his divine glory.

We have proceeded in our criticism, we hope, without irreverence; and we have endeavoured to do so without an improper fear. We believe that the Scripture does not shrink from investigation, that it claims our respect without

* Both the reading and the interpretation of verse 16 have been found difficult. Griesbach, Lachmann, Rosenmüller, Fritzsche, all reject τοὺς γραμματεῖς, "the scribes," from the text, and substitute αὐτούς; while De Wette questions the propriety of that emendation. Regarding it, however, as established, "And he asked *them*," the question is then, Who are meant? Mill and Rosenmüller think the disciples; Griesbach, Paulus, Kuinoel, think the scribes and disciples. And then all these read in the next phrase πρὸς αὐτούς, that is, ἑαυτούς, "What question ye *among yourselves?*" which reading is given in the margin of our received version. But this reading is disapproved by Fritzsche, and by Lachmann, the latest authority, who bring back in the latter clause the old reading πρὸς αὐτούς "with *them*," and also interpret the persons addressed to be the scribes alone. De Wette remains undecided.

demanding our tenderness. Neither do we imagine, with some, that it is dying of old age, but find in it a strength like that of Samson, which will make itself felt by those who think they have bound it.

We lately heard the "hermeneutic art" termed an instrument of Satan. If it is so, he will certainly get the better of Orthodoxy; for Orthodoxy has no weapon hard enough to break it. But we do not believe that Satan is so well armed. We think, that, if he has this sword, it is because the faithful have thrown it down. They ought not to throw it down. The servants of the Church surely, and not its enemies, should have the credit of the just exposition of its own records.

Nothing can be more admirable than the consistency of that Orthodoxy which stakes its salvation on every word of the canonical record, and cuts off every question with "Thus reads the text." But there are not many now who can take that position with a sober face. The day has gone by for it. Whether by Satan, or by some better angel, the Almighty is sweeping that verbal orthodoxy from amongst us. Unless we are mistaken, another era has come; and in this era, as in those which have preceded it, our faith must be consistent with all we know and every thing we discover, or it is worthless. Men are always thoroughly in earnest, when they do any thing which is to have any validity in the Divine providence. So if we are to investigate the Scriptures with reference to their authenticity, which these days call in question, it must be heartily and indefatigably. We must pursue our investigations, not to find how much we can defend of what our fathers thought, but with an honest curiosity, and a clear confidence in Him who created, and has preserved the tradition of, the facts, — to discover, not what is advantageous, but what is true. In doing this, we may lay aside all scruples. And if it be the work of the Devil, we think he will be caught in the snare he has laid for others. G. F. S.

Art. IX.—POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

I. NATURE'S GOD.

The power that chained the restless deep,
And bade the stars their courses keep,
Opes too the flowerets of the spring,
Sustains the insect's tiny wing,
And fills the woods with warbling.

It rustles in the summer breeze;
Roars in the gale that sweeps the seas,
Dashing the billows into foam;
Glares from the red volcano's dome;
And lights the happy hearth of home.

All nature's charms and terrors prove
Unbounded power controlled by love;
And while their ceaseless round they run,
Their thousand voices join in one,
To show His handiwork, whom none
Can comprehend, or see, or shun.

But man, exalted o'er the rest
Of nature, manifests Him best,
Made in His image, to pursue
The good, the beautiful, the true,
With immortality in view;

And not to live a wretched thrall,
At appetite's and passion's call,
But keep his soul as in God's sight,
A mirror shining in heaven's light,
Where heaven is seen reflected bright. E.

II. THE WIDOW.

A greater tribute than the temple's height,
Its solid walls and sounding minstrelsy,
And all that there the senses vain delight,
Is that lone widow's worship, Lord, to thee.
In her ill-furnished chamber there alone
She opes the book that Thou hast given to all,
And on her knees before thy gracious throne
For light and strength in this her need doth call.

And she shall find them; what the boasting pride
Of minster-service promised her in vain;—
Though late she seeks, she shall not be denied;
She through thy Son eternal life shall gain!
When crowds forsake, Thou, Father, still art near;
And dost delight the lonely one to hear. V.

III. WHY SHOULD WE CALL THEM BACK?

Why should we call them back
Before whose sight the world of shadows lies?
Why should they turn to life's forsaken track
The light of their calm spiritual eyes?

Can they be ours again?
The melodies of heaven around them float.
Why call them back to hear earth's broken strain,
Yearning for ever for that loftier note?

The bitterness of death
To them is past,—the fear is all gone by;
Calm as a sleeping child's the softened breath:
Call them not back;—it ceases, and they die.

Die? No; the Son of God,
When at his feet the faithful Mary wept,
Told her that they who in his footsteps trod
Should never die. Say only, they have slept.

How calm on earth their rest!
How sweet in heaven their waking! Angel friends
Welcome their coming, and each spirit blest
Before the throne of Love eternal bends.

Oh, were our faith as clear
As his who first for Christ his life laid down,
To open heaven and see the Saviour near,
Could we recall them ere they reach their crown?

Yet stay, beloved ones!—
Not for your sakes, but ours, thus nature cries;—
A little while forbear your promised thrones,
Till ye have strengthened us, like you to rise!

S. G. B.

Art. X.—MORELL'S HISTORY OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

This is the first attempt, of an elaborate, connected, and comprehensive nature, to make English readers acquainted with the recent changes and existing state of speculative philosophy. The interesting and valuable Dissertations of Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh are almost silent on the new movement given to German thought by the writings of Kant and his successors, and also on the remarkable reaction in favor of Spiritualism, which has been effected by the French Eclectics in our own day. Tennemann's Manual has been translated, it is true, which brings down the general history of philosophy to a later date; but the expositions given in that work are too brief and technical to be of much service to beginners. Until now, therefore, the great body of the reading public in England and this country have had to depend on reviews, and fragmentary notices and criticisms, for what they know of the course which French and German speculation has taken for the last fifty years.

This is to be regretted on many accounts. Under the best of circumstances, it is not easy to form a just estimate of a philosophy known to us through an epitome only. The spirit and genius of the system, if nothing else, are almost sure to evaporate in the process of epitomizing it, however fairly and skilfully done. In this case, the difficulty has also been aggravated by the fact, that the successive systems have not been studied in their historical connections. It has not been seen how one system led to another, how each new fundamental problem grew out of an attempt to solve the preceding; yet without this, it is hardly possible to understand the problem itself, or put one's self in a right point of view to pronounce on the merits of the solution. Not a little of the strangeness, and apparent incongruity or unintelligibleness, of German metaphysics is to be accounted for in this way. It is not a difficulty of words merely, as some seem to imagine. We are not familiar with the conceptions for which the words stand; we have had no occasion to clear up or define these conceptions, as we have not pushed inquiry to the ex-

* *An Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century.* By J. D. Morell, A. M. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1846. pp. 500 and 536.

tent of feeling the needs to which they relate, and which the systems, so much complained of, are intended to supply.

Another evil resulting from the partial and disconnected views in which the systems of the Continental philosophers have been studied by English readers is, that they have given effect to the false colorings and misrepresentations of prejudice. For the most part, these views have proceeded from persons who were moved to write on so unwelcome a subject by an overmastering admiration of the systems they describe, or by an equally overmastering repugnance to them; neither of which, as all will agree, is the best possible pledge or preparation for strict and entire fidelity. Their leading purpose has been, not to show how much there is of truth, and how much of error, in the system under examination, but to convince the public that the system, as a whole, ought to be entertained, or that it ought to be rejected and repelled. Accordingly, they speak like retained advocates; but the analogy of a fair trial ceases here; for the case is often given to the jury after a hearing on one side only, and almost always without any thing like an impartial summing up and charge by the judge.

Many of these pretended delineations of the systems of modern philosophers resemble the caricatures of Unitarianism which its enemies put forth from time to time to frighten away timid inquirers. If Unitarians, therefore, smarting themselves under this wrong, betray a willingness to commit the same against others, or to be in any way accessory to it, it argues, we must think, to use the gentlest term, a double inconsistency. And when to misrepresentation is added the conceit of superiority, or a laudation of dulness in these matters, with appeals to the popular ignorance and jealousy on this subject, the offence becomes of a graver character, — so much so, that we are tempted to insert in this connection a characteristic remonstrance of Coleridge, as being just at bottom, though expressed with amusing and unnecessary warmth. "The most hateful form of self-conceit is the callous form, when it boasts and swells up on the score of its own ignorance, as implying exemption from a folly. 'We profess not to understand'; — 'We are so unhappy as to be quite in the dark as to the meaning of this writer'; — 'All this may be very fine, but we are not ashamed to confess that to us it is quite unintelligible': — then quote a passage without the context, and appeal to the *public*, whether they understand it or not! —

Wretches! Such books were not written for your public. If it be a work on inward religion, appeal to the inwardly religious, and ask them! If it be of true love, and its anguish, and its yearnings, appeal to the true lover! What have the public to do with this?"*

The work before us is not liable to any of these objections. Without being a very learned or a very profound philosopher, or even a practised writer, Mr. Morell has undertaken a difficult task, and executed it satisfactorily and well. He seems to have been a careful student of most of the important books which come under his examination; he has also availed himself, very properly and with due acknowledgments, of the best foreign critical aids, particularly Michelet and Damiron; and though we cannot concur in all his conclusions, we are bound to say that the candid and generous spirit of his criticisms never fails. One distinction, at least, all must accord to him. By discarding, as far as may be, the technicalities of the different systems, and bringing every topic as much as possible under what may be termed the English point of view, he has made his history not only intelligible, but interesting and agreeable, even to general readers. The only danger is, that such readers, having run over these easy pages, and become familiar with the external history of the systems there described, and with a smattering of their contents, will be deceived into the belief that they know much more about them than they really do.

The method adopted by Mr. Morell is simple and obvious. Having defined philosophy, and the four distinct forms it has assumed, Sensationalism, Idealism, Skepticism, and Mysticism, he proceeds to indicate the state in which each was found at the commencement of the nineteenth century. This fills a little more than half of the first volume. The rest of the first volume, and the whole of the second, are taken up by a more detailed account of the fortunes of each of these forms of philosophy in England, in France, and in Germany, from that time to the present; together with some notices of their respective tendencies in science, legislation, and religion, and a separate chapter on French Eclecticism, to which the author evidently inclines. A few selections on topics of general interest will not only be of value in themselves, but afford the reader the best means of making up an opinion as to the merits of the whole work.

* *Literary Remains*, I., 359.

Of the present state of philosophy in England he thus speaks: —

"Scotland, true to its principle of 'common sense,' has insisted on the validity of those ideas which appear to be the natural product of the human reason, and resisted every attempt to resolve them into sensational elements; and Germany, boldly grappling with the deepest questions of ontology, has drawn a broad distinction between the phenomenal world, as viewed by the senses, and the real world, as comprehended by the intellect. In both cases, there is a direct appeal made to the authority of reason, and an equal determination not to remain shut up within the boundaries of sense.

"England, with the clear-headed practical wisdom for which it stands preëminent, has been gazing, from time to time, upon the results of both these schools, and has been considering what there is in each that is likely to prove unsound, and what that can be safely adopted. It has entered with earnestness into the philosophy of Reid, and appropriated its results without copying its too often tedious dialectical dulness; while, on the other hand, it has been lately approaching the borders of the German spiritualism, and showing a disposition to sift the wheat out of the large mass of chaff which that voluminous school presents." — Vol. II., p. 184.

Afterwards, he refers more particularly to the state of things at the University of Cambridge.

"For above two centuries past, the University of Cambridge has given indications of a sympathy with metaphysical speculation, which, though sometimes almost disappearing, has ever and anon made its reappearance, as circumstances have called it forth. During the seventeenth century, the Platonic divines, to whom we have before referred, excited a spirit of philosophical inquiry, which must be reckoned among the most remarkable literary manifestations of the age. Locke, though himself one of the ornaments of Oxford, yet after his death was far more zealously studied and admired at Cambridge than in his own University, and it was there first that a school of metaphysics was formed which owned him expressly as its authority and its guide. Dr. Law, one of the greatest advocates of the Lockian sensationalism, was a resident at Cambridge, and Dr. Hartley, the originator of the modern school of association, was a student at the same University.

"The earlier philosophical school of Cambridge was idealistic; the later was decidedly sensational. Perhaps the brilliant discoveries of Newton in physical science may have tended to absorb all purely metaphysical investigation, or, where it did not

absorb, to divert it into a more objective channel. But notwithstanding the ardor with which physical science long has been, and still is, studied at Cambridge, we are mistaken if the dawn of a new philosophical spirit is not even now manifesting itself within the walls of that University. Many are the intimations which are given there from time to time of a sympathy with the German idealism; many the attempts to revert from the wonders of nature to the deeper wonders of the spirit of man; many the intimations, that, amidst all the blessings conveyed by the extension of physical science, yet 'there are fields of grander discovery; that, though Nature's works be great, we are greater than all these; that what we can least do without is not our highest need; that man cannot live by bread alone.'*

"The new intellectual spirit, now rising in the University of Cambridge, may be perhaps most clearly seen in the reform of its moral philosophy. Paley, who stood almost alone for a long space of years as *the moral philosopher* of Cambridge, was clearly of the empirical school, and accordingly advocated, with some peculiarities of his own, the sensational theory of ethics, that which grounds all virtue upon utility. The reaction against this school has now most decidedly set in. Very plain intimations of it appeared as far back as the year 1834, when Professor Sedgwick published his admirable Discourse on the Studies of the University, and attacked the philosophy of Locke and of Paley, both in their principles and in their effects. — Vol. II., pp. 192 - 194.

Again he says: —

"But, in addition even to this, there are some few writers, chiefly those imbued with German philosophy, who have begun to make powerful use of the argument derived from our *fundamental conceptions*. This method of proof certainly appears, to those unaccustomed to abstract thinking, somewhat obscure and inconclusive; but it has the merit of becoming more forcible, the more it is inwardly realized; and we much doubt whether the tone of metaphysical thinking in our own country will not, ere long, render an appeal to these conceptions the most powerful, as also the most popular, proof of the foundation-principles of natural theology. Such it has long become among the German divines; such, we believe, it will become everywhere else, when minds are no longer so sensualized, that its cogency is obscured and its moral strength invalidated. As we can imagine an angel in heaven to believe in God from its own deep intuition of his existence, so will men attain a similar intuitive persuasion in propor-

* *Vide* Professor Lushington's Inaugural Lecture at Glasgow.

tion as they raise themselves above the material to the spiritual and the divine.

"But it is not merely upon the grounds of natural religion that idealism exerts its influence; we may trace its tendencies with equal clearness in the effects which it produces upon the varied phases of the religious life actually existing among different sections of the Christian Church. It is a fact universally allowed, that there has been a great increase of spiritual vigor infused during the last ten years into the English Church. The cold, dry, lifeless formality, so common twenty or thirty years ago, has been broken in upon by some living, operating religious ideas. Whether those ideas are right or wrong, in a theological point of view, is another question, — still, there they are, touching the deeper springs of human nature, and rousing hundreds at the present moment to thought and emotion. Whence, then, have these movements originated? Not from the people, — not from direct Christian effort, — nothing of the kind; they have originated in a few minds, deeply imbued with an ancient, and, it may be, a mystical philosophy. These minds have revolted from a round of cold and stiff morality; they have abjured sensationalism in metaphysics and in ethics; they have scattered their idealism, clothed in different garbs, on every side; and, as a consequence of this, they have roused the minds of thousands to a new religious life. True, it may be a religious life that combines much mysticism in its forms and its sentiments; but it is no less the offspring of idealism, in its reaction against a mechanical age.

"Look again to that community which, as the professed nursling of Priestley and Belsham, was formerly the true representative of a sensational theology. However willing some may be to admit the fact, yet it cannot be concealed, that an idealistic philosophy, the natural antagonist of the Hartleian and all similar principles, has invaded their theological system, and is rapidly working a marked change in their whole religious life. Whether this change will lead to a fresh expansion of the elements of Christian faith, whether to pantheistic mysticism, or whether to religious rationalism properly so called, it yet remains to be seen; certain it is, that the sensational point of view must give way to *something more spiritual*, of whatever hue its spiritualism may be." — Vol. II., pp. 490–492.

As has been intimated before, our author evidently inclines to the French Eclectic School, but not without an earnest protest against the apparently pantheistic or skeptical tendency of some of the tenets of its distinguished head.

"But," says he, "the most dangerous door into religious skepti-

cism is the use which Cousin makes of the spontaneity of the human reason, in order to explain the phenomena of inspiration. Reflection alone is considered to be the source of error; while that pure apperception, that instinctive development of thought, which results from spontaneity, is absolutely infallible. Now this spontaneity, it is said, is the foundation of religion. Those who were termed seers, prophets, inspired teachers, of ancient times, were simply men who resigned themselves largely to their intellectual instincts, and thus gazed upon truth in its pure and perfect form. They did not reason, they did not search, they did not reflect deeply and patiently, they made no pretension to philosophy; but they received truth spontaneously, as it flowed in upon them from heaven. Now, in one sense, all this may be true; but, according to Cousin, this immediate reception of divine light was nothing more than the *natural* play of the spontaneous reason; nothing more than what has existed, to a greater or less degree, in every man of great genius; nothing more than what may now exist in any mind which resigns itself to its own unreflective apperceptions. This being the case, revelation, in the ordinary sense, loses all its peculiar value; every man may be a prophet; every mind has within it the same authority to decide upon truth, as those minds had who dictated the Bible; we have only to sit and listen to the still, small voice within, to enjoy a daily revelation, which bears upon it all the marks of absolute infallibility.

"This doctrine, of course, may seem very plausible and very flattering; nay, it may arraign some evidence, and boast the explanation of many facts; but, assuredly, it can only be erected and established upon the ruins of all the fundamental evidences of Christianity. When the advocates of this natural, spontaneous inspiration will come forth from their recesses of thought, and deliver prophecies as clear as those of the Hebrew seer, — when they shall mould the elements of nature to their will, — when they shall speak with the sublime authority of Jesus of Nazareth, and, with the same infinite ease rising beyond all the influence of time, place, and circumstances, explain the past, and unfold the future, — when they die for the truth they utter, and rise again, as witnesses to its divinity, — then we may begin to place them on the elevation which they so thoughtlessly claim; but, until they either prove these *facts* to be delusions, or give their parallel in themselves, the world may well laugh at their ambition, and trample their spurious inspiration beneath its feet." — Vol. II., pp. 404–406.

While he exposes at some length the mischiefs and folly of mysticism, as it has commonly manifested itself in the world, he is not prepared to say that every form of it should

be entirely excluded from religion. We give his own words.

"To test the question, whether there be such a thing as a true mysticism in religion, we have simply to ask, whether our whole knowledge on this subject comes from reason and revelation combined, or whether there is not another element of truth, flowing from our spiritual feelings or our religious consciousness. The primary truths of natural theology may, of course, be viewed as deductions of reason; other religious ideas, again, come from an immediate revelation; but are we to say that this exhausts our sources of religious knowledge? Is there not a direct communication of the human mind with the Divine? and does not this communion give us a deeper insight into the Divine nature, than reason or revelation, or both of them combined, could ever afford? It is generally admitted that the highest conception of Deity which our reason can form is a very cold and abstract one, — one which can hardly reach beyond the notion of a first cause, and with difficulty attain to that of an infinite personality; and even if we come to the page of revelation itself, yet all the descriptions which it gives us of the attributes of God form but a very indistinct image upon a mind that simply puts these notions together by a logical process, and has no community of feeling with Deity itself. If it be the case, therefore, that, for gaining a deep insight into the perfections of God, we must rise to a communion of the heart and sympathy of feeling with him, then there is in religion a true and valid mysticism, which has to be cherished in every mind that thirsts after God. Mysticism of this nature forms, in fact, a regular portion of the common belief of all Christian countries. The theological doctrine of Divine influence is but the dogmatical mode of expressing a fact which is almost equally evident on the principles of natural religion; namely, that, ere we can enter fully into the conception of God, both in his own nature, and in his relation to the world, the spirit of man must be brought into mysterious communion and sympathy with the Spirit of God." — Vol. II., pp. 514, 515.

Mr. Morell, as all must see, is equally removed from that class of minds which think that religion is to be sacrificed to philosophy, and from that which think that philosophy is to be sacrificed to religion. In common, we suppose, with most persons who are acquainted with both, he maintains that both are necessary, and that, in proportion as the intellectual wants of believers are more and more developed, this necessity will be more and more felt. J. W.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Discourses on Human Nature, Human Life, and the Nature of Religion. By Orville Dewey, D. D. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 396.

Francis & Co., of New York, have now in course of publication a uniform edition of Dr. Dewey's works, — sermons, essays, articles from reviews, and occasional discourses, — to be comprised in three volumes; — an enterprise which deserves, as it will receive, the grateful appreciation of the Unitarian community. One volume, containing "Discourses and Reviews upon Questions in Controversial Theology and Practical Religion," appeared early in the autumn, and was noticed in the number of this journal for November last. That volume is designed to be the third in this edition. The second will contain a series of sermons on "Commerce and Business," together with "A Miscellaneous Collection of Discourses on Politics and Society," "Reprints of Reviews and Occasional Sermons," &c. The volume before us, from the Preface to which we gather these particulars, is intended to be the first in the series. It contains twenty-four sermons, — seven "On Human Nature," thirteen "On Human Life," and four "On the Nature of Religion." As the former volume is chiefly controversial, and is an admirable exposition of the religious opinions of Unitarians, and of the general principles and modes of reasoning by which they are sustained, so this is almost exclusively practical, and affords an exhibition of the spiritual results of those views, of the modes in which the religious life and character are conceived of, presented and urged by Unitarian preachers. While both volumes, therefore, are excellent books to put into the hands of those who would learn something of what Unitarianism is, and what are its practical tendencies and results, they are yet more valuable to instruct and establish the minds of those of our own body who would have "a reason" for the faith that is in them, the faith in which they have been educated, and to quicken and direct their efforts to attain the Christian character, the true spiritual life. In rich, deep, noble thought, in apt and forcible illustration, in impressive appeals, in an earnest, manly eloquence, in a living spirit and power, — power to convince the reason, to sway the affections, to move the conscience, guiding while it quickens its action, to wake up all the slumbering energies of the soul, make it feel its responsibleness, make it feel that religion is a reality, the great, solemn, and

blessed reality of its being, — in all these respects we are willing to compare the twenty-four sermons of this volume with any similar volume given to the world from any other denomination. Unitarian Christianity would not suffer by such a comparison.

In the Preface, Dr. Dewey says: — "I have sometimes regretted that it has been my fortune to communicate with the public through sermons."

"I doubt," he proceeds, "whether there is any one vehicle of communication — art, literature, poetry, fiction, the journal, or the newspaper — in the way of which public opinion has thrown so many obstructions and difficulties. In the first place, it has laid a jealous restriction upon the *topics* of the sermon, the style, the modes of illustration, — the whole manly freedom of utterance. In the next place, having thus helped to make it tame and commonplace, it has branded what is partly its own work with that fatal epithet, *dull*. In fact, the sermon, the printed sermon, has scarcely any recognized place among the great and noble arts of expression or communication."

We are a little surprised to hear this complaint from Dr. Dewey; nor does it seem to us altogether just. He is the last man who has any occasion or ground to make it, and is himself a practical illustration to the contrary. Certainly no one, in reading the volume before us, could by any possibility get the impression, that the author, whether as preacher or writer, felt himself under any very severe restrictions either as to his selection of topics or his mode of treating them. The great themes of human nature and human life, in their religious aspects, are open to him; he selects what points he chooses, touches them with the hand of a master, with "a manly freedom of utterance," in such style, such forms of illustration, as are fitted to instruct and impress, to produce that result which it is the appropriate work and purpose of the pulpit to produce. A Protestant pulpit, above all, a Congregational pulpit, is, we believe, — and we might point to Dr. Dewey as an example and proof, — a place for free and manly utterance, in exact proportion to the freedom and power of the person who stands in it. Every place and form of "expression or communication" with the public has its conventional restrictions, its rules, which good taste and sound judgment suggest and sustain. The lawyer at the bar, the statesman in the deliberative assembly, the orator in his popular address, and the poet in his work of art, be it a sonnet or an epic, — all these, as well as the preacher, — feel "a pressure from without," are subjected to certain proprieties, rules, and restrictions, in the expression of their thought, the exhibition of truth or beauty. Those which attach to the pulpit are not more severe than those which attach to either of them, — nor do they operate more strongly as fetters on the power of the pulpit, checking its "manly freedom of utterance." As a means of "expression or communication," the pulpit, we believe, main-

tains its place and honor, grows with the growth of society, adapts itself to the changes and progress of man, and meets the wants of this progress; not so much as we could wish, but as much as any other form of "expression or communication." That is, the most eminent and successful productions of the pulpit — this volume of sermons, for instance, and a few others, both of the living and the dead, that might be mentioned — compare favorably with the most eminent and successful productions of any other department of human thought and action. They correspond to our conceptions of what the pulpit ought to be, what it ought to do and say here and now, as fully as the noblest speeches delivered on the floor of Congress correspond to our conceptions of what a profound and high-principled statesman ought to be, to do, and to say. Men are often dull in the pulpit; so they are in the halls of legislation, at the bar, and in the printed page of the poet or historian; but in neither case does the dulness proceed from the restrictions thrown around the form of "expression or communication," but from the head or the heart of the individual.

The sermons before us, however, will never be pronounced dull, and we trust that the new and revised form in which they are here given to the public will lead to their more extended circulation, their more faithful study and application. Though not a complete treatise (nor designed to be) on the broad subjects embraced in the title-page, though each sermon is in a great measure a separate and independent essay, yet there is a general completeness in the impression made by the whole volume; and no man can read it without being largely instructed, without receiving many noble impulses, many solemn and profound thoughts, — thoughts, it seems to us, that must *live* in his heart and bear fruit in his life. * L.

A Report on the Trees and Shrubs growing naturally in the Forests of Massachusetts. Published agreeably to an Order of the Legislature, by the Commissioners on the Zoölogical and Botanical Survey of the State. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1846. 8vo. pp. 547.

The public have been long looking forward with interest to the publication of this Report by Mr. George B. Emerson, and they will find themselves amply compensated for the delay of its appearance by its great excellence. The author might, in a much shorter time, have prepared a hasty, superficial work, such as it is the fashion of the day to send forth on a multitude of subjects; but he has wisely chosen to wait till he could issue a volume worthy of his own reputation, and creditable to the science and

literature of the Commonwealth. In the description of the Trees and Shrubs, he very judiciously, we think, adopts the Natural System, rather than the artificial system of Linnæus. The general reader certainly will find great advantage in this arrangement, and will thank the author for throwing off the trammels of the artificial system, as also for avoiding, as far as possible, the use of technical terms. The work is one, in every view, of great merit. The "economical relations" of the subject, as was desirable, have been kept carefully in view. "Upon the culture, properties, and uses of many of our trees and shrubs," Mr. Emerson observes, "few or no experiments have been made." "Of many of them," he continues, "the value in building, and the various mechanic arts, in dyeing and tanning, and as furnishing articles of food, or materials for medicine, are [is] not yet known." Yet many valuable remarks occur on these subjects in different parts of the volume, which will have the effect of encouraging observation and stimulating inquiry. The author has been diligent in collecting his materials, having for this purpose, as he informs us, "scoured the forests in almost every part of the State, from the western hills of Berkshire to Martha's Vineyard, and from the banks of the Merrimac to the shores of Buzzard's and Narraganset Bays." The descriptions are mostly his own, and were derived from "copious notes taken under or near the growing plant itself." This explains their distinctness, their great freshness and excellence, which we cannot too much admire. We regret that he should have found it necessary, in accommodation to the taste of his "utilitarian readers," to throw aside much that he had written on the "beauty of our native trees, and of the climbing vines and undergrowth associated with them." Mr. Emerson has an eye for such beauty, and succeeds well in describing it; and we participate in his conviction, "that associations with the beauty of trees about our country homes enter deeply into the best elements of our character," and in his hope that what he has written may induce some of his readers "to plant trees, for the purpose of increasing the beauty and the appearance of seclusion and quiet of the homes of their wives and children." From his rejected materials we doubt not that he might easily make up a pleasing and useful volume, which would further aid in the promotion of so desirable an object. Every man of taste, who has grounds to cultivate, will derive both pleasure and profit from Mr. Emerson's work; and we wish it could be placed in the hands of every farmer — every owner of an acre of ground — in the country. Let the reader turn to the chapters on the oaks and pines, or the elm and the plane-tree (buttonwood), and he will discover at once the richness of the volume.

L.

The Library of American Biography. Conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vols. VIII., IX., X., and XII. Boston: Little & Brown. 1846, 1847. 16mo. pp. 439, 403, 403, and 408.

SOME of these volumes, given to the public under the superintendence of Mr. Sparks, whose labors in the field of American history and biography connect his name indissolubly with some of the brightest pages of our annals, should have been noticed before. The eighth, ninth, and tenth contain six Lives, all creditable to their authors: that of General Charles Lee, by Mr. Sparks,—and Governor Joseph Reed, by Henry Reed; of Leonard Calvert, by George W. Burnap,—Governor Samuel Ward, by William Gammell,—and Governor Thomas Posey, by James Hall; and that of General Nathaniel Greene, by George W. Greene. The Life of Leonard Calvert, first governor of Maryland, by Mr. Burnap, has peculiar claims to notice, and will be found interesting and valuable, not simply as a well-executed biography, indicating thorough research, but from the question of religious freedom, from time to time so much discussed in connection with the foundation and early legislation of the Maryland Colony. The eleventh volume received notice in our last number. That recently issued, the twelfth, is divided about equally between the life of Commodore Edward Preble, by Lorenzo Sabine,—a very agreeably written narrative,—and the life of William Penn, by George E. Ellis. After all that has been written of Penn, we find a fresh interest in Mr. Ellis's pages. He has treated the subject with judgment, giving, at as much length as the place the biography occupies required or admitted, the main incidents of Penn's life, and presenting discriminating views of his character, policy, and motives. L.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. By ALEXANDER H. EVERETT. Second Series. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1846. 12mo. pp. 475.

THIS volume will prove, we think, equally welcome to the public with its predecessor. It contains fewer articles, but among them are some of the best with which the author has enriched our periodical literature. The longest in the collection is a "Biographical Sketch" of Harro Harring,—though, if we may judge from the impression made by it on our own minds at the time of its appearance, its length will be no subject of complaint. It is a record of adventures which, along with the lives of such men

as Follen, Lieber, and numerous Italian and Polish exiles, belong, as the author justly remarks, to a "curious and important chapter in the history of the age," and was prepared chiefly from notes furnished by the subject himself. Among the other matters treated in the volume are Madame De Staël, Musæus's Popular Tales, Irving's Columbus, Greenough's Statue of Washington, Stewart's Philosophy, Life of J. J. Rousseau, Havana, History of Intellectual Philosophy, etc. Mr. Everett's thorough scholarship, and the great variety and extent of his information on modern and contemporary history and literature, render his writings a rich storehouse of knowledge, and give a sterling value to his criticisms. L.

Guide to Plymouth, and Recollections of the Pilgrims. By William S. Russell. Boston. 1846. 12mo. pp. 306.

This publication, of course, does not lay claim to any great originality, so far as the materials are concerned, though some "traditionary statements" are introduced, resting, as the author says, on "substantial grounds, deemed equally entitled to credit with those of historical records." The volume contains a great deal of information, historical, topographical, and biographical, the whole brought within a reasonable compass, and presented in a form suited to a guide-book. It will be found very useful to the numerous and increasing class of visiters to the spot first trodden by the feet of the Pilgrims. Annexed are seventy-six pages of "Airs of the Pilgrims," a collection of odes and hymns written on "the forefathers," some of which have considerable poetic merit. L.

The Universalist's Assistant; or an Examination of the Principal Objections commonly urged against Universalism. By a Believer. Boston: A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey. 1846. 12mo. pp. 234.

Universalism, as defined by the writer of this volume, "is not the mere denial of the doctrine of endless punishment, but the positive affirmation that all men will ultimately attain to *holiness*, and consequently to *happiness*." About the method and time of this final restoration of every human soul it seems that there are differences of opinion among Universalists; some believing that "the consequences of human action extend beyond the present state," and that salvation is to be attained through "each individual's own agency"; others supposing that a change will be mys-

teriously wrought at death, in a way "wholly independent of the individual's volitions, and the exercise of his own powers." The object of the writer is to disprove the eternity of punishment. On the "affirmative testimony in behalf of Universalism" he does not touch, except briefly in some concluding remarks. The objections to Universalism, in the sense in which he defines it, are very thoroughly examined, with competent learning, with fairness, and in a Christian spirit. L.

Memoir of Robert Swain. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 259.

An account of a short life passed mostly in illness, "pain, and disappointed hope," but marked by a spirit of resignation, cheerfulness, and Christian trust, alike soothing and instructive,—an excellent book to put into the hands of the young. Mr. Morison has shown equal modesty and skill in concealing himself behind the figure which he presents to the observation and study of his readers. L.

Looking Upward: or, Devotional Exercises for the Use of Young Persons. By Charles Wellbeloved. With an Introduction, by James W. Thompson, Minister of the Church in Barton Square, Salem. Salem: W. & S. B. Ives. 1847. 16mo. pp. 135.

A very excellent manual of "moral reflections and of devotional exercises," and hymns, for a week, presenting serious views of religion and duty in a familiar and "inviting" form. Mr. Thompson is entitled to our thanks for procuring the present reprint of this little volume, the production of one whom we unite with our English brethren in regarding with veneration and gratitude. L.

Consolation in Trials and Suffering. Boston. 1846. Published by a Layman. 16mo. pp. 104.

We know not to whom we are indebted for this compilation, made partly, as the publisher informs us, from an English work, some portions of which were "too sectarian" and are therefore omitted to give place to other passages from his own pen; but we have found reason to value it as a manual of religious conso-

lation. A great excellence of the book consists in the "apt quotations from the Bible" with which it abounds. It is addressed to "the believer," and under the titles of "The Believer's Temptations," "Trials," "Encouragement," "Guide," "Deliverance," "Refuge," "Portion," "Hope," "Comfort," "Prospect," "Retrospect," and "Rest," offers "comfort in affliction, mental or corporeal." G.

The Christian's Daily Treasury; a Religious Exercise for Every Day in the Year. By EBENEZER TEMPLE, Rochford, Essex. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1847. 12mo. pp. 407.

To those who like a Calvinistic theology, and would daily, as a guide to meditation, read the heads, or skeleton, of a sermon, founded on some text of Scripture, and occupying, on an average, a little more than a page, this volume, for which we are indebted to the politeness of the American publishers, will, no doubt, prove a very acceptable treasure. It contains some good materials for reflection, along with much that is commonplace, frigid, and, in our view, false. L.

My Teacher's New Year's Present, or Select Biography of the Young. By F. T. GRAY. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1847. 24mo. pp. 96.

RELIGIOUS biographies, and especially accounts of the "deaths of remarkable children," do not always prove very edifying, and are apt to deal in extravagances of one or another sort; but here is a little volume which is unexceptionable, containing six biographies by different hands, along with a number of hymns or verses full of just and devout sentiment, the whole forming, what it is intended to be, an appropriate and useful "new year's present" for children. It is an excellent book for Sunday-school libraries. L.

Hymns, Songs, and Fables, for Young People. By ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. Revised and enlarged from the last Edition. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 99.

IT is unnecessary to say any thing in recommendation of a publication so well known as Mrs. Follen's "Hymns, Songs," etc. "The present edition," she informs us, "has been greatly enlarged, by poems either not before printed, or that have had a

very limited circulation, and also by a number of translations from the German." L.

Flowers for Children. By L. Maria Child, Author of Mother's Book, etc. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 184.

Of this volume the public will require no further recommendation than the statement contained in the prefatory notice, that, like the two which have preceded it under the same title, it consists, in about equal proportions, of articles rewritten from the "Juvenile Miscellany," originally published by Mrs. Child, and of "new articles written expressly for the occasion." L.

The Pre-Adamite Earth: Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D. D., President of Cheshunt College, Author of "The Great Teacher," etc. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1847. 12mo. pp. 294.

This volume is liable, in parts at least, to the charge of obscurity, and it deals a little too much in theological metaphysics, we should think, to suit the taste of most readers. It contains, however, many sound and interesting views and illustrations of the connection between theology and natural science, and especially the science of geology. L.

Plato: his Life, Works, Opinions, and Influence. By Enoch Pond, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Bangor. Portland: Hyde, Lord, & Duren. 1847. 24mo. pp. 155.

A miniature volume, sufficiently inviting to the eye, and intended to serve as a sort of popular "introduction to the study of Plato," or, with those who "have not the means or the opportunity for such a study, as a substitute for it; — a meagre substitute indeed, but yet better than none." It does not pretend to any great depth, and certainly does not possess it. It gives no scientific exposition of the philosophy of Plato, though it will afford the unlearned reader some general notion of the subjects of his writings. In regard to the views maintained by Unitarians, of the Platonism of the early fathers of the Church, and of the origin of the Trinity, to which the publication has particular reference, we must say that Dr. Pond gives evidence of being very imperfectly informed. His acquaintance with Unitarian writings must be exceedingly superficial. L.

Discourses and Addresses at the Ordination of the Rev. Theodore Dwight Woolsey, LL. D., to the Ministry of the Gospel, and his Inauguration as President of Yale College, October 21, 1846. New Haven: 1846. 8vo. pp. 100.

Shall the Sword Devour For ever? A Discourse suggested by the Death of Lieut. Edward Eastman, of the U. S. Army, who died at Camargo, October 26, 1846, *aged* 28. By WILLIAM P. TILDEN, Pastor of the Second Congregational Church, Concord, N. H. Concord. 1847. 8vo. pp. 15.

Christian Union. A Discourse preached before the First Congregational Society in Kingston, November 22, 1846. By AUGUSTUS R. POPE, Minister of the Society. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 22.

A Sermon of Merchants; preached at the Melodeon, on Sunday, November 22, 1846. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the XXVIII. Congregational Church in Boston. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 47.

The Faith once delivered to the Saints. A Discourse delivered at the Dedication of the Unitarian Meetinghouse in Windsor, Vt., Wednesday, December 9, 1846. By Rev. A. A. LIVERMORE, Pastor of the Unitarian Church in Keene, N. H. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 22.

New Year's Sermons, preached in the Bulfinch Street Church, on Sunday, January 3, 1847. By FREDERICK T. GRAY, Minister of the Bulfinch Street Society. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 24.

A Sermon preached in the Church of the First Parish in Dedham, January 10, 1847, *the Sunday after the Death of Ebenezer Fisher, Jr.* By ALVAN LAMSON, D. D., Pastor of the First Parish. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 19.

Unity and Peace. A Sermon preached before the Church of the Unity, Worcester, January 10, 1847. By JOHN WEISS, Preacher of the First Congregational Church, Watertown. Worcester. 1847. 8vo. pp. 19.

A Good Old Age. A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Hon. John Davis, LL. D., and preached in the Federal Street Meetinghouse in Boston, January 24, 1847. By EZRA S. GANNETT, Minister of the Federal Street Society. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 36.

Right Opinion the Foundation of Right Action, sought in a Free and Catholic Spirit, a primary Object of every Christian. A Sermon, preached at the First Meeting of the Western Unitarian Union, held at Taunton, April 21, 1846. By the Rev. G. ARMSTRONG, A. B. T. C. D. London. 8vo. pp. 36.

Cast thy Bread upon the Waters. A Sermon preached at Worship Street Chapel, London, before the General Assembly of Unitarian Baptists, held on Whit-Tuesday, June 2, 1846. By the Rev. THOMAS SADLER, PH. D. London. 1846. 8vo. pp. 23.

Papers on the Slave Power, first published in the "Boston Whig." By JOHN G. PALFREY, of Cambridge, Middlesex County, Massachusetts. Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 91.

Correspondence between Nathan Appleton and John G. Palfrey, intended as a Supplement to Mr. Palfrey's Pamphlet on the Slave Power. Boston. 1846. 8vo. pp. 20.

Lecture on Home Preparation for School, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Plymouth, Mass., August, 1846. By JASON WHITMAN. Boston. 1846. 12mo. pp. 63.

A Discourse delivered before the Maine Historical Society, at its Annual Meeting, September 6, 1846. By GEORGE FOLSOM. Portland. 1847. 8vo. pp. 80.

Conversation. An Address delivered before the Newburyport High School, on the Third Anniversary of its Establishment, December 19, 1846. By ANDREW P. PEABODY. With the Annual Report of the Principal. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 39.

The Spirit of the Pilgrims. An Oration delivered before the Society of the Sons of New England of Philadelphia, December 22, 1846, *in Commemoration of the Landing of the Pilgrims two hundred and twenty-six Years ago.* By WILLIAM H. FURNESS. Philadelphia. 1847. 8vo. pp. 22.

An Oration delivered before the New England Society, in the City of New York, December 22, 1846. By CHARLES W. UPHAM. New York. 1847. 8vo. pp. 40.

An Inquiry into the Views, Principles, and Services and Influences of the Leading Men in the Origination of our Union, etc. By THADDEUS ALLEN. Nos. 2–4. Boston. 1846, 7. 8vo.

THE pamphlet relating to the inauguration of President Woolsey contains discourses and addresses which, independently of their intrinsic merit, deserve preservation as furnishing the best possible record of a transaction in which the whole American public must take an interest. The office of President of Yale College being, in the opinion of the Corporation, "religious and ecclesiastical" in its nature, Dr. Woolsey, formerly Greek Professor, was first ordained to the Christian ministry, Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., of New Haven, preaching the Ordination Sermon, Rev. Dr. Porter, of Farmington, delivering the Charge, and Rev. Mr. Smith, of New Canaan, giving the Right Hand of Fellowship.

The ordination was followed, in the afternoon, by the ceremony of Inauguration, Dr. Day, late President, now Senior Fellow, delivering the "Inaugurating Address," and Professor Kingsley a "Congratulatory Address" in Latin. The President then pronounced his "Inaugural Discourse." All of these, with the exception of the Latin Address, are contained in the pamphlet before us. — After stating a few facts relating to the life and character of Lieut. Eastman, Mr. Tilden, in connection with some remarks of his own, presents several extracts derived from different sources, exhibiting a melancholy, but true, picture of the sufferings and horrors of war. The Discourse is timely and Christian. — Mr. Pope comments with fit severity on the attempt made by the late London "Evangelical Alliance" to found Christian union on a "doctrinal basis," and offers some just observations on the true "oneness" of Christians. — Mr. Parker, in his "Sermon *of* Merchants," speaks with great directness, and in his usual fresh and glowing style, of their "position, temptations, opportunities, influence, and duty." — The occasion of the delivery of Mr. Livermore's Discourse naturally called for a statement of the Unitarian faith, which he has given with plainness and simplicity, and in a spirit of Christian love. — Mr. Gray's New Year's Sermons give some account of his preaching, and some statistics of his society, and particularly of its benevolent action, not during the year merely, but during his seven years' connection with it. They are simple, affectionate, and serious performances, full of the right spirit, and well suited to the season. — The discourse on the death of Ebenezer Fisher, Jr., contains a tribute to the memory of a man esteemed and beloved through a wide circle of acquaintances and friends for his useful life, and character of great moral and Christian worth. — Mr. Weiss's Sermon on "Unity and Peace," founded not on ideas of the intellect, not on "theologics," but on moral elements, is marked by vigorous and elevated thought, and presents a solemn plea for truth and right in opposition to maxims of political expediency and popular fallacies of every kind. — After describing the elements of "a good old age," Mr. Gannett goes on to notice the principal events in the life of Judge Davis, and to delineate the features of his character, — commemorating one whose excellence entitled him to the most respectful and affectionate notice, and whose last years were a beautiful illustration of the subject of the discourse. — Mr. Armstrong's Sermon, the subject of which is sufficiently indicated by the title, abounds in discriminating thought and forcible argument. He contends earnestly for the authority of Jesus as a special messenger from God, and urges the responsibilities of ministers in connection with the claims of a supernatural religion. We should prefer a more simple style, and the perpetual recurrence of Italic and capitalized

words is a poor compliment to the discernment of readers. — There is a great deal of beauty both of thought and expression in Dr. Sadler's discourse, the subject of which is the "duty of earnest, steadfast labors, notwithstanding our uncertainty as to the period of our reward." We like especially the hopeful spirit which breathes through it.

Dr. Palfrey's pamphlet, of which we had hoped that a friend would take notice in an article on the subject prepared expressly for our journal, is vigorous, acutely written, and embodies a great mass of facts and reasonings, some of which will be new to many readers, and all of which deserve the careful consideration of every friend of his country or of humanity. It is in our judgment the best pamphlet which has appeared on the important but difficult subject which it discusses. The "Correspondence" refers to some "personalities," which do not affect the intrinsic merit of the "Papers." — The duty of parents in regard especially to that part of a preparation for school, the most important of all, which consists in the cultivation of right moral habits and affections in the child, is well illustrated and forcibly urged in Mr. Whitman's Lecture. — Mr. Folsom, in his historical Discourse, well executes his purpose of giving "some of the facts connected with the early discovery and settlement of Maine, and the character of those who were most active in the work of colonization." — Mr. Peabody's Address points out, in lively and somewhat playful language, several of the usual faults of conversation, and contains some just observations on its proper character and uses. We had supposed, however, that the paternity of the so often quoted remark, "Give me the making of the popular songs of a nation, and let who will make the laws," belonged, not to "a wise man of antiquity," but to Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun. — Mr. Furness's Oration has a genuine heart-warmth, and expresses, in fit and beautiful language, sentiments which we of the North, who derive our blood and our principles from the Pilgrims, must rejoice to have repeated throughout the continent, whenever occasion is offered for their utterance. — Mr. Upham's Oration, delivered on the same day, before the "New England Society" in New York, is distinguished by affluence of thought, and deep practical wisdom, by felicity of historical illustration and allusion, and a style of pure classical English, which take it out of the class of mere ephemeral productions, of which the recurence of anniversary celebrations is so prolific, and entitle it to rank with the very best efforts of our public orators on the same, or any similar occasion. — We have already expressed a favorable opinion of the plan of Mr. Allen's publication, and the fidelity of its execution we have never heard called in question. The fourth number, recently issued, brings down the history to the termination of the "memorable campaign of 1776."

INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record. — We continue to record the changes which take place in the ministry of our churches, in the hope that, by an exposure of the extent of the evil, attention may be drawn to so serious a departure from the "good old ways" of our fathers. We cannot but think there are some indications of a tendency to restore a better order of things.

Rev. Mr. Snow having closed his connection with the people of Brooklyn, Conn., the pulpit has been supplied through the winter by Rev. Mr. May of Leicester. — Rev. Mr. Allen has resigned his charge of the congregation at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury. — Rev. Mr. Doggett has relinquished the care of the church in Bridgewater, and become the successor of Mr. Huntington, at Ashby. — Rev. Mr. Sewall of Scituate, we rejoice to learn, has so far recovered his health as to accede to the urgent request of his congregation that he would resume his ministerial duties among them. — Our obituary department records the death of three faithful ministers, two of whom were actively engaged in their work to the last. — The societies at Salem, East Boston, and Brattleboro', Vt., will soon be provided with settled ministers.

A Unitarian society has been organized in Ware under circumstances which promise its increase. A meetinghouse will soon be finished. Worship is at present held in the vestry under the church, in which religious services were for the first time conducted on Sunday, January 24, 1847, by Rev. Mr. Brooks of Boston. — The meetinghouse of the First Society in Haverhill, erected only a few years since, was consumed by fire on the 1st of January. A committee of the society have made an appeal to the sympathies of their Christian brethren for aid in rebuilding the house. — We are glad to know that the society in Lexington are proceeding with a good spirit to erect a meetinghouse in place of that which was recently destroyed, as mentioned in our last number.

Inconvenience has arisen in some cases, we learn, from the disappointment of expectations which had been entertained, of assistance from the American Unitarian Association. The appropriations which the Committee had felt themselves authorized in making, the amount of money actually placed at their disposal has been too small to meet; in consequence of a practice, which many societies have adopted, of sending in their annual subscription to the Missionary Fund subject to specific appropriations of their own, — thus making the Association merely the channel through which their subscriptions pass to the designated objects, seriously diminishing the general resources of the Association. Measures should be taken to prevent such an interference of plans in future years. — The American Unitarian Association have applied to the legislature of this Commonwealth for an act of incorporation, according to a vote passed at a late annual meeting. — The Meadville Theological School has received a charter of incorporation from the State of Pennsylvania. The condition of this School is high-

ly satisfactory. The three classes contain, — Senior Class, 4; Middle Class, 13; and Junior Class, 15 pupils; whole number, 32. Large additions have been made to the library; and the professors, two of whom "devote themselves to the School constantly," while two "visit it annually for the purpose of giving their courses of lectures," are encouraged by the success which has attended their labors. — The Divinity School at Cambridge continues to furnish well instructed ministers to our churches. Of the class last graduated, eight have already received invitations to take charge of congregations. The present number in the School is 31; viz. Senior Class, 13; Middle, 7; Junior, 11. A bequest of two thousand dollars has been received from the estate of the late Miss Nancy Kendall, of Leominster, "for the aid of indigent members of the Theological School."

The last Annual Report of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America" gives a satisfactory view of the proceedings of the "Select Committee," who have charge of its affairs. Its "operations during the last year have embraced St. Louis, with destitute places in Missouri; Quincy, Geneva, and Galena, with destitute places in Illinois; Milwaukie, in Wisconsin, and destitute places in Michigan; the Isle of Shoals, with provisions for its school and church; the Indians of Marshpee, with those also of Herring Pond; the Cherokee Indians, with their female seminary at Dwight; the Ojibway Indians, near Lake Superior; the Oneida Indians, at Green Bay; and, lastly, the support and education of two Indian youth in the Seminary in Albion, Michigan." "At no former period," adds the Report, "has the Society embraced so wide or varied a field of action as during the year last past, more particularly in its endeavours for the benefit of the Indian race. A sum nearly double the amount of the income of the Alford fund, which was specially devoted to them, has been employed for this object"; the whole amount of Indian appropriation for the year having been nine hundred dollars.

We are glad to observe that special courses of lectures on Sunday evenings, given by different ministers of our faith, meet with encouragement. Two such courses are now in delivery in New York and Brooklyn, N. Y., and two also in this city, besides one at least in this neighbourhood. In looking over the "London Inquirer" we have noticed the frequent announcement of similar courses of lectures in Unitarian chapels in England. They are sometimes delivered by several ministers, succeeding each other according to a natural order of subjects, and sometimes by the minister of the chapel alone. Generally they are meant to afford an exhibition or defence of the doctrinal views held by Unitarians, but in some instances they treat of subjects of a more practical character.

Our brethren in England appear to be more actively engaged in the work of Christian instruction than in former years. The Ministry at Large, or Domestic Mission, as it is called by them, is evidently growing in favor. In addition to the places which we have already, from time to time, mentioned as supporting such a mission, we may now name Leicester, where Mr. Dare is employed, and has just published his first annual report. Our readers are not, probably, aware of the efforts made by many Unitarian congregations in England to sustain religious and benevolent institutions. We may cite one example, taken from the Report of the "Western Unitarian Christian Union," in which

"full statistics are given of every congregation connected with the Union," — remarking, however, that few other societies, we presume, could furnish such an account. Let it be remembered, that all these methods of usefulness are adopted and maintained by a single congregation, — that formerly under the care of Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

"Bristol. — Rev. George Armstrong, B. A., 1838, and Rev. Wm. James, 1842. Congregation, 700. — The institutions are, — an Endowed Almshouse for 14 aged persons; a Daily Endowed School for 40 boys, connected with the same institution, founded A. D. 1722, with residence for a Master; also an Endowed School for 20 girls, with apartments for a Mistress; an Infant School, supported by voluntary contributions, containing 150 children, with a house for Master and Mistress; a Daily School for boys and girls, with about 120 children, supported by voluntary contributions; a School Dispensary; Sunday-schools, containing about 160 children and 40 teachers; a Fellowship Fund; a Sunday-school Provident Fund; a Chapel Library; a Sunday-school Library; a Sunday-school Teachers' Library; a Ladies' Working and Visiting Society, with about 60 members, and having under its care 150 poor families; a Tract Distributing Society; a Fund for the Relief of Poor Ministers, their Widows, and Students for the Ministry, sustained by endowment and annual collection; also a Fund for nearly similar objects, founded by a former Minister, the Rev. John Bury, upwards of a century ago; a Domestic Mission, supported by voluntary contributions; Rev. James Bayley, Missionary; the Mission congregation about 60; its institutions, Sunday-school and weekly night School; Library; Mutual Improvement and Assistance Society."

Could all our congregations present similar statistics, the charge of supineness or selfish enjoyment of Christian privileges could scarcely be repeated, even by those who most widely differ from us in belief.

Ordinations and Installations. — Rev. Edwin Goodhue Adams, of Ashby, a graduate from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained over the First Congregational Church and Society in Templeton, Mass., as colleague pastor with Rev. Mr. Wellington, January 20, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, from 1 Peter iii. 18; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; the Charge was given by Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Winkley of Boston; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Bond of Barre, Wellington of Templeton, and Nute of Petersham.

Rev. Charles Henry Appleton Dall was introduced to the pastoral care of the First Religious Society in Needham, Mass., on Sunday, February 7, 1847. After a brief statement concerning the action of the society in the case by Rev. Daniel Kimball, chairman of the parish committee, the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. Whitman of Lexington; who also preached a Sermon from 1 Peter i. 9, and gave Mr. Dall the Right Hand of Fellowship.

Rev. Theophilus Pipon Doggett, late of South Bridgewater, was installed as Pastor of the First Church and Society in Ashby, Mass., February 24, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston, from 2 Peter iii. 11; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr.

Doggett of Raynham; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Smith of Groton, and Chandler of Shirley.

Dedications. — The meeting-house erected by the Unitarian Society in WINDSOR, Vt., was dedicated by appropriate religious services, December 9, 1846. The Sermon, from 1 Timothy ii. 5, was preached by Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H.; who also offered the Prayer of Dedication; the other services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Newell of Pomfret, Vt.

The First Congregational Society in WESTFORD, Mass., having remodelled their meetinghouse, it was dedicated anew to its sacred purposes, January 7, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton, from Psalm xx. 2; the Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Chelmsford; and the other services were conducted by Messrs. White and Thayer.

Harvard University. — The "Annual Report of the President of the University at Cambridge to the Overseers, exhibiting the state of the institution for the academical year 1845–46," being the first which President Everett has been called to make, shows that the University is in all its departments in a good condition. Mr. Everett speaks of the state of the several professional Schools in the University, of the general discipline of the College, and of the wants of the institution in respect to an increase of the library and the erection of a new chapel, — points on which the Treasurer also enlarges in his Annual Statement. The President remarks, that "no pains should be spared to give activity to practical religious influences."— At the annual meeting of the Board of Overseers, the last month, besides the reading of the reports of the several visiting and examining committees of the last year, and the appointment of the same committees for the next year, the election by the Corporation of Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., as Dane Professor of Law, of James Kent, LL. D., as Royall Professor of Law, and of Eben Norton Horsford as Rumford Professor and Lecturer on the Application of the Sciences to the Useful Arts, was in each case confirmed. A revised code of regulations for the Law School was presented from the Corporation and adopted by the Overseers. The President also offered a plan which the Corporation had matured for a new department in the University, under the title of "the Scientific School of the University of Cambridge," intended to serve as "an advanced school of instruction in theological and practical science, and in other useful branches of academic learning." This plan, which will much increase the advantages of education afforded at Cambridge, was unanimously adopted. Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, of Boston, was elected a member of the Board, in place of the late Dr. Brazer; and Hon. John C. Gray, of Boston, to fill the place vacated by President Everett's resignation of his seat as one of the permanent Board.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Cornelius George Fenner died in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 3, 1847, aged 24 years.

The death of this young brother, though not unexpected, has caused more than common grief in many hearts. The story of his life is brief and simple. Born in Providence, R. I., December 30, 1822, he remained at home until he had finished his collegiate education. It has been said of him, that "he was never a child." A peculiar manliness and thoughtfulness gave the appearance of early maturity, — better than common precocity. Still he was always bright and playful, with a love of genuine humor which he never lost. But his passion was for knowledge, and his power of attaining it easy and rapid. Entering Brown University in 1838, he studied through the whole course not only as much as his duties required, but a great deal more; accomplishing an amount of various reading, not common even with robust health, which he had not. He took high rank as a scholar, graduated with honor, and then passed three years in the Divinity School at Cambridge. In the autumn of 1845 he began to preach, and soon had an invitation to settle in West Cambridge, which he accepted, it being his highest ambition to devote himself to a quiet country parish. But before he could be ordained, indeed at the very moment of his writing the letter of acceptance, his health failed, and, finding it necessary to seek a milder climate for the winter, he went to Cuba. Returning in the spring with but partially renovated strength, he preached in Cincinnati, and was at once invited to remain. Accepting the invitation, in the fond hope of being able to labor in that softer clime, he came home, was married in August, and went back to Cincinnati, with still feebler health and hopes, but with the earnest purpose to work while he lived. With difficulty, but with great acceptance, he preached once each Sunday for two months, then drooped — and died, — having just completed his twenty-fourth year.

The distinction of George Fenner's character, we should say, was the union of the intellectual with the spiritual, and of both with the genial, in a high degree and in beautiful harmony. He loved study, he loved nature and art, he loved freedom, truth, and man. He had a natural gift for music and the pencil, though he used them chiefly for his own gratification. He clung fondly to all that was good in the past, with a keen sense of present evils, and generous hope and holy courage for the future. He loved forms and symbols, the old church, and the oldest writers; but never was a spirit more independent of them, or more sensible of the danger and dishonor of bondage. His knowledge of books, in many departments, is believed to have been remarkable, both for its extent and justice. His imagination was fervid but controlled, and his poetic power not ordinary, as the little volume, published so recently, and drawn from a much larger collection of manuscript poems, amply proves. He dearly loved the profession of his choice. In a letter from Cuba, he wrote, — "With returning health comes a desire, oh how intense! to be back at my post, and take part in the campaign." In the strength of this desire, though in extreme debility at times, he resolved to go where he had been called, and meet the issue, not in idleness but in service. And there he toiled

and hoped, almost to the day of his death. Death was not a stranger to his thoughts, nor a king of terrors. Yet he wished to live, that he might learn and labor for the highest end. It was permitted, — but in another sphere. And when he saw that so it must be, he bowed in calm submission, made every preparation, sighed only for the loved so soon to be bereaved, and died in the Christian's faith. How strong that faith, how entire and cheerful his resignation, appears in the touching fact, that, dear as life was to him, the moment he felt himself called away, he dwelt with delight and undoubting confidence on his approaching interview with those who had gone before him, exclaiming more than once, — "Yes, I shall see father and sister before midnight."

His body remains, as he desired, with the people to whom he gave his last strength, and who proved in many ways their appreciation of such a gift. His spirit also remains with them and with many here, to bless us all, while it soars in the realms of knowledge and purity to which it always aspired. H.

Hon. John Davis, LL. D., died at Boston, Mass., January 14, 1847, aged 86 years.

Judge Davis was born in Plymouth, January 25, 1761. After graduating at Cambridge in the class of 1781, he pursued his professional studies, and established himself as a lawyer in his native town, but was soon drawn into public life by the will of his fellow-citizens, and in 1795 received from Washington the appointment of Comptroller of the Treasury of the United States. He resigned this office after holding it one year, and, returning to New England, removed to Boston. Soon afterwards he was appointed United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts, and in 1800 accepted the office of District Judge, which he held for forty-one years, resigning it at the age of eighty, but not from any decrease of intellectual vigor. On the contrary, he retained the brightness of his faculties as well as the sweetness of his disposition till his death, which took place after an illness of but one day. No one was more worthy to enjoy the respect and love of which he was the object. An enthusiastic lover of books, he also delighted in the society of his friends. A learned and upright judge, he secured the confidence of the community as well as of the court over which he presided. Acquainted with natural science and cultivating a taste for letters, he was particularly interested in the study of the early history of New England. For many years connected with the government of the University, and a member of various literary associations, his influence was felt beyond the circle of his kindred and the sphere of his professional labors. Mild in his manners, instructive in his discourse, cordial in his sympathies, and steadfast in his religious convictions, he passed through life attended by the esteem of all who knew him. His old age was clear and beautiful. Domestic afflictions did not impair his serenity nor lessen his usefulness. He presented a rare example of the Christian philosopher. For fifty years he was a member of the Federal Street congregation, and for many years an officer in the church. The last months of his life his sight was impaired, but his cheerfulness was not abated. He lived almost to see his eighty-sixth birthday, and then "was not, for God took him." G.

Rev. Richard Thomas Austin died at Lunenburg, Mass., January 18, 1847, aged 37 years.

Mr. Austin was born in Waldoboro', Me., May 6, 1809, and was enabled by school-keeping, which he began at the age of fifteen, to enter Bowdoin College and to be graduated in 1831 without a debt. After teaching some months in Thomaston, Me., he came to Boston in 1832, and was for a year an assistant in a private school in this city. He then entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, but left after one term for want of funds. To obtain these, he took charge for a considerable time of the Cambridge grammar school; without neglecting his duties in which, he resumed his theological studies, and in 1836 creditably completed them. On the 28th of September, 1836, he was ordained as minister of the church in Wayland. His fondness for teaching, however, after two years spent in Wayland brought him back to Cambridge, where he became Principal of the High School. Faithful and successful, he was yet obliged by the state of his health, which began visibly to decline, to relinquish at last this long cherished employment. He had all along, from his first connection with the Divinity School, suffered more or less severely from a scrofulous affection of the throat; but did not allow it to prevent him from occasional preaching (whenever possible), or from devoting himself during the last two years of his life to the ministerial service of the church in Lunenburg, — where he somewhat suddenly, but peacefully, rested from all his labors. His last sermon, preached at Pepperell, Mass., a week only before his decease, gave proof of his cheerful familiarity with the subject of death, and of his bright hope of immortality.

The writer of this notice can testify to the general manliness of his bearing and conduct, — the indomitable energy with which he pursued his purposes, — the excellence of the ends he had always in view, — the strong practical cast of his mind, — his social, frank good-nature and habitually cheerful piety. The sphere of the Christian preacher was the one to which his inclination led him; that of the school instructer, the one in which he excelled. His preaching was chiefly remarkable for its clearness and earnest sincerity; consequently his hearers commonly became his personal friends; and those of them who "followed with him in the regeneration" were drawn to do so, less by the influence of his salutary sermons than by that of the good man himself. They felt that he could never do any thing deceitfully; and that this truthfulness of his, so resolutely maintained, — the very life-sap of their pastor's religion, — was the thing to be cherished as essential to their own.

His force of character is exemplified by an anecdote. To one who querulously demanded his reasons for acting zealously in a certain case, he replied, — "Reasons, Sir, reasons! I never give reasons. Aiming at a good result, as you know, I cannot stop to give reasons. When that is attained, you, Sir, and others, can commend or censure; I shall by that time be doing something else. Reasons, Sir! Right action is the main resolve for man; his reasons are for God." Such a Nehemiah-spirit which "will not come down" from its work, such an "adamantine constancy of endeavour," — what benefit, with his right tendencies, had it been joined with more of physical health and strength, might it not have wrought out for society even in the comparatively brief term of thirty-seven years!

A.

Rev. Timothy Foster Rogers, Senior Pastor of the First Congregational Society in Bernardston, Mass., died at that place, January 26, 1847, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, and after a faithful ministry of more than thirty-seven years.

The departure of this truly good and exemplary man has already called forth just and appropriate notices from his colleague, and others who were personally favored with his friendship, and were eyewitnesses of his worth. From these notices, as well as from other sources, we learn the high estimation in which he was held by the people of his charge, and by all who knew him. He was born in Tewksbury, Mass., March 16, 1781, and was graduated at Harvard University, in the class of 1802. He pursued his theological studies partly at Cambridge, and partly under the direction of clerical friends, among whom was Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, and was ordained as the minister of Bernardston, September 20, 1809. He was distinguished by the simplicity and integrity of his character, by the meekness and gentleness of his spirit, and by a calm, earnest, and effective devotion to the great objects of his ministry. "Others," says one who knew and honored him, "could preach more powerfully, but no minister or disciple has practised more faithfully. He taught most effectually by his life, and by his good deeds he glorified the Father." "From some intercourse with the world, we must say," remarks another, who long enjoyed a close observation of Mr. Rogers's course, "we have never known a man who was so nearly perfect in obedience to the precepts of Christ." "His people," observes his colleague, "highly esteemed him for his work's sake, and for the excellences of his character. He was remarkably punctual and faithful to all his engagements, unwearied in his labors for others' good, and manifested with regard to his earthly means the most exemplary generosity. He was eminently a man of prayer. No one who ever listened, either in public or private, to his devotional exercises, need be reminded how great was the holy fervor which they displayed."

Mr. Rogers had many trials. In early life he felt himself compelled by the inquiries which he pursued to adopt different opinions in theology from those in which he had been educated, and to his deliberately formed convictions he adhered firmly, but meekly, through the rest of his days. The secession of a part of his congregation, who formed themselves into a Trinitarian society several years after his settlement in Bernardston, only served to prove at once his steadfastness and his mildness. The peculiar illness of his wife for thirty years was borne "with a silent, magnanimous fortitude," "a uniform tenderness" towards the unhappy sufferer, and "the utmost cheerfulness." Towards the close of his ministry, the feeble condition of his own society obliged him to preach a part of the time in other places, in the employment of the Evangelical Missionary Society, and the Society for Propagating the Gospel, whose annual reports contain frequent testimonies to his fidelity. In the autumn of 1843 he was affected by a paralysis, which finally disabled him from preaching, but it did not deprive him of the satisfactions of Christian experience. "An habitual cultivation of his spiritual nature during the days of his intellectual vigor was now amply repaid by a delightful share of holy peace, and a sweet sense of the Divine presence." He anticipated his departure with serene trust, and died "the death of the righteous." P.

THE

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

MAY, 1847.

Art. I. — REMINISCENCES PERTAINING TO A NEW ENGLAND CLERGYMAN AT THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Imagine, nearly fifty years ago, a youthful widow left with four small children in the town of Gloucester, at the head of the harbour at Cape Ann, one of the arms inclosing Massachusetts Bay. Her husband had been a very successful merchant in that place, but had recently died insolvent, his insolvency arising from the capture of several vessels by the French in our war of 1798 with that nation. She had heard of an excellent academy in the township of Atkinson, New Hampshire, not far from the boundary line between that State and Massachusetts. Thither she resolved to carry her son, her "only son," the writer of these memoirs, who was then about seven years of age, — not as Abraham carried Isaac, to the altar of sacrifice, but with the purpose of obtaining for him the blessing of an education. She had learned much of the parental and benevolent character of the minister of the town and his lady, whose house was filled with boarders in attendance at the academy, of which, however, the clergyman was not the preceptor, but only the leading patron and trustee. So, one summer's morning, she leaves the seashore with a horse and chaise, taking her boy as her only companion, over an untried and intricate road of forty miles. She passes through the pleasant town of

Ipswich, so quiet at that time, that the whimpering of their chaise's whippletree, and the occasional hammering of the village blacksmith in the sultry noon, were the only noises which they heard; and then, leaving Newburyport far to the right, arrives late in the day at the beautiful village of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, with its noble bridge over the river, and situated on the northern boundary of Massachusetts. Six miles farther north, through a perpetually ascending region, conduct her to the wished-for mansion of the venerable and hospitable clergyman. Here she tells her story of sorrow, declares that she must return the next day to seek by trade a livelihood for herself and her little ones, confesses that she owns not at present a single dollar for their support, and waits to learn the determination of her reverend new acquaintance. The answer is not long in coming. "Madam," said he, in tones which still ring musically in the ears of the writer, and with a cordial smile which seems to shine on the memory as but of yesterday, — "Madam, leave your little boy with us. He shall be one of our family, and enter the academy. If Providence blesses your efforts to secure for yourself a livelihood, well and good; you may remunerate us in the usual way. But if you are doomed to struggle with adversity, be not anxious about your son; here you may be sure that he shall have a home and an education." The charming though elderly lady of the clergyman, who sat silently knitting in the corner of the room during the conversation, with an elegant cap on her head, which won my boyish admiration, and a more attractive countenance beneath it, smiled all along in perfect approval of her husband's generous proposal, and closed the interview by a few kind and precious words of assent and comfort. Romantic as this incident may seem, since the widow had not the slightest claim of any kind on her new-found friends, nor had even her name been known to them until that very day, yet is the relation literally true.

The next morning, the stranger, with a face beaming with joy, eyes glistening with tears, and a heart filled with gratitude and hope, reascended the chaise to pursue her homeward journey alone. Such instances of female enterprise are not at all uncommon in New England, even at the present day. The subsequent exertions of our adventuress in trade were abundantly favored by that benignant Being who, throughout the volume of revelation, hath so frequently

and tenderly promised his especial protection to the widow and the fatherless. During the space of ten or twelve years, every one of her children enjoyed, for a greater or less period, the advantages of the family and the institution at which she had placed her son, and she ever regarded it as one of the most cherished blessings of her life, that she was amply enabled to remunerate her disinterested benefactor. To him, and to all connected with him, let us now return. I will do what may be in my power, before we part, to make my readers well acquainted at least with good old "Sir Peabody" and his lady.

The township of Atkinson is one of those numerous subdivisions, of about six miles square, into which the whole of New England is parcelled. The inhabitants of each township form a distinct corporation, all its fiscal, police, and general affairs being conducted by a body called the selectmen, usually consisting of three, and elected at an annual town-meeting, which assembles at the church, or rather the meetinghouse. Atkinson, though far below the summit of that granite territory which swells gradually upward from the Merrimac River until it reaches the Monadnoc and White Mountains, still occupies a most commanding position. Looking round on its immense horizon to the south, you might easily fancy yourself on the central apex of the land. With an ordinary telescope you can discern steeples some fifteen or twenty miles distant, counting more than a dozen of them within the whole field, while those of Haverhill, only six miles removed, seem lying comparatively at your feet; and when a warm, gentle south wind prevails, they send up the faint yet clear tones of their distant evening bells, so magically soft, that you know not whether they are floating from earth or heaven. To the north, or back of the settlement, appear ascending forests and cleared lands, with here and there a distant steeple, until the eye rests at last on the shadowy outline, scarcely distinguishable from the sky itself, of the Grand Monadnoc Mountains. What an object for the daily contemplation of an enthusiastic, imaginative youth! How they speak to him of eternal solidity and repose! How they grow into and become a part of the stamp of his being, their dim and far-off grandeur shedding a mystic influence on his soul, which no remoteness of years or situation can efface! When, after dwelling for a long time in some level country, he again sees their forms or similar ones

near the horizon, he thrills with the sensation of a new return to life.

There is in Atkinson nothing, properly speaking, like a village. No stream collects there a factory's little population on its banks. The houses are scattered over the whole domain, generally within sight of each other. Every variety of architecture prevails, from the low red cottage, to the ambitious, white-painted, and very sizable mansion; there being, I presume, even here, as in other parts of New England, aspiring souls, who, when about to erect a dwelling-house, might possibly go by night and measure the exact length of their neighbour's residence, for the pleasure of boasting that their own should be six inches larger. The gable-roofed meetinghouse, without a steeple, and painted in fading white, stood on an elevation which commanded a large part of the town. At the distance of half a mile on one side appeared the academy, of more modern and ambitious pretensions, and surmounted by a well-proportioned cupola. The township was set off from some adjoining settlements, and incorporated a few years before the Revolution, receiving its name from the Hon. Theodore Atkinson, at that day one of the leading men in New Hampshire. The population has been nearly stationary for half a century, and an idea of its fixed character may be conceived from the fact, that in 1830 it amounted to 555, and in 1840, to 557. Thus Atkinson seems to stand like some individual being, and we may well suppose certain original peculiarities to be developed from this unchanging and undisturbed position. There are, I believe, few smaller towns in the State. The gazetteers represent the ground as uneven in its surface, but as being of a superior quality, and well cultivated, and state that the cultivation of the apple has received much attention there; a fact to which I can testify by many savory juvenile reminiscences. The gazetteers also mention a remarkable floating island on a bottomless pond, near the outskirts of the town; but they do not mention the large and delicious cranberries growing upon it, which concur with the very danger of the enterprise in tempting many an adventurous youth to explore its perilous recesses. Hard by the meetinghouse stood, and I trust stands yet, the modest but not inelegant mansion of the pastor, — rather the handsomest, perhaps, in the whole town, — with a neat court-yard before it, surrounded by lilacs and roses, various snow-white articles of apparel surmounting

the fence on every washing-day, and with a small fruit and flower garden extending still in front of that, on the opposite side of the road. This house will be the central point of interest in our sketches. Few private dwellings in our country, I imagine, have sent out more genial and extensive influences, or have gathered to themselves a richer abundance of delightful recollections and elevated sympathies.

Its occupant and proprietor, Rev. Stephen Peabody, possessed a character so remarkable, and in some respects so unique, as to deserve being rescued from gathering oblivion. He was a native of Andover, Massachusetts, ten miles to the south of Atkinson. He graduated at Harvard College in 1769, in the same class with the celebrated Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons, and with Colonel Scammell, a brave soldier and early victim of hostile treachery in our Revolution. Mr. Peabody delighted, like a true son of his own and of every other Alma Mater, to take down his college catalogue from the nail behind the door, on which it hung with the Farmer's Almanac, and entertain all who would listen with the individual biographies and characters of his classmates. He would sooner dispense with his humble salary (to be hereafter mentioned), than fail of his annual visit to Boston and Cambridge during every Commencement week. It was customary, up to the time of the Revolution, to arrange in the printed Harvard College Catalogue the names of the alumni belonging to each class, not in alphabetical order, but according to their rank in society. Every modern edition of this document, even in our own time, preserves the same arrangement in the lists of the older classes; so that whoever may have had an ancestor that graduated at that college can easily learn his relative social position by consulting the Triennial Catalogue. My venerable clerical friend was certainly not at the summit of his class in this respect, neither was he quite at the bottom of the scale of respectability. I have heard him describe the pecuniary difficulties and struggles he was obliged to undergo, in order to procure his education. His sisters had kindly made him up twelve very important articles of linen, and at the beginning of each term he would take them to Cambridge in his saddlebags, all clean blanched by their own fair hands, and would wear each of the garments one week, bringing the whole number home again at the end of the term, in a condition fit for the purifying cares of his affectionate laundresses. Throughout his

college life, he secured his own diet by waiting on his classmates at table, an office which has been borne by some of the most eminent men in our country, and has not been abolished from our colleges until a recent date. He felt the disadvantage of commencing his literary career late in life, being nearly thirty years old at the time of his graduation, and having borne among his classmates the title of *Pater omnium*.

Those were not the favored days of Theological Seminaries, or of charitable Education Societies. He therefore entered, as was customary for divinity students, into the family of some distinguished minister of the Gospel, on whose farm he labored for his board, and defrayed his other expenses by teaching a winter school. While he was yet a candidate for the ministry, the Revolutionary war commenced, and Mr. Peabody served for a time as chaplain in the regiment of Colonel Poor of New Hampshire. There might be some affinity between the name of this officer and Mr. Peabody's subsequent settlement at Atkinson, since that town abounds in the name of Poor, which, together with those of Page and Noyes, used to comprise about one half of the inhabitants. Towards the close of the war, he was ordained as the first minister of the town. His salary was eighty pounds, or about two hundred and fifty dollars, per annum, with the addition, I believe, of a few cords of wood; and it was never increased one farthing during his ministry of more than forty years. It was his custom, on a particular day in the year, to wait at his own house on his parishioners, for the purpose of receiving their minister's tax. As he had open accounts with almost all of them, for labors rendered him, or provisions supplied, or articles manufactured, during the year, the cash balance which he was enabled to sum up and count over after their departure would rather amuse him by its exceeding littleness, or nothingness, than weigh upon his conscience for services overpaid. His farm contained about fifty acres. To liquidate his debt for it, which I believe he was never quite able to effect, the severest privations and hardest toils were cheerfully borne by himself and his first wife, who was renowned for the number of rolls of wool and flax which she would card in a given time. The early years of his ministry must have been well illustrated (I do not mean paralleled) by a picture I have somewhere seen of a poor English curate, and described underneath by the following lines: —

"Though lazy the proud prelates fed,
This curate eats no idle bread:
His wife at washing, — 't is *his* lot
To pare the turnips, watch the pot.
He reads, and hears his son read out,
And rocks the cradle with his foot."

I have heard him mention, that, after having wrought in the field the whole day, he has often sat up all night to compose and finish his sermon, which, by the way, he wrote in a small, distinct, and beautiful hand.

In person Mr. Peabody was large and commanding, having attained full six feet in height, and being otherwise of very portly dimensions. His eye was black, and his face was swarthy but well-proportioned. His hair was bushy and curling, swelling out to an ample rotundity behind, like that of Mirabeau. I believe he never followed the coxcombry of our reverend forefathers in wearing a bush-wig, or a wig of any other kind. Though in general courteous and bland in his address, yet when he heard profane language, or received a personal insult, an awful shadow would gather on his visage, his eye would roll fiery glances in every direction, and the dauntless volley of rebuke would be poured from his lips. His passions were naturally strong, and he feared no human being alive. Had any of his parishioners dared to attack his person (since he had his quarrels sometimes), I have not the least question that they would have bitterly rued the moment, for his physical powers were mighty, and in his youth he had been the invincible wrestler of many parishes round, and being now fresh from the Revolutionary war, he had not yet learned to identify the higher Christianity with non-resistance.

His conversation was enlivened with innumerable anecdotes, which he related with surpassing glee and humor, reserving the contagious laugh until the closing point, and using all sorts of dramatic accompaniments, frequently rising from table in the midst of a meal and taking the floor, if he could thereby set off the action to better advantage.

His musical powers and habits were extraordinary, and he almost revelled through life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds of his own creating. On rainy days, when unlikely to be disturbed by captious or narrow-minded visiters, he would take out his golden-toned violin from a little closet, and draw from its strings the richest and most bewitching

notes, a sweet and serene half-smile all the time playing over his lip, and cheek, and eye. His voice was of vast compass, and exquisitely flexible. He was at home in every part in music. When there was no choir in the meetinghouse, he led the singing himself; and when there was one, he supplied the deficient parts, rolling out a mellow and deep-toned bass, or warbling with his treble or counter over the whole concert, like an animated mocking-bird. He sang on week-days at his work, and sometimes talked aloud to himself most agreeably. He would sing on his rides about the town, or when travelling in his chaise, alone or accompanied, by night or by day; and all the solitudes and echoes of that region have many a time rung with his loud and melodious voice. He was most fond of sacred music, but did not disdain a scrap now and then of secular. He would sing you, in perfect taste, with graceful gesture and a happy look, either sitting or standing, various extracts from the delightful old anthems of Arne or Purcell, or from the oratorios of Handel. Coming home from public worship, if a favorite tune had just been sung there, he would repeat it over and over as he entered the house, stopping you in a companionable way, looking you smilingly in the face, and asking if it was not beautiful. He would, except on Sunday mornings, awaken the whole household of sleepers at sunrise, or as soon as he had made the fires, by singing up and down stairs, "*The bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills,*" "*The hounds are all out,*" or some other hunting-song equally stirring. He would take into his lap a little round favorite dog, and, commanding it to sing with him, he would begin by roaring some tune aloud, the dog immediately joining in with a louder and responsive roar. The only inconvenience from this practice was that the dog one Sabbath followed his master unperceived to the meeting-house, and up to the platform of the pulpit-stairs, and too zealously practised there the musical lessons which he had been taught at home. On some warm summer afternoon, when all the windows of the house were open, and one of his young boarders, far up in the garret at his studies, should happen, for variety's sake, to burst out in some cherished tune or strain, such, for instance, as old St. Anne's, his venerable friend, in the lower story below, awaking from his transitory nap, would fall in with his mellifluous bass, and so would they sing for a long time together, until, looking out of their respective windows, they would smile upon each other,

as who should say, — "Were there ever two better friends than we?"

He was, indeed, the soul of good-nature, particularly with the young, and seemed never so happy as when four or five of them were clambering about his person, taking and yielding unrestrained liberties in turn. Like the Apostle Paul's charity, he was "easily persuaded," and you had rarely to ask him more than once to tell one of his inimitable anecdotes, or take down the violin from the closet on a rainy day, or perform his duet with Watch, the overgrown little dog. If a poor and promising young man in the parish was desirous of a liberal education, Mr. Peabody's purse was open for his assistance, with a very distant and precarious chance of being repaid. His hospitality was ungrudging, to the utmost extent of the Apostolic and New Testament standard. Not a day passed that some welcome addition failed of being made to our already crowded table. The parishioner coming to return his book to the Social Library, — the old familiar acquaintance, — the professed old acquaintance, too, whom the host was sometimes puzzled to recognize, — the travelling brother-minister, stopping with his horse for a week or two, — the passing belated stranger, too far from the tavern for his dinner, — all were cordially invited to partake of the fare for the day. The very doors of the mansion were left unfastened at night, — as, indeed, they scarcely needed locks in that primitive society, — and many a winter traveller from Vermont and upper New Hampshire, going down in his loaded sleigh to the markets on the sea-board, has come in to warm himself by the midnight bed of embers, held long and pleasant conversations with Mr. Peabody as he lay in an adjoining bed-room, and then retired, the parties being destined never to see or imagine each other's appearance, or to hear each other's voice again.

The titles by which he was designated among his acquaintances were various, according to the degrees of affection, or respect, or indifference, with which he was regarded. By some he was called "Priest Peabody," by others "Parson Peabody," by others "the Reverend Mister," by others again plain "Mister Peabody"; but from all the family, and from all those who were more or less intimately connected with or attached to him, he received the endearing appellation of "Sir Peabody," by which he will generally be distinguished in the remainder of these sketches.

As a divine, he was far from being eminent, though he certainly held in his constitution the elements of a popular preacher, and he exercised, by the force and decision of his character, considerable influence in his own little section of the ecclesiastical world. He was occasionally called on to preach a sermon at an ordination, and once before the legislature of the State; and his few published discourses on such occasions are quite respectable in point of style and matter. In his pulpit manner there was frequently a good deal of animation. He had often heard Whitefield in his youth, and he would sometimes in private imitate that celebrated orator with impressive effect, calling upon the angel Gabriel not to fly back to heaven without carrying with him the tidings of at least one converted sinner, — looking at the same time, in the manner of Whitefield, afar off to the sky, as if he saw the lessening wing of the departing seraph. Approximations to such passages, however, were very rare indeed in his own public performances. In doctrine, he had always been an inveterate Arminian, showing no mercy to Calvinism, or Hopkinsianism, or Universalism, wherever they might be found. In later life, he advanced still farther into what is denominated Liberal Christianity, having purchased and perused Noah Worcester's "Bible News" with satisfaction, recommending and lending it to his friends, and reading Buckminster's Sermons with delight at his Sabbath family services.

His library, if it deserve such a name, was marvellously small. Besides Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Scriptures, and Cruden's Concordance, I do not think he owned thirty theological books, nor more than that number of any other kind, except a small closet-full of the pamphlets of forty years, from which one could catch tolerable glimpses of the political and ecclesiastical matters of New England during that period of time. While studying my Greek Testament at home, to be recited to my teacher at the academy, I always applied in vain to Sir Peabody for a solution of my grammatical and other difficulties, since he candidly confessed that he had grown somewhat rusty on that score. He read some compact and valuable annotations on the Bible (Cappe's, I think, — not Newcome Cappe) at daily morning prayers, and a choice sermon from President Davies, Witherspoon, or some other approved divine, at the Sunday evening family service. Great was the pleasure among the youthful portion

of his auditory, when for these divines he would substitute Hannah More's Cheap Repository Tracts. Sweetly, even now, on the memory descends "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," blended with the recollection of those calm Sabbath sunsets. Our friend's acquaintance with English literature was respectable, though rather stationary, being sustained by the attentive reading of a few solid volumes, which might be taken from the Haverhill Library, or from the small, well-selected Atkinson Social Library, of which he was the founder and librarian. To this establishment about twenty or thirty farmers and others were subscribers, who would carefully return its books wrapped in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and an intelligent shoemaker in the parish could boast that he had perused every volume it contained. Sir Peabody had a good habit of reading aloud a paper in the Spectator, every morning, to the female members of his family, while they were engaged in those earnest cares and gentle mysteries which necessarily succeed the refreshments and exercises of the breakfast-table. The newspapers which he took (for I deem that the newspaper one habitually reads is a constituent part and parcel of the very man) were, first and foremost, the Columbian Centinel, printed semi-weekly at Boston, which was the favorite organ of the old Federal party, and therefore of almost the whole clergy of New England, and whose venerable editor, Benjamin Russell, survived at Boston to a green and bright old age of more than eighty years; next, the weekly Haverhill Observer, on the same scale of politics, but about which the partisans of the opposite side would mercilessly pun, in pronouncing it a truly *weakly* paper; and lastly, as the violence of party and a general intellectual activity more and more prevailed, The Boston Repertory, established with the main design of personally and politically opposing Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Peabody occasionally contributed an anonymous political essay to the Haverhill Observer; but in vain was his name concealed from his prying parishioners of the opposite party, who recognized the style and sentiments which he had reiterated among them in private, and who made his lucubrations the subjects of much ill-natured comment in little groups at the shoemaker's or the tavern.

Our friend was not one of those selfish lords of the household, who engross in silence the first reading of the wet sheet, and bury the news of the day or week in their own

uncommunicative spirits. He faithfully read aloud and in order the whole contents to the family, whatever might be our want of interest in some of the columns; and if an article, however long, particularly pleased him, we were doomed to hear the reading of it repeated, more perhaps than once or twice, to some winter-evening visiter. He kept a minute journal of the particulars of every day, which amounted, at the close of each year, to a thick duodecimo volume. Those forty or fifty volumes, which I have often seen as they lay piled up in the top of the closet, if still preserved and explored by some competent inquirer, would unquestionably furnish materials for a curious and valuable memoir of their writer's life and times. At the end of each annual journal, a list was kept of all the deaths which had occurred during the year in the circle of his acquaintance; and the melancholy catalogue, which, as it gradually increased under his hand, called forth from him a sigh of recollection, or a tribute to departed worth or friendship, or a religious reflection, generally amounted to more than one hundred every year.

He would once in a while compose an elaborate letter to some distant acquaintance, containing his opinions and strictures on the prevailing tendencies of the day. They were written with much wisdom and point, and before being copied off for the post, were read with considerable formality to some members of the family for their criticism or concurrence.

He was given sometimes to deep metaphysical discussion; and I have seen him, at a protracted breakfast hour, apparently succeed in convincing ladies who had brought their children to board with him, that the Divine "decrees" were in some way consistent with the perfect freedom of the will. His fair guests had nothing to say in defence of Jonathan Edwards, and listened to his assailant's remarks with as little impatience and distress as can well be imagined.

He found opponents, however, less courteous and submissive in certain members of the Association of Ministers, who met in turn about once in two years at his house. There, though sometimes every thing went off pleasantly, yet often arguments, words, and feelings ran high; Calvinist and Arminian conflicted in the fierce tug of war; countenances darkened and eyes flashed on both sides; constrained and hurried adjournment was made to the meetinghouse, where

a few lay-women and fewer laymen were waiting for the public service; a dinner, crowned with many a luxury, was partaken with feelings of mingled acrimony and festivity; the very grace, before and after meat, by different ministers, was criticized in little knots of whispering malecontents; parties separated for their homes, foreboding disastrous days to the Church; — and all are now reposing in the arms of that sovereign, universal peacemaker, whose dominion extends just five or six feet below the wars, and passions, and jealous alarms which rage on the verdant overlying surface.

To return to our friend in his pastoral relation, — his sermons were regularly divided, although the divisions never reached the *nineteenthly* or *twentiethly* with which the discourses of olden time are often reproached. After a short introduction, he almost always laid out his matter into four partitions, the last of which was to contain a variety of practical conclusions; and these, I must confess, were occasionally multiplied and protracted, to the consternation of some among his younger hearers at least. He would often introduce very long extracts from Matthew Henry's Commentaries, and I think from one or two other writers, honestly intimating how far the extract extended, by closing it with "Thus Mr. Henry," or more briefly, "Thus he."

His public prayers were invariably the same, and it might be owing to this circumstance, and a well-disciplined mental piety, that he was enabled to conduct that part of public worship with fluency, and I have no doubt with sincerity also, while his nearly closed eyes would follow some entering stranger, or late straggler at service, till he reached his pew.

His funeral services were deeply impressive and affecting, and, as he loved his parishioners warmly, his own tears would generally lead the way for the tears of others. When, on these occasions, the throng of attendants from the neighbouring towns was large, he would take his stand near the bier out of doors beneath some tree; and there his sonorous voice, ejaculating ardent intercessions for the mourners, and solemn admonitions for all, was heard at a very great distance.

On wedding occasions, with his extraordinary social qualities, he was of course the life of the evening. Even when the parties came to his house, he entertained them with sportive anecdote and sound advice, and on one particular occa-

sion was not the less amusing and instructive, although the avaricious bridegroom, in lieu of one dollar, the legal fee for the ceremony, tendered him exactly one quarter of that amount.

For the last thirty years of his life, I doubt if he composed on an average four new sermons annually, though he faithfully revised, corrected, and modified his old ones, even if the weather gave him reason to expect no more than half a dozen attendants at service.

There must have been considerable power and unction in his ministrations, since, notwithstanding a great variety of opinions and denominations prevailed in the town, he brought their adherents together in pretty full congregations almost to the last, arresting the fixed attention of infidels, Methodists, Baptists, and Universalists, as well as those of his own immediate persuasion. I have seen men, who I knew were not believers in Christianity, fastened as by a spell to his discourses from the beginning to the end. I have known the hardened sinner come to him in private, subdued and softened into tears, and gently guided by his counsels and prayers into those green pastures and by those still waters where his soul would find enduring rest. Men who had long violently opposed his views, and had been harrowing thorns in his side, yet who constantly attended his services, I have found from time to time, in my subsequent visits to Atkinson, become, much to my surprise, as Sauls among the prophets, most affecting instances of calm, fervent, and habitual piety, and dying at last in the full faith and hope of a blessed immortality. There were two or three hardened individuals, indeed, who would never appear inside the sacred walls, except when they had lost one of their own family by death; and then they would attend and hear the funeral sermon, submitting even so far to public opinion and custom, as to offer up a note for the prayers of the congregation. How many ways have God's grace and providence to subdue to himself the stubborn will of man! I take no notice here of the habitual drunkards of the parish, nor of a few sorry individuals who really had not souls large enough to know how to find themselves within a meetinghouse. They remind me of a sublime saying which Sir Peabody himself used to quote from one of his shrewd parishioners with uproarious approbation, that if a million of such souls were to dance together on the point of a fine cambric needle, they would fancy themselves to be revelling in infinite space!

Mr. Peabody's communion-table was attended by the usual proportion of professors; — how observable and lamentable, that just about the same undue proportion still continues in nearly all the congregations throughout the land at the present time! With a fearless hand he held the keys and wielded the rod of discipline, excommunicating from the church the flagrant offender, and then perhaps influencing him in private, until he was brought again into the pale, with the agony of repentance at his heart, and the petition for readmission on his lips. There were occasions, in the course of his preaching, when the blackening cloud and fiery flash which I have before described would overcast his countenance. In his annual sermons, for instance, on New Year's or Thanksgiving day, while enumerating the blessings of the preceding year, the peace and quiet which the town had enjoyed, and the general satisfaction which the people had expressed in his ministry, his voice would lower and his countenance change, as he remarked, after a momentary pause, — "A few incendiaries alone excepted!" Here he alluded to some sectarian or infidel opponents who had disturbed his ministry and interrupted the harmony of the town. Every one knew the individuals to whom he alluded, even if he himself did not look down, as it is altogether likely he would, with glaring eye over his spectacles, into the very pews of the offenders.

Once I saw his Christianity most severely put to the test in his public services. It was on a very inclement day, and there were but few worshippers in the meetinghouse. When he had about reached the middle of his sermon, a strong perfume of tobacco-smoke became distinctly perceptible to every one in the building. He paused for a little while, gazed round, and, not being able to discover whence it proceeded, resumed his discourse. In the mean time the mysterious scent grew stronger and stronger, and the house was soon filled with a dense vapor. Again and longer did he pause. And as, with spectacles now raised to his forehead, his eye explored every part of the edifice, both on the floor and in the galleries, he at length saw ascending from the bottom of one of the gallery pews three separate streams of smoke, in fast repeated puffs, as if they were issuing for a wager, or were determined to exhaust themselves in spite of the notice which they had now evidently attracted from the minister and the congregation. "Is it possible," ex-

claimed the grieved and exasperated divine, "is it possible that such sacrilegious impiety as that which I see should take place in this house of God? Let it stop instantly, or if conscience and religion can be of no avail, an appeal must be made to the strong arm of the law." A pause of still and solemn wonder mantled over the thin congregation. Not a word was spoken, not an object stirred, save the three continued streams of puffs, which persevered in their daring outrage, in defiance of every awful or constraining sanction. "Squire Vose," at length exclaimed Sir Peabody, addressing himself in a determined, authoritative voice to the preceptor of the academy, who was also a justice of the peace, and whom on other occasions he simply called Mr. Vose, "I desire that you would proceed to the pew in the gallery from which that smoke is issuing, and put down the offence immediately, and that to-morrow you would take measures to have the offenders prosecuted and punished to the utmost extremity of the law." Accordingly Mr. Vose proceeded to the gallery, extinguished the source of the disturbance, and the service then proceeded quietly to the close. The next day, the culprits, who proved to be three apprentices and farmers' boys,— though, to his shame, one of them, at least, was of a manly growth, — becoming alarmed at the threatened consequences of their thoughtless sacrilege, were induced, if I recollect aright, to make penitent acknowledgments and promises of better conduct for the future, and so were forgiven.

This leaning to the authority of the civil power contributed perceptibly, I apprehend, to characterize much of Sir Peabody's ministerial deportment. There still existed at that time in New England a sort of palpable connection between church and state, which subsequent legal enactments and alterations of constitutions have everywhere done away. There also prevailed towards clergymen, as somehow connected with the resistless majesty of the civil law, a traditionary reverence, handed down not only from our English ancestors in the times both of the Kings and the Commonwealth, but also from our Puritanical Pilgrim fathers, whose policy, it is well known, went far to combine the rod of the magistrate with the pastoral crook. This feeling of reverence, no doubt, was considerably prevented from decaying by the sympathy and coöperation which the New England clergy exhibited with the popular party throughout our whole

Revolutionary struggle, — as, indeed, it was afterwards very much undermined and diminished by the zeal with which they espoused the principles of the Federal party, in the times that followed the French Revolution. For the payment of Mr. Peabody's salary, the law permitted him to look to the whole corporate town, and not to any voluntary assemblage of friends and partisans. It was thus guarantied to him by the power and authority of the State, and, no matter how many sects abounded in Atkinson, they were all obliged to contribute to the minister's tax equally with the Congregationalists or Independents, to whose communion he himself belonged, and who were the direct descendants from Oliver Cromwell's own denomination. No combination of enemies could avail to eject him from his pitiful living. We believe that New Hampshire threw off these slight fettering relics of the ancient order of things several years previous to Massachusetts, and that Sir Peabody experienced not a little the moral effects of the change before his death. Perhaps the three burners of false incense in the gallery were among the earliest symptoms of the rising spirit of Young New England to question and to break the spell. Such was not, however, the general tone of the transition period which I am endeavouring to portray. The traditionary, mystic influence which the minister exercised over his parishioners went even, I think, in many cases, beyond the legitimate powers he possessed, and would have been stoutly resisted, could it have been encountered and analyzed by some daring hand. It was something like the sway which Sir Fletcher Norton, a noted Speaker of the House of Commons, wielded over that assembly in the third quarter of the last century. Long after the royal authority had been shorn of its formidable prerogatives, Sir Fletcher had the skill to intimidate many an adventurous orator who dared to treat lightly the proceedings of the House, by exclaiming, "Let the honorable gentleman beware of what he says, or he shall assuredly be reported." That word *reported* fell on the ears of Parliament like some mysterious denunciation from the invisible world. On one of these occasions, however, some intrepid and independent champion of the popular cause is said to have replied, — "And to whom, in the name of wonder, Mr. Speaker, am I going to be reported?" Whereupon this was the last time the threat was ever uttered.

Sir Peabody was, in many analogous respects, the Sir Fletcher Norton of his parish and his day. In his very person he would on some rare occasions stand out as the embodying representative of the grand conceptions and reverences of the past. Methinks I see his form even now, as it impressed itself on my youthful imagination, looming afar off in the road, on the hill-top, against the sky. He may be going to pay some very formal visit. As he descends the hill with an animated and vigorous, but not hurried, pace, I discern more distinctly his elaborate and imposing old-time dress, — his high three-cornered beaver hat, — his large single-breasted coat, sweeping down on each side with an ample curve, — his vest, "full twice the length of these degenerate days," ending on both sides with large pockets and lappets, — his snow-white plaited stock, under a smoothly shaven, expanded chin, and fastened behind with a silver buckle, — his nether garment terminating at his knees, and fastened there also with small silver buckles, — his long black silk stockings extending from the knee to the foot, — the whole being finished and consummated by shining, square-buckled shoes. He draws still nearer, and with something of the old erect military air which he had caught in the camp, something of that conscious lingering majesty of church-and-state authority about him which I have hinted at in the preceding paragraph, something of the man of the world, and much more of the sociable, good-humored, busy, Christian pastor, he makes to those whom he meets a graceful, ceremonious bow, yet accompanied with a smile, and a hearty "Good day," and passes on.

This, however, belongs to my earlier and more palmy recollections of him. As age advanced, and means perhaps were straitened, and post-revolutionary fashions prevailed, his dress and appearance, even in his best array, became less picturesque, aristocratic, and awe-inspiring. Silk would now give way to worsted, and the shoe-buckle be replaced by the plain galloon or plainer leathern string.

But far more astounding the change exhibited, even at the former brilliant period, by the very same individual, when engrossed by the labors of some busy season of the year; — holding perhaps the plough; or hoeing the corn-field until the latest shade of twilight; or urging forward the various processes of haymaking; or grafting his trees; or gathering in the autumnal harvest; or pressing out his year's stock of

cider from immense apple-heaps; or shaking and gleaning the apple-trees, all of which he mounted for that purpose himself; or laying up the choicest kinds of fruit in his extensive apple-cellar, to bring them out every day through the winter with profuse and hospitable pride; or butchering a beeve, or butchering a swine, — operations, every detail of which he executed with artistic dexterity, though I imagine he was the only butcher who never sacrificed a lamb without repeating aloud to himself or to the by-standers those four lines of Pope, —

> "The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
> Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
> Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
> And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood."

Amidst toils like these came forth the large flapped, weather-stained, round, and low-crowned hat, which had commenced its brighter days of service in a very different shape some dozen years before, — the unshaven face, neglected, at some very busy periods, from one Sabbath morning to another, — and the old service-beaten gown, tied up about the waist, or probably no upper garment at all save the reeking shirt that covered his bending frame.

For his years, he was one of the most laborious men in his parish. With the occasional exception of a hired workman or two, and a small apprentice boy, he carried on the operations of his farm alone. The whole fuel for several fires in the house, through the long Northern winter, was often chopped and supplied by his stalwart arm alone.

When polished visiters arrived from the seaport towns or elsewhere, give him but an hour at his toilette, and again he is metamorphosed into the well-dressed, hospitable entertainer, betraying no complaint at the interruption of his most urgent toils, and carrying on animated conversations for hours together. In short, it would now almost appear that he preferred talk to work, that he would rather play the gentleman than the hard laborer, and that he gladly seized the agreeable duties of hospitality as an excuse to escape from the overwhelming drudgeries of the farm. I well know that such insinuations were maliciously whispered about against "Priest Peabody" by the mean, insurrectionary spirits of the parish.

Perhaps there was greater plausibility in the regrets which his more serious friends would sometimes express, that the

demeanour of Sir Peabody now and then savoured of an apparent worldliness and carelessness, hardly consistent with the strict proprieties of the ministerial character. Such regrets may have been somewhat justified by his exuberant animal spirits, his love of a busy, bustling life, his exceeding proneness to social intercourse, and the debts, expedients, and multiplied managements, far and near, to which, with a currency changing in value, he was obliged to resort, in the voluntary task of sustaining a family of twenty boarders.

He used to relate an anecdote of himself with his peculiar humor, — that having once fatted a first-rate calf for market, he sent it by one of his parishioners to the town of Haverhill, anxious to obtain for it the highest price. "And what shall I tell the people of Haverhill," said his friend to him, "in order to persuade them to come up to your mark?" "O, tell them," replied Sir Peabody, "that the calf belongs to a poor man who is maintained by the town of Atkinson." The stratagem succeeded very well, and Mr. Peabody frequently afterwards had his laugh in person against the purchaser.

It will be regarded as a striking symptom of the change in public opinion, and even in the spirit of our laws, that Sir Peabody was the acting manager of a public lottery for the benefit of his cherished Atkinson Academy, disposing of the tickets all over the country wherever he was able, and himself personally superintending the drawing, while the whole proved an embarrassing concern, on account of the incomplete sale of tickets, or some other unfortunate mismanagement. It cost him two or three journeys to Boston in the depth of winter, in vainly endeavouring to procure the consent of the Massachusetts legislature, that the tickets might be sold in that Commonwealth; and sadly did the family feel, as we all flocked around him at the opening of a fresh Columbian Centinel, and then heard him read with Christian and philosophic calmness from the journal of the legislature, that "the Rev. Mr. Peabody had leave to withdraw his petition."

Whether all these possible deficiencies from a high pastoral standard were the operating cause of that rebellious sectarianism which broke up his little town into fragments, and for many years prevented the ordination there of any officiating minister, the Searcher of hearts and Former of spirits can alone determine. I have myself often breathed a wish,

in subsequent years, that it had been my lot in early youth to receive my religious impressions from a clerical example of greater spirituality and a more decidedly preponderating piety. But then again I have almost immediately recoiled from the thought, as if I had rendered a kind of sacrilegious injustice and ingratitude to the memory of my old, warm-hearted, unvarying friend. The recollection of his many whole-souled virtues, which I have already enumerated in this sketch, and the positive religious good which I know his ministry in many cases produced, are amply sufficient to redeem it from any deep-stained reproach of inefficiency. Where is the man, and especially among those whose natural constitution prompts them to much outward activity, — where is the man whose character is entirely free from some practical inconsistency? I know that such inconsistencies are to be lamented and condemned, and every body shall do it for Sir Peabody who does it in a thorough-searching, thorough-cleansing manner for himself.

The most prominent characteristic about this very peculiar man was, it seems to me, that he was a true son of nature. No child of the forest, no hero of antiquity, ever stepped forth before his fellows with more freshness and freedom of action. There was little or no self-discipline or self-training about him; but whatever part of his character had not been formed and moulded by the stringency of outward circumstances was just as it came from the hand of God. If he had little about him of the loftier and self-denying qualities of the highest spiritual Christianity, so, on the other hand, he had nothing about him artificial, or simulating, or pretentious.

As I have ventured with a free hand to draw a light-and-shade portraiture of my friend, I ought, in concluding it, to observe that none had better opportunities than myself of testifying to the reality and solidity of his piety. Having listened to his morning prayers for several years together, after the Bible had been duly read by the whole family around in turn; having joined his evening devotions at an hour when the distinct solemn ticking of the clock united with the surrounding darkness and stillness to impress every word on the attention; having witnessed a certain sweet and gracious sanctity which always pervaded his countenance and manners on the Sabbath; having heard him hundreds of times and on every variety of occasion, both when alone and with children

whom he desired to impress, utter serious reflections on the vanity and precariousness of life, and the religious responsibility of man; having visited his bedside at night, under the youthful struggles of an agitated experience derived from perusing Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," or Edwards's "History of Redemption," or the Bible itself, — books which he had himself carefully recommended to me to read, — and having there received, in that solemn, though not fearful darkness, his tender, judicious, fatherly, guiding lessons, I may not hesitate, while acknowledging in his case the existence of imperfections incident to our common humanity, to claim for him the merited appellation of — to me at least — a man of God.

He sleeps in the small grave-yard behind his meeting-house. Riding a few years since from Boston on purpose to visit the spot, and standing by his grave while the bleak wind of New Hampshire murmured against his tomb-stone, and the grand, blue, shadowy Monadnoc, unchanged as ever, waited afar off behind me, I could not repress the gushing ejaculation, — "O venerated spirit! It was long mine to witness thy busy, faithful, efficient activity and influence in the scene that outspreads yonder before us; I fear not to pray that it may also be mine to meet thee and share thy destiny, whatever it may be, in the dim and distant eternity."

At the same moment, my arm was resting on another monumental stone. It was that of the blessed lady who, in my penniless boyhood, had joined her husband in welcoming me to her home, and who acted towards myself and a hundred others of both sexes the unstinting part of a friend and mother. Mrs. Peabody — or "Madam Peabody," as some called her — or "Ma'am Peabody," so all who loved her pronounced it, as a kind of correlative appellation to "Sir" — had died a few years previously to her husband; an event which contributed more than any thing else to change the appearance and ways of her aged, declining partner. He would sometimes try afterwards to repeat his ancient anecdotes, but accompanied them with only a faint smile, instead of the old infectious and irresistible laugh. Mrs. Peabody was allowed by all who enjoyed the happiness of her acquaintance to stand in the very foremost rank among the daughters of America. She was one of three celebrated sisters; the other two having been Mrs. Adams, wife of the elder President Adams, and Mrs. Cranch, moth-

er of the present Judge Cranch of Washington. I apprehend that by the numerous surviving relatives and admirers of those two accomplished ladies it will be considered no disparagement to their just claims, if I assert that Mrs. Peabody was the most interesting woman of the three. She was the daughter, with them, of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Weymouth, near Boston, and was educated under the best ante-revolutionary influences of that vicinity.

Her conversational powers were of a superior order. She was adequate to any theme that custom has brought within the range of the female mind. Possessing the charms of a fine person, a delicate, transparent complexion, and a beautiful, speaking eye, with manners highly polished and courtly, a retentive memory, choice and fluent language, and an anxious pressure, a constantly inquiring upward tendency towards the right, — towards some indefinite point of moral and religious progress, — how could she do otherwise than produce a deep impression on all within her sphere, kindling within them a love and reverence for the capacities of human nature, and earnest desires to make it better both in themselves and in others ?

Scarcely ever did the youthful flock that gathered around her sit down at table, that she did not introduce some pleasing or improving topic of conversation, which she would embellish with apt and admirably recited passages from Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Young, Thomson, and Cowper. Her annual visits to her Boston and Quincy friends kept up her stores of refined cultivation, and she always returned prepared to communicate her interesting observations on society, manners, and even the music and scanty painting of the day. Her vigilant eye kept an incessant watch over the conduct and character of her boarders ; sweetly would she rebuke, delicately would she warn, affectionately would she advise. Many a young man did she render thoughtful ; in many a young woman did she awaken lofty aspirations after excellence. And when they left her house with her lessons warm on their memory, she would deepen and protract the impression by sending after them her carefully composed and richly laden correspondence, which, if it could be collected and published, would justify the tribute I now delight to pay.

Not that she always appeared in this refined and elevated full-dress of character. Too well for that did she know the

household duties of a New England clergyman's wife. She was almost as absorbingly devoted to the labors of her own department as we have seen that Sir Peabody was to his. Combing a dozen heads every morning, and shearing them when necessary, — mending innumerable stockings and *et ceteras*, — superintending large broods of various poultry, — achieving the house-work which her one small maid must necessarily leave unfinished, — making those miscellaneous preparations for a large family dinner which might not come within the grasp of her one solitary cook, — and everywhere, from true Christian principle, not from sordid thrift, gathering up the fragments that nothing might be lost, — could she be justly charged with fastidiously playing the lady? And though her morning-dress could never, of course, be compared with the slouching, nondescript array which I have tried to suggest as appertaining to Sir Peabody, — inasmuch as woman always contrives, amidst the lowest occupations, to keep herself in more decent trim than man, — yet would I often witness with admiration and reverence the metamorphosis which she also underwent in the latter part of the day. The agitated and agitating housewife of the forenoon would be now in full court-dress, sitting erect in her rocking-chair, and reading Paley's Moral Philosophy, or some work of an equally elevated description, which "Sir" in fact could rarely ever find time to peruse.

Now can it be wondered at that I should regard her as the beau-ideal of womankind? Her image is at this moment in my mind's eye, with that selfsame peculiar, elaborate cap which had appealed so strongly to my boyish imagination the first moment I saw her. Why, indeed, may not the character of a lady be very much interpreted from the contour and structure of her head-dress? For instance, — to appeal to a diametrically opposite kind of example, though it is logical, I believe, to do so, — could any reader of Dickens possess one half the depth of insight which he now enjoys into the qualities of Sally Brass, had the author deprived her of that specific yellow cap, with which he could not avoid surmounting her head, if he wished to convey a complete conception of her character? And in like manner I am certain that those snow-white folds within folds, those muslin-depths of soft bluish tint, those interwoven advancing and retiring festoons of fine thread-lace, and that general poetic effect of outline, position, and air which adorned the ma-

jestic crown of my revered and beloved friend, were only so many external symbols, types, and representatives of that matchless purity of heart, those mystic and winning graces, and those exquisite intellectual adornments, which lay, like a substratum of vital, productive reality, within the recesses of her noble spirit beneath.*

Her first husband was the Rev. Mr. Shaw of Haverhill. I know little of the character or ministry of Mr. Shaw, except that he was generally regarded as a very worthy man, and faithful in his sacred vocation. Bating some economical arrangements imposed by the stress of hard necessity, their house was the centre of an elegant little society for twenty years after the Revolution, some of the most cultivated residents of Boston and its vicinity delighting in a pilgrimage to Haverhill, where they could enjoy the charms of Mrs. Shaw's presence and conversation.

In reference to her second marriage, I must relate a curiously interesting anecdote, communicated to me by an old female domestic of Mrs. Shaw's family, herself one of the excellent of the earth, and who followed the fortunes of my friend in both her marriages. Mrs. Shaw had a cousin, Rev. Isaac Smith by name, a man of an excellent and lovely character, an accomplished scholar, a finished writer, and a polished gentleman of the old school. He had visited England, where he had been intimate in the family of the celebrated Miss Hannah More. He was now preceptor of the very respectable Dummer Academy at Byfield, near Newburyport, from which he would make excursions through the country in a one-horse chaise, kindly ready with his services to his ministerial brethren. Much later in life he removed from Byfield to the town of Boston, where he became chaplain of the almshouse, keeper of the Theological Library, and moderator, by seniority in age, of the Boston Association of Ministers, in the discharge, I believe, of which three offices he died, at the advanced period of eighty years. I there happened to enjoy for a considerable time the pleasure of the good old gentleman's acquaintance, when commencing life myself, and prosecuted together with him some

* A portrait of this lady, executed by Stuart in his best style, with her queenly head-dress and all, and realizing every thing that has been said in the text respecting her personal appearance, is now in possession of Mrs. Felt of Boston, to whom and her husband, the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, the whole of this sketch has been submitted in manuscript, while their friendly suggestions have been gratefully and faithfully adopted.

agreeable tasks in theological literature. But I must now go back many years to the date of my anecdote. While Mr. Smith was preceptor of the Byfield Academy, and riding benevolently round the country, in middle life, Mrs. Shaw of Haverhill became a widow. Mr. Smith was one of several gentlemen who, according to common report, now aspired to her hand. I think my good-hearted informant assured me that he had entertained, even in his earlier years, similar fond pretensions to his fair young cousin. But owing to some diffidence, or delay, or accidental absence on his part, he had been precluded even then from the attainment of his hopes by his more successful rival, Mr. Shaw. He sought in no other quarter for the consolation of his wounded affections, but remained just as he was, until a mingled Providence again apparently opened for him an avenue to the former object of his regard. But it so happened that Mr. Peabody of Atkinson was a widower, of about the same standing in that isolated condition with Mrs. Shaw herself, and was now meditating a second connection in life. He had visited her house too long and frequently, and was too well acquainted with the rare virtues and attractions that centred in her character, not to perceive that a prize so near and so precious ought by no means to be snatched from his grasp without a seasonable effort on his part to secure it. By a singular coincidence, Mr. Smith and Mr. Peabody both selected one and the same day of violently pouring rain, to secure, by the offer of their hands, the consummation of their glowing and honorable hopes; just as two eagles, o'erwearied with gloomy earth, might choose, unknown to each other, the moment of a driving storm to ascend into the serene and bright upper heaven. The choice of such a day, however, might possibly have been made by either party to preclude the probability of any rivalry or other officious interruption. Be that as it may, they both started from their homes after an early dinner, Mr. Peabody having six miles to ride in a southern direction, and Mr. Smith fifteen in a northern. Somewhat after dark, Mr. Smith's chaise, with all the deliberation of conscious security, enters the yard behind the favored residence, and stops, as usual, at the door in that part of the house. Lydia, my kind and true-hearted humble friend, being the domestic there, appears immediately at the door, with a look of peevish anxiety and agitation uncommon for her. She

had long been encouraging Mr. Smith to take the present step, and much preferred that her mistress should join her destinies with him than with any other man. She had ever pitied the frustration of his early pretensions, which she held to be still valid, and she considered besides that the superiority of his refined and gentlemanly manners, together with the respectability of his connections, entitled him, more than any other aspirant, to the envied hand. But when did ever match-maker succeed in outwitting the wiser decrees of destiny? My well-meaning gossip was obliged in conclusion to say, while in after-days, in a low voice, so as not to be overheard in the Atkinson parlour, she recounted these incidents to a group of wondering school-boys, — "I am afraid, boys, that when I went to the door, I spoke more sharply to Mr. Smith than I ought to have done; for I said to him, 'You are altogether too late, Sir; Mr. Peabody has long ago dried his coat by this kitchen-fire, and has been sitting now with Mrs. Shaw for a whole hour in the parlour.'" Where or how Mr. Smith spent that evening, I never had the irreverent curiosity to inquire. I only know that the remainder of his long life was passed in a meek and acquiescent celibacy, tinged with a soft shadow of sadness, of which few knew the cause; and I believe as firmly as that I am writing here, that he is now in that blessed world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and that he is, along with his two excellent friends, what he certainly seemed always and everywhere to be while here on earth, as one of the angels in heaven.

What kind of a treasure Sir Peabody thus obtained has been already in good measure portrayed. She was in general duly appreciated in her new place of residence, as she was always received with joy, also, in her frequent visits to the old; and I am not mistaken in saying, that, with few exceptions, she was looked up to by all the parishioners of both sexes in Atkinson, as a kind of superior being. I have observed the stamp of her bland and gracious manners on the good ladies of the place, even after the lapse of twenty years from her death. Can one ever forget that dignified and winning expression with which, at the close of public worship, she followed her husband out of the meetinghouse? According to a custom in that town, which I do not recollect to have observed in any other part of our country, and I know not whence it originated, the minister was the very first per-

son to depart from the sanctuary, the whole congregation silently standing until he and his lady had passed the threshold of the door. It was at least a respectful and impressive custom. What a contrast to the indecent haste, and scramble, so to speak, with which many congregations start off for home; as if the benediction were like the dropping of a signal pocket-handkerchief on a race-course! Why, at least, might not all remain for a brief space, while the organ is enunciating its solemn and spirit-stirring *finale*, which is scarcely heard or appreciated under the present arrangement, and so depart one by one, as varying moods might prompt, consistently with the sanctity of the spot and the occasion? Nothing, indeed, can be more worthy of imitation than the custom of Episcopalian assemblies in closing their public services with silent personal prayer. Next to the solemn effect of such a practice was that reverential repose with which we all used to stand waiting, while "Sir" descended the pulpit-stairs and passed along the broad-aisle, bowing alternately on each side with elaborate ceremony and solemn, wide-open eyes, and "Ma'am" immediately followed him out of the pew at the foot of the pulpit-stair, with her look cast down to the floor, as though *she* had no prerogative to bow, and with a modest, incipient smile on her visage, as if conscious that the pious love of many eyes was directed upon her. Reverence! whither hast thou fled? Since these, thine external manifestations have disappeared, hast thou left behind, in the unfettered soul within, a growing love for the substantially true, and right, and holy, and beautiful, and venerable, and eternal?

But the same malignant spirits, who had fastened upon and magnified the defects of Mr. Peabody, were not wanting to espy or devise faults in his lady. I pass over the more contemptible of her maligners, who complained, that at her tea-visits abroad she preferred white to brown bread, and whom I only mention as indicating one feature of the manners of the times, which I trust has long since for ever disappeared. But the more plausible and decent of "Ma'am's" detractors levelled their shafts at much higher game. Among these, the favorite whispered scandal was, that she was a woman of towering pride, and over-fond of dress. Of pride she had no more than an angel from heaven, who stoops to protect and sympathize with the poorest and humblest, while he approaches the loftiest and haughtiest with a calm, conscious

sense of his own celestial dignity, which mean spectator-angels might possibly construe into pride. With regard to her alleged attachment to dress, so profound is my reverence for her whole character, that I have no doubt she conscientiously mingled her practice with the purest sentiments of duty. Perhaps that characteristic emblematical cap of hers might seem to a cynical observer occasionally decked out with superabundant ornament. I remember reading in modern ecclesiastical history, that the Huguenot ministers of the sixteenth century had the greatest difficulty in preventing the pious, lovely, and noble Madame Du Plessis and several other ladies of high rank from offending in the very same particular, and were finally compelled, like the Methodist divines of a later day in their war against ribbons, to decline the contest. Perhaps some adornment of the kind is essential to the highest type of a lady of the Caucasian race. Perhaps, too, the very angel from heaven, to whom I just now alluded, may sometimes view with too much complacency the lustre of his own pruned, ethereal wing. But let that pass. Could I even be convinced that in my sainted friend the refinement of an elevated nature ever faded down into feminine infirmity, I would but seize the occasion to remember and inculcate that absolute perfection belongs only to ONE. S. G.

Art. II. — POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

I. SPRING.

Welcome, bright promiser of balmy skies!
The piercing winds of winter are returning
Home to the North; and soon — before we dream —
Thy breezes will steal tenderly, as breath
From lips of love, to renovate the earth.
Now may the heart which hath been sorrowful
Be soothed; and the disconsolate may learn,
From gazing on the new-born leaves and flowers,
Lessons of resignation and of faith.

Soon will the forest glades grow green, and birds
Trill out their mating music. Girls will gather

The violet and daisy from the hills,
And pluck anemones to weave like pearls
Among their tresses. The unfettered stream
Will lure the idle urchin to its brink
With full, free laughter; and the husbandman,
Broad-scattering his precious seed, will hope
For its increase at harvest-time. But when
The mind, accustomed to the season's charm,
Turns in upon itself, to search the depth
And know the value of its purposes,
How may it pause above some withered trust
The icy grave hath taken to its keeping;
Or weep for beautiful affections which
The changes of the world have chilled and ruined!
The cold snow may have been covering as
A pall the form so lately cherished; and
The blast been sweeping on its dreary wing
The freezing words of broken tenderness.
'T is well there comes a time when Nature wears
A look so glad, yet full of sympathy,
That hearts, however sorely wrung, may be
Touched by the winning softness of her smile,
And thus lose half the burden of their grief!

Yet not alone of sombre themes, — of death,
Or living separation, or of cares
Unnumbered, known to all, — these moments speak.
Into the fairest of retirements, where only
Reflections of serenity may enter,
Our thoughts are led, as by an angel's hand,
To dwell upon the blessings that have filled
Our days. Tears may fall gratefully upon
Remaining trusts, as rain on lonely flowers;
But when the clouds have passed, and men rejoice
By reason of discovered comfort, then,
Like showers of sunshine over water-drops,
The calm renewal of their happiness
Covers the world once more with radiance.

Young mother of the year which moveth on
With ever-varying aspect, — harbinger
Of summer heats and autumn fruits, and snow
When winter comes again, we give thee hail!
Glide on, enchantress, like a wingèd blossom,
To the rich melody of birds, the play
Of leaves, the dash of loosened fountains, — ay,

To all the music heard mysterious
At noon or hush of night! Console, improve,
Delight us with thy beauty! Be the type
Of things immortal and unseen! And though
Impatient crowds, bent on engrossing tasks,
May seem unfitted for impressions such
As thine, 'mid all the harsh concerns of life
Thou wilt be felt a good unspeakable,
An influence most delicately toned
To every better impulse, so that none
Will grow aweary of thy gentle presence.

R. P. R.

II. THE ANGELS OF THE PAST.

My buried days! — in bitter tears
I sit beside your tomb,
And ghostly forms of vanished years
Flit through my spirit's gloom.

In throngs around my soul they press,
They fill my dreamy sight
With visions of past loveliness
And shapes of lost delight.

Like angels of the Lord they move,
Each on his mystic way, —
These blessed messengers of love,
These heralds of the day.

And as they pass, the conscious air
Is stirred to music round,
And a murmur of harmonious prayer
Is breathed along the ground.

And sorrow dies from out my heart
In exhalations sweet,
And the bands of life, which she did part,
In blessed union meet.

The past and future o'er my head
Their sacred grasp entwine,
And the eyes of all the holy dead
Around, before me, shine.

And I rise to life and duty,
From nights of fear and death,
With a deeper sense of beauty
And fuller strength of faith.

G. E.

III. THE LOST CHURCH.

The verses below were written while men were dragging down a noble old meetinghouse, beheaded of its steeple by the guillotine of these levelling times, from the green, oak-crowned slope where it had long stood on one of the most picturesque eminences in that most picturesque of New England villages, Bucksport on the Penobscot.

Had ye a voice, ye venerable trees,
What thrilling tales ye 'd tell! Yet even now,
Oft as, at eve, the sad autumnal breeze
Mysteriously stirs each trembling bough, —

And oft as spring renews your leafy green,
And oft as kindling summer round you glows,
And oft as winter clothes the naked scene,
And crowns this hill-top with his weight of snows, —

And at each hour of day, — when silent noon
Broods o'er the town, the river, and the hill, —
And when, at noon of night, the harvest moon
Silvers your dark-green branches, soft and still, —

And when the morning sun, behind your height,
Wakes in their rustling nests the feathered choir, —
And when the dying day's last lingering light
Touches the topmost twigs with golden fire, —

Strange sounds and spirit-like are heard, that chime
With all the winds which through your branches sigh ;
Voices that murmur of the olden time,
The ghosts of generations long passed by.

As, pensively, with reverent steps and slow,
I climb this hallowed hill, a stranger here,
The thought of all the dead that sleep below
Brings to my eye the tributary tear.

Up this green steep, beneath this deep green shade,
Each Sabbath morn and noon, for many a year,
Came son and sire, matron and village maid,
And bowed in prayer, and sang God's praises here.

Here stood for childhood's brow the sacred fount;
Here manhood on its God its troubles cast;
Here age climbed up, as to a Pisgah mount, —
Here paused, as to its last, long home it passed.

In life's august procession all passed on
To fill yon silent chambers of the dead;
And now the venerable church is gone,
Whose aisles once echoed to their frequent tread.

Yet oft, beneath these green old oaks, e'en now,
Forms of the buried past unseen sweep by,
And oft the pilgrim, on this hill's lone brow,
Feels a great cloud of witnesses draw nigh.

And though the old walls no more this summit crown,
Still float strange tones of an unearthly bell, —
Each Sabbath morn, and noon, and eve float down
O'er town, and stream, and hill, and distant dell.

And though from out this green oak-shade no more
The tall old spire shall rise to meet the sky,
Long from the spot shall memory heavenward soar,
While faith, with lifted finger, points on high.

C. T. B.

Art. III. — RELATION OF PROGRESS TO LIBERTY.*

Mr. Eliot's volume consists of four "Passages from the History of Liberty." These sections contain notices of men laboring wide asunder as to time and place, for one object, — human progress, or freedom from unwholesome restraint, within and without. The design of the notices "is no further concerned with the incidents of individual lives, than as the individual lives are united by these incidents to the general history of Liberty and of Humanity." The "Passages" cover a period subsequent to the deepest shades of mediæval history, and closing with the same year

* *Passages from the History of Liberty.* By Samuel Eliot. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 278.

(1521) in which Luther published his celebrated essay, "De Captivitate Babylonicâ Ecclesiæ"; which may perhaps be regarded as the deliberate commencement of his struggle with the Roman hierarchy for human progress. We can only glance at these "Passages."

The first part of the book includes notices of three of the early Italian reformers, — names hardly known to Anglo-Saxon ears, — Arnaldo da Brescia, Giovanni di Vicenza, and Jacopo de' Bussolari, who severally lived in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. These, for their times, were really great men, although not, in the highest sense, true men. Judged, as every man must be judged, by their relation to their times, their greatness was a marvel which their age could neither comprehend nor appreciate; and therefore they failed of their best purposes. Italy experienced directly no benefit from their labors. But they doubtless left traces in the world, which, by other feet and in later years, have been beaten into open pathways.

Arnaldo's life gives us the idea of a single-handed and unarmed man coping with a lion that has been urged into fury by slight yet stinging wounds, and by repeated disappointment, and is longing to place a crushing paw upon his assailant's head. He contended with Rome; — to him the English Pope Adrian and his myrmidons, including cardinals, bishops, and priests, were nothing; true religion, morality, and the rights of man were every thing. Rome thundered her anathemas and interdicts, triumphing over Arnaldo, — the lion gained the victory. The scholar, who loved learning "because he would make learning useful to the world in which he lived," — the religious teacher, "whose pure life won him many friends," — the reformer, who aimed to establish for the people an equal government, in which he had no ambition to appear, and who would fain have purified Rome itself, — was publicly burned, and his ashes cast into the Tiber; his crime was *love to man*.

Rome essayed to stay the work of human progress. But it is too late to check the electric fluid after the flash has been seen and the report heard, the evidence that it has already passed. Though Arnaldo's spirit aroused not the slumbering energy of the people, yet liberty did not perish on the Piazza del Popolo. Only seventy years afterward, Vicenza led the people "with cross and banners." He secured the confidence of all, revised the laws of the cities, reinvigorated

the states of Italy with new hopes of freedom and new longings for progress, and then (so say his enemies, and with some appearance of truth) abused his influence, and acted in his own way the tyrant. The goodness of his aim could not save him from the consequences of weakness and want of perseverance. He gave courage to a love of freedom which his life did not express.

Another pause, and then, seventy years later, Bussolari, an Augustine monk, a pious, devoted man, in whose breast the love of the Church, the love of the State, and the love of freedom coexisted, made an ineffectual attempt to improve the condition of man. Possessed of less strength than Arnaldo, but endowed with more steadfastness than Vicenza, he did what he could for the oppressed. Although a son of the Church, and loyal in all his thoughts to her interests, the Church coöperated with his and his country's adversaries in stifling the spirit of independence; and Bussolari died in a dungeon.

The second section of the volume comprises a brief account of the life and labors of John de Wycliffe. Wycliffe was a *man*. Rank and station could confer no additional honor upon one who was as great in one sphere as in another, and great always through earnestness of purpose and faithfulness of life. He was a good scholar and a bold preacher. Some might have called him eloquent, but he was not so considered, it is said, by all, and probably by none who only knew and heard him as a speaker and had no especial sympathy with his discourses. He lived in that troublous time for England, which was rife with unexpressed and unappreciated longings for independence of Rome. The commoners were exceedingly jealous of authority; and in 1364 a great stride was taken towards social equality, when the opulent citizen was allowed by statute to be clad as expensively as a nobleman!

Much work was to be done when Wycliffe's career commenced, and he was willing to undertake its performance. His reform had no single range; it was "a host of reforms in one." It demanded purity of heart and life, ridiculed the prerogatives of popes, cardinals, and kings, and insisted upon judicious limitations to all authority. It was Wycliffe's design to establish goodness in the world; for he saw in this the way of removing injustice and oppression. His plan was good; but his age was not with him, and the suffering

people cared little for his words of deliverance. He died in his work, of paralysis, December 31, 1384, having successfully resisted all his foes. "Let a man," he said, "stand on virtue and truth, and all the world overcometh him not." He would have been the last to allow that he was in any sense vanquished. "Truly aware I am," he said, "that the doctrine of the Gospel may, for a season, be trampled under foot, that it may be overpowered in high places, and even suppressed by the threatenings of Antichrist; but equally sure I am that it shall never be extinguished, for it is the recording of truth itself."

The reforms of Savonarola occupy the third portion. This man, but little known to the world, the prior of St. Mark's, at one time the pride and stay of Florence, exerted there an astonishing influence for a brief season. His efforts, which were really designed to purify the State, penetrated also the inclosures of the Church. He was too clear-sighted not to observe sin wherever existing, and too independent and faithful to be silent. His primal law for the State was, "obedience to man under God." All laws were therefore to be founded upon Christian precepts. When he applied the same principle to the Church, the Church became alarmed at the daring assault indirectly made upon its secularity and sinfulness. He upbraided the priests because they were worldly and sensual; and — oh inconsistency of evil-doing! — was charged with intermeddling too much in secular affairs. His answer ought to be written in luminous capitals before every religious teacher, — "Any matter ordained to the glory of God, and the good of men, belongs to my office."

Alexander Borgia, stained with every crime, — "omni scelere audito atque inaudito contaminatus," — then occupying the Papal chair, with little knowledge of a good man's motives and with even less comprehension of his purposes, attempted to bribe Savonarola into silence, by the offer of a cardinal's hat. But he had his answer from the cathedral pulpit: — "The only red hat I shall ever wear will be red with my own blood in martyrdom."

Savonarola's reliance upon the Supreme Being was a striking characteristic of his life. He believed in miraculous aid from Heaven to carry forward his work, and prayed continually for such demonstrations of Divine favor as would bring success to his labors for peace and holiness. In the

year 1498 he very unwillingly consented, after urgent solicitation, to submit his doctrine to the "trial by fire," not in his own person, but in the person of one of his adherents. He speaks thus confidently of the issue: — "So far as the result is revealed to me, I can see that Fra Domenico [his champion] will pass through the flames uninjured, if the trial be made at all." His shrewdness seems to have suggested to his mind the result, for the trial was never made, in consequence of the failure of the other party. Nevertheless, the influence he had so long wielded in Florence was greatly impaired. In forty-eight hours after the failure of the trial by fire, his convent was surrounded, and an entrance forced by his enemies. He was found kneeling composedly before the altar. He was summoned thence by the magistrates, and thrown into prison. We quote a passage from Mr. Eliot: —

"Sixteen judges, taken from among Savonarola's enemies, were soon collected about him, as if they had been demons rioting in the plunder of a great spirit, and put him to tortures, which his frame was too weak and sensitive to bear. A confession against himself was forced from him, but it was retracted as soon as he was loosened from torment. Again he was bound and torn; again he confessed; again he denied, — saying resolutely, that whatever pain might wring from him was all untrue. In the midst of severest agony, he prayed aloud that his persecutors might be softened and forgiven. The blessings of a holy heart were upon him, even in that terrible judgment-chamber." — p. 193.

After a month of such treatment, which the profligate Alexander cordially approved by special commissioners, Savonarola, with two of his adherents, was condemned to be burned. The sentence was executed on the 29th of May, 1498. He was a friend to good order, just rulers, honest men, and Christian freedom. "This work," he said, "will go on, though I am dead, for it is the work of Christ." The world had not grown old enough in goodness to endure such a reformer.

The last division of our author's volume contains a notice of the War of the Communities in Castile; of which it is enough to say, that it was worthy of a better issue. We cannot but feel a regret that all the warm hopes of so enthusiastic a region should have been prostrated, in order to reseat the ambitious and kingdom-loving Charles, then crowned emperor of Germany, upon his first throne. Besides,

when men choose, like those Communities, to change their rulers, our soul cries out against the injustice of trying such a claim, or of establishing their right to do so by an appeal to arms. Yet so it often is. Nations must be trampled upon, their names obliterated, and men oppressed, that some greedy Charles may have full coffers, or a gratified ambition. Men in that war exhibited proofs of goodness and greatness, which are honorable to all times. Had Juan de Padilla succeeded as his aims and his virtues deserved, his fame would now fill a niche in history, honored and revered of all liberty-loving hearts. Yet how seldom appears his name! So true it is, that "hitherto, circumstances, more than greatness or goodness, have made our heroes."

We have not intended to give even an abstract of the volume before us. It is exceedingly interesting, from beginning to end. It is written with evident enthusiasm; and although sometimes slightly wanting in perspicuity, is always fresh and earnest. The author designed to bring together several illustrations of the longings of men for a true individual and social life, and he has executed his task well. If it be at first view discouraging to observe the failure of such efforts for human progress, we may yet believe that thus these selfsame efforts are especially commended to attention. That is a real matter — and the selfish world is compelled to admit it to be so — for which a man willingly encounters obloquy, makes sacrifices, and finally dies with hopeful composure. Martyr-ashes always constitute good seed.

These struggles, like all other genuine struggles for freedom, originated in the love of truth and justice. With all efforts for human progress, they constitute chapters in human history; they help onward a work which only time and patient labor can complete.

Liberty is the child of reform. All reforms — and under the name of reforms we include only such movements as are based upon Christian principle — have the great aim of inducing human freedom. Reform assumes a condition of life or character demanding amendment or change. It asserts the grandest of all truths,—that happiness is coincident with goodness, and that goodness is commensurate with adherence to principle. It declares that sin, while it is an abnormal state, is also a state of tyranny; that error, not truth, desires to fetter the mind; and that nothing but sin can limit the satisfactions of the heart. It also essays to bind truth and life togeth-

er, by seeking the application in life of every precept or principle of holiness. In a word, reform is the yearning of the heart for a realization of truth and justice.

That which reform proposes, freedom expresses. Freedom, in the highest sense, is the form which the successful struggle for human good eventually assumes. The truest liberty is the closest alliance with Christian goodness. The words placed by Mr. Eliot on his title-page, from Thucydides, are strikingly apposite : — " Judging happiness to be in liberty, and liberty in excellence of soul." The world has never yet demanded such a liberty as this. Indeed, it is prone to be quite well satisfied with only certain forms of freedom, which are hardly more than exemptions from actual wrong.

Hence the history of successful reforms and revolutions does not always, or often, furnish the results which we anticipate. There is something higher and holier in human life than living men care to compass. And though a struggle be vigorously maintained, at great sacrifice and with complete success, in behalf of truth and justice, truth and justice do not generally enter largely into the issue. Take an illustration of this from the contrast between the Declaration of Independence adopted by the Colonies before the American Revolution, and the Constitution of the United States subsequently framed. Could it have been surmised, that men so thoroughly imbued with the love of liberty as to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to its defence, would have submitted to any compromise with oppression, and the form of that oppression domestic slavery ? But the Constitution, it is said, perhaps with truth, was the best scheme of government which would then unite the Colonies. And this is the very point to be observed, — that men generally have never yet demanded for the world a real liberty, but only for themselves an exemption from the more odious forms of oppression.

The honest love of freedom is not selfish. It seeks the redress of grievances because they interfere with human welfare, and violate the fundamental principle of all goodness, — justice. It raises its voice of indignant remonstrance against iniquity and injustice of every kind, and is not silent until its demand is answered, or its utterance lost in defeat. But how few reformers, whose whole lives have been reduced to such faithfulness to humanity, has the world

ever seen! Where there are a few only like Arnaldo, Wycliffe, and Savonarola, there are a hundred leaders of another and a baser sort. These latter manage their moves so adroitly, that they come to be regarded with favor, and are permitted to impede human progress; while the extenuation of injustice and oppression, though in itself treachery to the rights of man, is rendered less odious by their influence. The spirit of freedom has never reached the heart that can tolerate any form of wrong. He is no freeman, in the highest sense, who can say that oppression is the chief corner-stone of a republican edifice.* When liberty is most praised, it may oftentimes be necessary to raise anew the question of freedom. "Our liberties" is a catchword of the times. But after all "our principles," — our love of truth and justice for all men, for the weak and ignorant as well as for the strong and wise, is the infallible gauge of real freedom.

Are we to be satisfied with any liberty which falls short of the true standard? But liberty of a better sort can be secured only by progress, itself the law of life. No iron-visaged conservatism will answer the demand of human nature. Forms of thought and forms of government, like old plate when its fashion has passed away, must occasionally be thrown into the crucible of reform, to be wrought anew into such shapes as the times demand. Man might as well be fettered to paganism as to Popery, and to Popery as to the "cast-iron moulds" which creeds and customs furnish for human character. That which was freedom once has ceased to be freedom now, unless the old form comprised the whole of truth, or man has been contented in the ages to remain stationary. Either part of the alternative is inadmissible.

Notwithstanding the coarse forms of vice which present themselves to view, and the ruder aspect of a license, the issue of which cannot yet be discerned, not more surely does one generation succeed another, than the law of progress develops itself for human good. The differing ages require very different phases of reform, and different kinds of reformers; and these are always to be found. The old truth, that "revolutions never go backwards," which sometimes seems to be denied in reformers' failures, is thus substan-

* This sentiment is found in Mr. Secretary Calhoun's state despatches to the United States minister at the French court.

tiated; and one man lights his torch, which circumstances may compel him to keep from view for a time, — to cover with his hand, when the wind blows too harshly upon it, — by the flickering taper of his predecessor.

The same impediments to progress, in effect, exist now that existed in other ages. We may vaunt ourselves too much over the past, in remembering what were the peculiar trials and disappointments of the reformers of other times, and not perceiving now similar demonstrations of resistance to the expression of the same longings for human welfare. To be sure, when the Church was the State, and gave temporal laws, which it enforced by spiritual penalties, many were the struggling spirits that were driven back to the arms of a Mother most thoroughly despised and execrated. But the same disposition to control all human interests may be seen in the State, virtually assuming to be the Church, when it attempts to regulate the principles of duty, and to prescribe limits to the strivings of the earnest soul, and to declare what shall be received among men as good. There is still a method of applying the ancient interdict from "fire and water." A cold shoulder, a colder hand, and the prophetic "you will ruin your influence,"—too generally equivalent to a willingness to undermine it, — these things have sometimes an influence to subvert good, and to impede the progress of reform.

Indeed, the clashing of truth and authority is by no means over; it constitutes one evil of our times, and may be partly ascribed to an undue heeding of the cry of an early reform, — "No union of Church and State." There ought to be a perfect union of Church and State in their main purpose, but none at all in their offices. This is an important distinction, to which we can only allude. If the Church be disconnected from the State absolutely, a vicious element is introduced into the theory of government, by the opposition of one to the other; the Church standing for truth, and the State for authority, while comprising the same individuals. Experience has already proved, that if there be no unity of purpose between Church and State, the Church when in the ascendant will usurp the sceptre of the State, and the State when in the ascendant be disposed to give laws to the Church, — to say what it shall teach, by determining what alone shall be regarded as loyal to itself. We do not desire that the Church should again become secular in

a bad sense, as once it was, — that its *servants* should be *masters* in the world. But the spirit of Christianity, as this is, or ought to be, embodied in the Church, was designed to control all life; from its sway we have no disposition, had we the power, to exclude even political relations.

It would be extremely difficult to distinguish much in spirit between the past and the present reception of reform. If men do believe in human progress, they still treat reformers in the State as traitors, and in the Church as infidels. It were scarcely worth while to refute the calumnies which these terms may embody. But as to the first, will not men come to learn that liberty is the life of justice, and as such has no peculiar country, any more than Christianity? As to the second, it were enough to point to John Robinson's words, and "bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation"

And yet every step of progress, and every struggle for liberty, raises the question of loyalty to government, — a question embarrassed with many difficulties. One hardly cares to affirm that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," irrespectively of circumstances. But who will say that silent submission to injustice is the better way? Government in itself, abstractly speaking, is always good; it is actually good, so long as it does not undermine the influence of truth. The fault with all governments — a fault to which a republic, because it rests secure in the confidence of the majority which has made it, is far more liable than a despotism — is a proneness to self-exaltation. Within a few years it has been distinctly affirmed that "a majority can commit no political sin"; in other words, that the question of right and wrong is not absolute, but may depend upon the will of the people. A greater moral falsity or political absurdity does not lurk beneath that subterfuge of regal power, that "the king can do no wrong."

Reform reaches the highest last. The wave must rise high and swell heavily before it can baptize the heads of social life. The people, or some of them, will always be in advance of those rulers who make goodness less their study than office, and yet these often give the expression to authority. Hence it happens that every protest against wrong elicits angry denunciation and obstinate resistance

from hearts not penetrated by the spirit of the proposed reform. Reform is always disloyal to existing usages, and finds favor and is honored only in its triumphs. But successful reforms are in no wise different from unsuccessful struggles for liberty, except in their issues. Greece and Poland, of such different fortunes, stand on precisely the same footing. He who preaches submission to every indignity and exaction, and recommends silence to the remonstrants, condemns and discards all that we venerate in the history of the world.

Besides, the struggle for freedom and the demand for reform are not directed against government, but against wrong. If governments espouse the cause of injustice, and seek to repress the manly spirit, they are entitled to little allegiance, and must bear the reproach of injustice. It is hard for the reformer to be compelled to make explanations of his intents to a doubting world, and to prove, what ought to be known by instinct, as it were, that the Christian right to govern is coincident only with adherence to Christian principle. The old words, "a pope, a bishop, or a priest, in a state of mortal sin, hath no power of the faithful," may be amended by including the term "magistrate." Government is invested with no authority to do wrong, and has no influence to make that worthy and good, which all the better feelings of the heart condemn as base, abandoned, unchristian. Government is designed solely for human good, and all its authority is derived from its office. "Dominion is given to man over his fellow-men, not that the weaker may be crushed, nor that the stronger may trample, iron-heeled, upon human rights and human lives, but that the stronger may make his power dear even to the weaker, by its justice and its charity."* Whenever government stoops to an alliance with injustice and selfishness, let it not complain if its validity be sternly questioned.

Political philosophy, which is far in the rear of some other departments of thought, has been especially impeded by opposition. The discernment of human rights cannot, however, be exempted from the law of progress. The settling down into contentment with current usages, the implied belief that human institutions are to be perpetual, with the consequent disinclination to change which sometimes seems

* Eliot's Passages, p. 273.

to be a prevailing sentiment, is a bad sign for liberty, and it is untrue to human nature. We must not go back to deeds of other times, even while the record endures, for the conditions of present life. The mission of the present is to improve upon the past. A world loving the dead past more than the living present, trusting more in it than in the child-birth throes of the future, is not a world of freemen.

Whenever reformers fail, they fail because they receive not sympathy and support. They have passed ahead of the world, which sometimes inclines to quicken its pace, and for a while seems to be close upon them; and then they partially succeed. But it has never overtaken its reformers, even for a single instant, so as to make their principle its life. What power the despot has he receives from the consent of others to his tyranny; and the reformer only requires the same kind and amount of support to overcome all forms of error and injustice. Every new reform stands to its age as the older ones to theirs, makes the same demand for man, fails for the same reason that they failed, — and the failure is always a reproach to the times.

There is an unpleasant proneness to leave the reformer unsupported, while he is thrust into the worst position in the moral army. Always in front of his adherents, and oftentimes unaided and alone, he is exposed to a double fire; and not a few ill-directed shafts, — of thoughtlessness, indeed, rather than of malice, — which wound his spirit and paralyze his arm, come from his followers. If the world desire progress, it must not diminish a true man's strength by its own falseness. Every one must stand up to him bravely, and give him full confidence and earnest support. We like not to encounter those men who say, "We have no influence," but who would probably resent our admission of the truth of their statement. There is a figure which stands for nothing; but we place a cipher at the right of one, and it multiplies its leader's influence tenfold. The reformer's failure is due solely to his contemporaries' unfaithfulness; the responsibility rests upon the very men who "have no influence."

But with all the discouragements and obstacles to progress, there is some hope to be drawn from the popularity of the discussion of human rights. This aspect of the times would be very encouraging, had we entire confidence in its genuineness. Fourth of July orators have always been wont to declaim freely upon this topic, in the way rather of

reminding us of what has been done for liberty, than of speaking of any further achievements. Such regard for liberty can be dispensed with without much loss to any one. Then, again, there is a certain floating capital of philanthropy handed about in meetings and associations, which is very well to look at, and secures quite a reputation in the world. It reminds us of an anecdote which has been related to illustrate the advantages of combined action, concerning a few persons associated for such a purpose, who secured the credit, with all the immunities, of wealth, by passing the few hundred dollars comprising their joint stock from hand to hand. Nor do we trust much in the philanthropy which shows itself only under the influence of popular excitement. It is something to say of it, that, with the other kinds mentioned, it is better than none. Indeed, it is better than the unbelief which ordinary things cannot move, which has no sympathy for human strivings until it can plainly discern what God alone ever sees, the precise results of labor before it has been tried.

Circumstances of late years have been favorable to the development of a stronger attachment to the principles of liberty, especially in New England, where a more just appreciation of the spirit of freedom seems to be gaining ground. The annexation of new slave territory to the already extended limits of the nation, and the disposition to acquire yet more land similarly blighted, have roused to indignation many hearts among us; a partial result of which may be traced in the recent passage of the Wilmot Proviso by one branch of Congress, and that the popular one, and in evident compliance with the demand of the Free States. Its fate in the other cannot be anticipated while we are writing. But we will hope for the best. Let the question be decided as it may, we are apprehensive, however, that expediency, policy, and interest will have more to do with it than absolute right.* We are frequently assured that there is far more sympathy than formerly for the claims of the oppressed, and for the spirit, at least, of the Antislavery reform. We hope it may prove so. But we hope, also, that the young Titan of freedom will not have his limbs so begirt with swaddling-

* How far this apprehension was well grounded may be seen from the fact, that when the Senate had rejected this same proviso, the House of Representatives succumbed to the slaveholding influence, and annulled its previous vote.

clothes, in the form of parties, sects, and committees, as to incur the hazard of never attaining nature's full proportions.

The history of our country is certainly somewhat dark. The annexation of Texas, viewed solely as the means of perpetuating oppression, and the war in Mexico, one of the bitter consequences of the other departure from principle, are chapters we would gladly erase, although only conclusions from premises which the Southern portion of the confederacy have been carefully writing out from time to time since 1787. Still, if the strong arm of Papal power, combined with regal enactments, at divers times and in divers places, could not crush out the human heart, nor extinguish its beating hopes and its earnest love, we ought not to be much concerned for the issue of the struggle yet to be waged with injustice, provided our own allegiance to the right be complete. The American Revolution, in its purposes and in its aims, was a glorious commencement of a work to be accomplished on this continent. But has the progress of the work fulfilled the promise of its first stages? The first planting of the Colonies, or of most of them, and the subsequent establishment of the Union, were both in the name of freedom. Is nothing more to be done in this holy name, to fulfil the world's just expectation?

A new hero may be wanted to lead us on in duty. We do not mean that there are no choice spirits who have long been faithfully laboring for a world-wide human freedom, — freedom from unjust ecclesiastical, social, and civil restraints, — and who are now struggling, in their way, in this behalf. We gratefully acknowledge all that they have done. But for the issue there may yet be required a leader, to be brought forward at the right moment, in whom shall be concentrated many necessary qualities, and who shall have influence to reconcile the distracted counsels and discordant schemes, traceable rather to the head than to the heart. If we know the spirit of the pioneers in human progress, as they exist among us, they are not men who are eager to fashion cushioned seats for themselves, nor are they disposed to become princes and potentates. If Ulysses come among them, he will find ready hands and readier hearts, and little jealousy. They have learned from a longer than the Trojan war, that all his prudence and wisdom will be needed for success.

Although we have extended these remarks beyond their proposed limits, we have but glanced at a theme worthy of much more careful thought. Human liberty is yet almost a mystery. Much struggling with antiquated errors, and time-established customs, and deep-seated prejudices, must be undertaken before the work of humanity will be accomplished. Liberty must be made, so to speak, a science, — a study by itself, — into which the ideas of reform and progress shall enter largely. It requires a philosophy of its own, that it may be elevated above the reach of the low ambition of selfish men, that it may extend its benign influence to every department of labor, and carry peace and happiness to all conditions of life. It has hitherto failed of this end. Reform alone can constitute the instrument of its success. The time of reformations is not over, and will not be, until their true spirit be produced in life, — the final issue, under God, of all efforts at renewal and progress, to which governments and organizations, if founded in truth and justice, will always tend. We close with this hopeful passage from our author: — "The memories of all who strive to elevate the world, if men be not ungrateful, will

> 'but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
> Which overpower all others, and conduct
> The world at last to freedom!'

One of the clearest lessons taught by history is, that there can be no such thing as failure in great purposes. So long as truth and charity are joined together in human lives, there need be no fear for toil wasted or faith sacrificed. It is when truth is degraded to union with coarseness and violence, when confidence struggles into impatience and intolerance, that there can be no great purposes planned, and no great deeds worked by men." A. R. P.

Art. IV. — JESUIT MISSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.*

We know nothing more of the writer to whom we are indebted for this interesting work than his name; but his Preface gives the impression that he is a man of enlarged and liberal feeling. He says, that he has made it an object to reverence goodness, whatever name it bears, and though opposed to the theology of the men whose services and sufferings are here commemorated, he will not deny them the honor due for their disinterested and martyr-like labors. We trust it is not Puseyism, but rather a superiority to common prejudice, which enables him to do justice to these heralds of the cross. Perhaps he has learned from his own experience, that one Christian is very much like another; that, in order to know a man, we must ascertain, not what he thinks and feels, but what he is and what he has done; and that whoever withholds the credit deserved by those of a different faith, however he may applaud his own zeal for the truth, does it, not because he is conscientious, but because he is too low in religious feeling to look over the dividing bounds of party. However this may be, it is a striking example of human reverses, that the Church of Rome, which once exalted itself above the stars of God, should now be the victim of that intolerance which she taught in former days by her spirit and example; and certainly it is an illustration of judicial blindness, that the sects which now pursue her with bitter vengeance unconsciously cherish the same spirit, and enforce the same miserable exclusion, which, whenever Rome is mentioned, they are so loud and earnest to condemn. There is no form of Catholic pretension, Catholic doctrine, even of Jesuitism, which is not found in some Protestant sect or other, and not lamented as an infirmity, but gloried in as a subject of pride. The Reformation disclosed and proclaimed a new principle of religious freedom; but it takes as long to carry it into practical effect as to people a new continent after it is discovered. There are as many regions in this country still unvisited by it, as

* *The Early Jesuit Missions in North America, compiled and translated from the Letters of the French Jesuits, with Notes.* By the Rev. William Ingraham Kip, M. A., Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society. In two Parts. New York & London: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. xviii. and 322.

there are tracts of wild land which they are foolishly giving away as a bounty to soldiers. And meantime, it is so common to pour contempt on the ancient Church, when they that judge it are doing the same things, that it is really a comfort to find a member of a church, not professedly liberal, expressing reverence and sympathy for whatever is venerable and high among the Catholics, who have had their full proportion of religious excellence, and can offer to the world's admiration sons of light who are surpassed by no others among the great and good.

This work consists of translated extracts from the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Ecrites des Missions Etrangères," a work within the reach of very few readers, and which few would wish to travel through. Historians have made some use of it as a magazine of information, as the readers of Bancroft's third volume will remember; but those brilliant passages in the history of Jesuit self-devotion, which must awaken deep feeling in every one who has a heart, are best presented in the unpretending narratives of the adventurers themselves. There is something more spirit-stirring than the sound of a martial trumpet in the watchword with which they went to the heathen, to convert and to save, — "*Ibo, non redibo*," — I shall go, I shall never return. It expresses the calm and fixed determination, which no danger can affright, no difficulty cast down, and no obstacle withstand. Champlain, the governor of Canada, whose disposition was as open and beneficent as the waters which bear his name, busy as he was in plans of commercial aggrandizement, thought less of the glory of France than of the salvation of a human soul. He invited the contemplative Franciscans to evangelize the Indians; but the bold Jesuits, who were spreading on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the sea, heard the summons, and determined that a work so arduous and dismaying should be done by no hands but theirs. They came without delay, plunged into the boundless forests, with no food but the bruised corn and water, no bed but the earth or the rock; unprovided with all comforts, for they left that care to a higher Power; fearless of danger, for they were ready at any moment to die; patient under all suffering, because they had chosen a strait and toilsome way in which to travel to the tomb. Was it strange that the heathen should have felt the influence of a firmness and fortitude greater even than their own?

However uncivilized, they had hearts and souls; and the very mystery of this lofty courage, which evidently was not the inspiration of avarice, ambition, or military pride, was likely to suggest new thoughts to their simple minds, and to awaken feelings of respect and astonishment, if not of dread.

The first two of these very interesting papers are letters of the well known missionary, Father Rasles, or Râle, as some choose to call him, whose establishment in Maine brought him into unfortunate collision with our fathers. He devoted himself to the Abenakis, of whom the Penobscot Indians are a remaining branch, though withered and almost dry. His chapel was at Norridgewock, on the Kennebec river; and when France, by the treaty of Utrecht, surrendered Nova Scotia and Acadia, with their ancient boundaries, to England, it was assumed, with the usual indifference to Indian rights, that the region on the Kennebec went with them; and when the claim, asserted by arms on the part of Massachusetts, was resisted by the Indians, with a very natural reluctance to be dispossessed of their country, a conflict followed, in which, it is painful to remember, this devoted missionary fell. In 1689 he left Rochelle for Quebec, and entered at once on his unpromising field of duty. He travelled to his stations on foot, through rough and difficult paths, crossing rivers in bark canoes, sometimes in imminent danger from the broken ice, and benumbed with drenching and cold. On the lakes, it is well known, the storms are more severe and dangerous than on the ocean, and in those frail vessels his life was constantly in peril. The only food he could take with him was a little Indian corn; if other resources failed, he subsisted on the "tripe de roche," or rock-tripe, a kind of moss, which nothing short of famine could devour. In the rain he had no shelter but the inverted canoe; this, too, was the canopy under which he slept at night. When he visited the Indian wigwams, he could not master his disgust at their food and manner of eating, till they reminded him that he must conform to their habits in order to secure their regard. As the flesh of dogs is esteemed the greatest of their luxuries, it may easily be conceived that this prejudice was not easy to overcome. Often, when other means of subsistence failed, he lived upon the acorns of the woods, — food neither nourishing nor palatable; but, as he said, "there is nothing which famine will not enable us to digest." He devoted himself to the labor of

learning the various Indian dialects, and acquired some knowledge of almost all of them. By the kindness of his manner and conversation he maintained an unbounded influence, never using it for his own comfort or advantage, for, though, in consequence of a fall in which both legs were broken, he was almost unable to drag himself about through the last nineteen years of his life, he cultivated his own garden, prepared his own firewood, and performed all similar services for himself, and if any presents were made him, he used them all to supply the wants of others, reserving nothing for his own. Such was the condition in which a man of cultivated taste and refinement was content to live, in the hope of saving souls. But his neighbours of Massachusetts were jealous of his influence with the natives; — the Anglo-Saxons can never comprehend why Indians or others should hate to be driven from their homes when it suits their convenience to take them. They ascribed all the resistance of the Indians to his instigation; a war-party was sent to arrest him, and the valiant invaders shot down the venerable old man who came forth to meet them, leaving him scalped, his skull broken, his mouth and eyes filled with earth, and his body gashed with all manner of wounds. The place where his chapel stood, and where he met with his fate, is visited with great interest by the traveller. It is pointed out by a pillar, erected of late years, which is a monument of glory to him, but not a particularly honorable memorial of those by whose hands he died.

While the missionary who kept his station was thus surrounded with dangers, not much was gained in security and comfort, save perhaps the excitement of novelty and change, by those who sought out the distant tribes. The Indian settlements were few and almost immeasurably far apart. In order to reach them, mountains must be climbed, swamps and forests traversed, lakes and rivers crossed with such means as the wilderness supplied. They travelled in doubt and peril by day, and lay down without protection from the chills of night, having nothing but God and their own strong hearts to sustain them in their wondrous efforts and adventures. A letter from Father Marest gives an account of his visit to Illinois and Michigan, and another from Father Du Poisson describes his ascending the Mississippi; where he says they suffered incredibly from the mosquitos, "a small animal which had occasioned more swearing among the

French since the settlement of the country than had been previously known in the world." When they reached the Indian villages which they were in search of, they were sometimes received with coldness, sometimes with hostility, and not unfrequently with blows; but this last kind of hospitality was owing, not so much to the savage manners of their hosts, as to the jealousy of the conjurors, who thought the craft might be in danger from the coming of those who were able to see through them. Often they met with incidents of romantic interest, finding occasionally specimens of character among the Indians, particularly in the women, resting on foundations of delicacy, firmness, and even of principle, which one would think could not grow wild in the uncultivated human heart, though perhaps there is more in the human heart than we who ascribe all to education are willing to allow. One of the great Huron chiefs said to Brebeuf, that, when in battle and war he had escaped the greatest dangers, he had often felt within himself that some powerful spirit had the guardianship of his days. He was therefore prepared, as he said, to welcome the God whom the missionaries presented, having unconsciously felt his presence and protection before. Doubtless there were many who had the elements of faith and virtue starting up within them, and ready to rise with power when they found sympathy to encourage them and could hear the cheering of a friendly voice. Such cases, which were not unfrequent, sustained the earnest heralds of religion, under all depressing circumstances, with the hope that the desert should rejoice; and though they went forth weeping, bearing their precious seed, they, or others after them entering into their labors, should bring the sheaves triumphantly home.

The martyrdom of many of these preachers of Christianity is not exceeded by any thing in the history of human fortitude and self-devotion. Raymbault and Jogues — the former almost worn out with consumption, of which he soon after died — went as missionaries to the tribes of Michigan. The war-parties of the Five Nations were in constant motion, and when Jogues, after the death of his associate, was ascending the St. Lawrence, in company with some of the Hurons, they were attacked by a band of Mohawks, the most savage of foes. Jogues had the opportunity of escaping, but some of his converts not having been baptized, he returned, to sacrifice his own life, as he believed, for the salvation of

their souls; and the Huron chief to whom we just now alluded also returned, saying that he was ready to live or die with his brother, whichever his destiny might be. The missionary survived the inflictions of savage cruelty, though he ran the gantlet in all the villages through which the Mohawks passed. Through stripes, flames, and tortures, he was sustained by such an invincible spirit, that when some charitable hand had thrown an ear of Indian corn to him, he was delighted to find a drop or two of water on the stalk, with which he could baptize one or two of his converts before they died. His life was shielded by the mysterious reverence of the Indians; but the brave Huron was burned at the stake, manifesting the rocky firmness of the warrior blended with the thoughtful tenderness of the Christian, — traits of character which never had been found in such strange union before.

It is difficult to conceive of any fate more dreary than that of the men who perished in these generous and well-meant endeavours. One was dashed in pieces on the rocks of a fall, as he was shooting down a violent river. Another was frozen to death as he was making his solitary way through the Canadian snows. Another was bewildered in the forest, and there, in awful solitude, laid himself down to die. Another was struck with fever-chills in the prairie, and lamented, not that he was never to rise from the earth on which he lay, but that he must leave his work undone. But all the terrors of nature were nothing, compared to the dangers of barbarism; and yet nothing that the savage could say or do drove back these intrepid men from the ground on which they stood. Father Jogues, who had once escaped death, though he endured its agonies, returned to the Mohawks, whose language he was able to speak; he was welcomed with a death-blow, which he received as calmly as a blessing. Father Daniel, when his station, in the absence of all the warriors, was attacked by the same savage enemies, dipped his handkerchief in water and baptized the terrified women and children while the palisades were torn down; when this service, which, as he believed, was necessary to save their souls, was done, he walked calmly out to meet the invaders, and though seamed with ghastly wounds, continued to address them till his lips were for ever still. In the village of St. Louis, Brebeuf and Lallemand were alarmed by the approach of a war-party, and had ample time to fly; but some

among their converts were not yet baptized, and they would not save their own lives at the expense of human souls; they remained, therefore, exhorting the warriors, and speaking comfort to the dying. When the unsuccessful resistance was over, Brebeuf was placed on a scaffold, where they applied burning torches to his body, thrust hot irons down his throat, and cut off his lips and nose. So long as he could speak, he encouraged his converts; and when he had lost the power of speech, he expressed his feeling by his firm look and unfaltering eye. Lallemand was covered with bark full of rosin, which was set on fire; while it blazed, boiling water was poured upon his head; his voice was stifled by the smoke, but the fire having released his hands, he lifted them in calm and silent prayer. Nothing could stay the progress of the missionaries; others were on the fatal ground before the blood of their predecessors was dry. They cared no more for distance than for danger. When Marquette and Joliet, the discoverers of the Mississippi, were about to undertake their enterprising march, the very Indians warned them against it. "I shall gladly lay down my life for the salvation of souls," was Marquette's quiet and determined reply. When the guides deserted him through fear of the wild region and its wilder inhabitants, he feared nothing. He said, — "I should esteem it the greatest happiness to die for the glory of God." But the Providence on which he relied guarded him through his constant exposure; and, having ascertained the course of the father of waters, and sounded the trumpet of salvation on its borders, he returned to visit the poor Hurons, the wrecks of their tribe, whom he had established on the extreme point of Michigan, leaving others to publish his great discovery to the world and bear the fame of it away. One day he said mass after the forms of the Church, then requested the voyagers of his canoe to leave him for a little time to his devotions. At the end of half an hour they returned, but his spirit meantime had gone in peace to its God. Few of the missionaries, however, were permitted to sink so peacefully to rest. They walked in rough and desolate paths, the end of which they knew was death; and throughout our Western States are many places which witnessed their solitary labors, and where, when their warfare of life was accomplished, they slept in bloody graves.

It is quite too common to treat the services and suffer-

ings of these persons with some degree of contempt and suspicion. Protestants have been in the habit of speaking of the Jesuits as if they labored and suffered for private ends of their own, and not, as they professed, for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men. But this is a narrow view of the subject, and its general adoption reflects no credit on the liberality of modern Christians. For, while the Society of Jesuits was selfish, exclusive, and not very conscientious in its movements as a body, it is absurd to deny or doubt that it afforded some most inspiring examples of benevolent self-devotion to that high sentiment of duty which is as cold in most men's hearts as a December noon. And why should it not be so? Do we not know that the fermentation which leads to great movements works long and silently, like leaven within, preparing for those great and open results which attract the gaze of men? And when we see that the beginning of the Jesuit association was contemporaneous with the movement of Luther, is it not reasonable to suppose that the same tendency to spirituality which gave birth to him and the Reformers may also have had its effect on those whose traditional reverence was stronger, and who hoped to quicken the Church by waking it into living action within itself, to reform instead of revolutionizing, and thus to preserve those holy and venerable associations which in their minds and hearts were identified with all that is sacred in religion? Such appears to have been their original aim and endeavour. It was a mistaken calculation, certainly, but is not to be denounced as selfishness and sin; — mistaken, because the Protestants, who went forth from the old family mansion, carried with them so much of the doctrine and spirit of the old Church as almost to vitiate the great elements of reform which they bore out to the nations; and if they, with all their aversion to Rome, remained so much under its influence, and do remain under it to the present day, it is obvious that those who cherished that influence as a treasure would find it difficult, if not impossible, to maintain their spirituality on that unfriendly ground. The Protestants were right in their separation, for, narrow as they were in their doctrine and spirit, they breathed the air of freedom, and the tendency of it was to enlarge their minds, to open their hearts, and so to make them an inspiration, an example, and a blessing; while the Jesuits, however spiritual in their beginning, instead of emancipating themselves or others, be-

came more and more selfish and worldly, so that the Roman Church, which, when threatened with ruin, had welcomed them to the rescue, found it necessary at last to cast off and suppress them. But these two parties were very much alike in the spiritual energy with which their respective movements began; and it is curious to see how both send their adventurous pilgrims into the New World as soon as its gates are opened, till Jesuit and Puritan meet — with no friendly greeting, however — in the northern regions of America, in a peaceful rivalship of zeal, which is soon to be followed by the clash of national arms.

As we are descended from the Puritans, our feelings naturally go with them; but we must take care, lest, in doing justice to them, we wrong the memory of others. We are too much governed by names. We take it for granted that Puritan and Jesuit were each cut after a single pattern; whereas they were men before they were Puritans or Jesuits; and after they entered the ranks and possessed the spirit of those bodies, they were also men, having the same varieties of character and feeling that are found everywhere else in the world. This we should remember in the case of all our religious parties; — that it is only the uniform dress which gives them the appearance of being one; while the deep realities of character divide them into good, bad, and indifferent. There are sheep mixed with goats among them, and whoever assigns all to a single class, will find himself in grievous error at times, whether he bestows on them his confidence or his aversion.

Now the Jesuits may have had their share, and more than their share, of mercenary and selfish disciples; and the Puritans must have been more blessed than any other sect, if some such did not come also among them; but as surely as there were high and holy spirits among our fathers, which none pretend to deny, we have reason to believe that the Jesuit association, though its general influence was not equally exalting, could furnish some examples as brave, as generous, and as heavenly-minded as theirs. How else is it possible to explain this contempt of suffering, this indifference to hardship, this grand and solemn determination with which they gave their lives to a single purpose, and marched up with unflinching step to an awful doom? What had they to gain by the surrender of all those comforts and blessings which are so dear to the sons of men? Selfish lives, it is

true, are common things. Even those who care little for ordinary self-indulgence may have some view of gain or self-aggrandizement, which shall make them willing to sacrifice common gratification for that which they esteem a greater. There may, too, be an excitement arising from the presence and applause of numbers, which shall encourage men, like heroes in the battle, to face death without dismay. But here there was nothing to gain, there were none to witness and praise their self-devotion, and they were calm and unexcited when they went forth to die in such agonies as battle-fields never saw. We neither envy nor honor the man who would deny them his admiration because they were Jesuits, when, had they borne a Protestant name, he would have given it with all his heart. We are anxious to press this point, because the principle involved is one of wide range and application. Though the Jesuits may not suffer from this exclusiveness, it may afflict other sects nearer home; so that whoever can make it clear to the partisan, that there is good in the Nazareth of a party different from his own, may save him from injustice and delusion, and do something for the honor and happiness of the Christian world.

But while it is absurd to deny the faithful self-devotion of the Jesuit missionaries, it is not so certain that any satisfactory result came from their labors; and this work enables us to arrive at confident opinions on this point, since the testimony is furnished by themselves. The great object was to impress the imagination of the Indians. Nothing imposing in the architectural way could of course be attempted; but it was easy to make chapels, magnificent when compared with the wigwams about them; and, by a rich display of candles, furnished by the fragrant bayberry, by fine dresses and solemn ceremonials, aided by the mystery which surrounded all these operations, it was easy to impress minds which were prepared for it by many superstitious fears and fancies of their own. The Indians entered into these devotions with great delight; but their attention was easily distracted, and it was only by a direct and constant exertion of personal influence, that the missionaries could hold them fast to the profession which at first they had been sufficiently ready to embrace. They taught the catechism to the aged and the young, and received the replies which they themselves furnished; though it might be doubted how far the converts understood them, and they certainly did not make

haste to apply them to their lives. But they also encouraged the Indians to come to them to ask advice, to settle their differences, to reconcile divided families and friends, — cases which occurred nearly as often in the forest as in cities of civilized men. All were glad to submit these concerns to arbitration, since, if unsettled, they were sure to end in blood. By a ready adaptation to their habits of thought and by manifesting a friendly interest in all their welfare these priests inspired a devoted attachment in their converts, which perhaps deceived them into the belief that they had accomplished much for their religion. Thus, Father Rasles said, — "The whole nation of the Abenakis is Christian, and very anxious to preserve their religion." The process of making Christians would seem to have been as easy as that of cultivating Indian corn before the vegetable material had been exhausted from the soil; when, he says, they scratched a hole in the ground with a stick or their fingers, threw in a few grains and replaced the earth, and the work of seed-time was done. If the catechism produced by Cotton Mather as drawn up by the Jesuit Westminster Assembly for the use of the aborigines was really taught to them, in which it is stated that the impenitent in a future world are to subsist principally on hot ashes, the uninviting prospect of such a diet may have aided the process of conversion. But whatever the means or the success as respects numbers may have been, it is clear that the natives were rather a dubious kind of Christians, very much impressed by Christianity as they saw it in their teachers, but not much as they felt it in themselves. Nor was it strange that, when they had been in the habit of giving all their admiration to the single virtue of fortitude, they should have been affected and even overawed by the manifestation of it which they saw in these bold heralds of the cross; who, without military ambition, without the chieftain's pride, without any thing apparently to lose or gain by it, were superior to their bravest warriors in daring, energy, and strength of heart. Moreover, when they saw these traits in union with kindness, humanity, and a strong interest in their welfare, virtues which to them were more singular than effeminate, since even their women did not possess them, the character of the missionaries was a deeper mystery than their short line could sound. The power which it displayed filled them with wonder, and its gentleness touched their feel-

ings. It was a new and beautiful phenomenon to them, before which their hearts did willing reverence and the knee was ready to bow.

The truth is, that the influence which the Jesuits had over the Indians was of that sort which always seems greatest when least exerted. We do not deny that it was great; it is surprising that it went so far. But this was partly owing to the nature of the sacrifices which it required. The Indians were patient hearers, and ready to be interested in the external forms of devotion. It was a novelty which attracted their attention, besides that it appealed to feelings which exist and long for a manifestation in every human heart. Father Roubaud said with some exultation, — "The Indian does not count the moments which he gives to religion; he behaves himself with propriety and earnestness while in our churches. Such is the happy disposition which they show one day to become perfect Christians." This was more than could be said of the French among them, whose undevout bearing astonished the natives and gave the missionary much trouble. But, almost in the same page on which he records this promising success, he describes a scene which shows that perfection was not quite attained, and that before they could reach it there were some unpleasant propensities to subdue. A war-party returning from Fort Edward, which had been successfully assaulted, brought home some prisoners. They were welcomed with delight by the Indians, who promised themselves the pleasure of beating them to death; but this being prevented by the interposition of one of their chiefs, they were reserved for a heavier doom. The captives were bound, their faces covered with sweat and blood, their eyes filled with tears, and while the missionary was considering what could be done for them, he found that a fire had been made, and the body of an Englishman prepared for the feast. The savages were eating it with rapture, and drinking broth made of it; the body was stripped of its skin and half consumed, while other captives were compelled to look on and witness the fate to which they were soon to come. They offered a share of their banquet to Father Roubaud. He endeavoured to make some impression on their feelings, and approaching an aged person, whom he thought years might possibly have softened, he made friendly advances; to which the old savage replied, — "No! I do not want your favors; be-

gone!" While his entreaties were thus ineffectual, the authority of French officers was equally unavailing. One of them undertook to interfere in behalf of the miserable captives; but entirely in vain. None could attempt it without bringing insult on themselves. We do not wonder that Roubaud and the other missionaries withdrew from the camp into the woods, not thinking it right to celebrate the sacrifice of the Lamb in presence of such barbarism as this. Well might the good man say, — "What a terrible scourge does war seem to me!" The Abenakis, in whom he was particularly interested, did not share the feast, but they were drawn into the riot and drunkenness which everywhere abounded. He says that he trembled, "not for their steadfastness of principle, but their consistency of conduct"; but we should think that what was fatal to the one would bode no good to the other; when the one has given way, the other is not far from its fall. He assures us that the Indian is his own master and king, carrying everywhere with him his feeling of independence; and really there is some comfort in having this fact thus attested; for if the French had any controlling influence, it would leave them responsible for atrocious excesses which it now seems that they consented to only by not being able to prevent them. The original sin of employing such allies is bad enough. But other nations did the same. We could hardly demand that they should be better in this respect than all the rest of the world. History has done them some wrong, when it has charged them with giving countenance to these proceedings; it now appears, on testimony which, though their own, is entitled to credit, that they were compelled to witness these enormities, and were disgusted with them in their hearts.

The most interesting paper in this collection throws much light upon the extent of the Jesuit influence with the Indians. It is an account of the capture of Fort William Henry, on the shore of Lake George, by Montcalm with his French and Indians, written by this same Father Roubaud, who accompanied the party with his converts, the Abenakis, whom he had endeavoured, though not with distinguished success, to manufacture into Christian soldiers. The French always murder proper names; and one can hardly detect his old acquaintance, Fort William Henry, under the name of Fort George, or its commander, Colonel Monroe, under the disguise of Moreau, which the good father's imagination sup-

plies. It is well known that the banks of that lovely sheet of water were stained, on that occasion, with one of the most atrocious massacres recorded in the annals of war. No one who has ever seen it can forget its wonderful beauty; it is not classical; it is not romantic; it is something more spiritual than either. As one looks down the stream, — for such it is to the eye, between its parallel files of mountains, — and sees the heights, the foliage, and the waters fading into the sky, it seems to him like the place where the visible earth is joined with the world of souls. He can hardly persuade himself that those sweet waters were reddened with carnage, and the quiet scene affrighted with the detestable sounds of war. But so, unfortunately, it was; and this and Lake Champlain, which were evidently designed for highways of commercial intercourse and friendly communication, became the unholy channels through which two nations carried on their wretched conflict of passions and wrongs, so that, while the country was yet new, their borders were blackened with marginal notes and legends of death.

According to Father Roubaud, the Chevalier de Levi, at the head of three thousand men, left Fort Vaudreuil, otherwise called Carelcon, and since known by the name of Ticonderoga. He was to make his way by land to cover the descent of the party. Heavy and doleful was his march on those rough hill-sides, where he thought it much to advance at the rate of three leagues a day. The missionary and the Indians, to the number of twelve hundred, made their advance with more comfort to themselves by water. On the banks, as they passed, they saw bodies of the English, shockingly mutilated, the relics of various actions which had been fought near the lake by scouting parties, some time before. The movement of the troops on shore was necessarily slow; the boats containing heavy artillery were also moved with difficulty; and as the rain, from which they had no protection, fell in torrents, it was a joyless procession, even apart from the reflection that to many it was their last. The English do not appear to have made preparation for the siege. Tents and barracks were standing outside the lines; their horses and cattle, also, were wandering at large; and, what with the efforts necessary to collect their property and to destroy the buildings which might shelter the enemy, they were thrown into some confusion, and were ill prepared to resist a force of eight or ten thousand men, with five mortars

and thirty-two pieces of cannon which were ready to play upon the walls. A view of the place as it is now would not give the impression that the post could ever have been defended; but it must be remembered, that, if the position is low, the heights which commanded it were inaccessible to cannon without a world of labor in clearing away the forests and making roads, which the besiegers had no time to do.

But the savage allies of the French were as little subject to military as to ecclesiastical control. After Colonel Monroe, when summoned to surrender, had given a determined refusal, and it became necessary to draw the heavy cannon half a league from the landing-place to the vicinity of the fort, the cattle, which were brought for this service, were not forthcoming, and it appeared that the Indians had taken occasion to kill and eat them. The only explanation which they thought necessary was, that "they were tired of salt meat." When the batteries were established and making gradual approaches, the Indians amused themselves with watching the effect of the artillery and tormenting some captives whom they had taken. The missionary succeeded in saving one, a Mohegan, after one of his eyes had been nearly torn out with a blow; a single glance of his remaining eye was all the acknowledgment which the pride of the warrior permitted him to give. But not many days after the post had been thus invested, it was found impossible to defend it against such an army, and the commander agreed to surrender on condition that he and his men should march out with the honors of war. Montcalm assembled the Indian chiefs, and asked if they consented to these terms; they did so with perfect unanimity and loud applause.

Then came the result, which, for ages, has been regarded as a deep dishonor to the arms of France; and we are thus particular in our notice of the transaction, because this is the first time that the French side of the sad history has been given to the world. As soon as the fort was given up, the besiegers took possession, while the English remained in the outside intrenchments, preparing for their departure on the morrow. During the military ceremony of surrender the Indians flocked in through the embrasures, and finding their way to the casemates where the sick lay, unable to retreat with their companions, murdered them. The missionary saw one coming forth, holding in his hand a head from which the blood was flowing to the ground. But this was only a

foretaste of the next day's horrors. Early in the morning the Indians prowled round the English, demanding their clothes and various articles, which were readily surrendered, and as soon as they began to march out, the savages cut down all in the rear of the lines, besides stragglers and others who were separated ever so little from the main body. The five hundred French who were detached to protect their retreat did what they were able against three times their number of furious Indians. The officers exerted themselves with the greatest courage and humanity. Montcalm, whose tent was at a distance, came as soon as he knew what was going on, trying prayers, threats, and promises, and at last tearing away their victims by force, which only made the barbarians more earnest to despatch them. It was a time of dismay and helpless confusion; the victims flying in every direction, the Indians hewing them down with their tomahawks, the French officers exerting themselves so that some were severely wounded. As soon as the rapid flight of the surviving English had carried them beyond the reach of the savages, who did not care to follow, the ground was seen covered everywhere with the dying and the dead.

At the time when these things were done, the whole world rang with the tidings of shame and sorrow. It was believed that Montcalm connived at these excesses, having ample power, but not the wish, to prevent them. The state of things in his camp was not understood, till it was laid open by this Jesuit's disclosure. He makes it clear that the Indians in all these expeditions were under no sort of authority. Their civilized allies could sometimes direct their wild passions, but never were able to restrain them. To be sure, it was a wretched thing to employ such associates; but the English did the same when they could, and therefore were not entitled to upbraid them. And, to speak the truth, war is at best but a savage business; it cannot be otherwise than savagely conducted. How could they explain to the heathen that it was a very excellent employment to kill men with whom they had no quarrel, provided it was done under one set of circumstances, when it was a sin and dishonor to put them to death in any other? The savage could see no difference; and it is much to be doubted whether there is any real difference between the two. He naturally preferred to slay his enemies when they had no power to resist him; and, not having learned the graces and refinements of war, could

see no reason why he should not select the time and manner which pleased him best. No wonder that the good father, though not discouraged, should say that the same passions everywhere produce the same effects, and that his converts were not by reason of their Christianity less blameless in these matters than they were before. And yet, why wonder, when the very same thing is true of what is called the Christian world?

There were some instances in which the efforts of the Jesuits were attended with more success. A very minute account is given of an Iroquois girl who was left an orphan at a very early age. She was of a mild and thoughtful disposition, conscientious from her early years; of more refinement than is usually found in the forest, and therefore well prepared to receive and practise the instructions of a better religion. When the missionaries first came, they were lodged in the dwelling of her uncle, with whom she lived. She was greatly impressed with their kindness and devotion, and they in turn were interested in her as superior to those about her in delicacy and all right feeling. It was not long before her relations, after the Indian fashion, provided a husband for her; she chose a solitary life, and utterly refused to receive him. This was regarded as an insult to themselves, as well as to the lover, who probably cared very little about the matter; she was in consequence subjected to ill treatment and reproach, all which she bore with such patient sweetness that they could not hold their spirit of revenge. She was fully determined to be a Christian; and as soon as the opportunity offered, she applied for baptism to one of the missionaries who happened to come near her home. He was a little surprised, on inquiring into her character, to find that nothing was said against her; for, according to the Jesuits, the daughters of the forest are very active, and not very merciful, with the tongue. All, with one voice, bore witness to her excellence, and those who persecuted her were as ready to acknowledge it as others. But they felt her purity as a reproach to their own lives, which were none of the holiest, and after her baptism the storm came heavier than before. She was deprived of food, children were taught to abuse her, stones were thrown at her in the street; but nothing moved her to anger or complaint; nor would she have left the place, except for the purpose of residing where she could enjoy better opportunities of in-

struction, worship, and prayer. After escaping from her tyrannical uncle to the abode of her brother-in-law, her whole enjoyment was in the devotions of her church, though at all but sacred seasons she was unwearied in her labors. It is really painful to read the needless austerities which she practised, when she had cares and sorrows enough in her pilgrimage without any work of her own. She burned her feet and limbs with red-hot irons, walked barefoot over the winter snow, and lay at night on a mat covered with thorns. In this way her frail constitution was soon worn out, and in her twenty-fourth year she died; having made a profound impression on the Indians by her heavenly virtues. As she lay after having breathed her last, such a serene and solemn beauty remained on her countenance, that the persons present declared that light shone upon it from on high.

This was an example of a living, but there were also dying martyrs. When the Iroquois went to war with the French, they treated the Christian Indians who remained at the missionary station as enemies to their country. One of them, Etienne, was taken prisoner, with his wife and another person. They tore out his nails and cut off his fingers one by one, gashing him at the same time all over the body, while he continued firm in prayer. Incensed at his persisting in it, they heated stones red-hot and pressed them against his limbs; he told them to do their worst, for the more he suffered the greater would be his reward in heaven. What is still more extraordinary, two young Indian women, who were also victims of the persecution, endured the same agonies for hours, under every torture which savage ingenuity could devise, without a word of complaint, without a single cry for mercy. One of them left an infant a year old, which was given to an Iroquois who wished to take vengeance on it for some injury which he had received from the French. He prepared a fire by night in which to consume it; it was rescued by one of the chiefs, who took it by the feet, and, whirling it in the air, dashed its head against a stone.

We think it very desirable that such a work as that which we have noticed should have a wide circulation, because it gives us a right understanding of the Jesuits, and the sincerity and success of their endeavours. Among Protestants, the name of Jesuit is a convertible term for deceitfulness and corruption; but one must be tolerably inveterate in his preju-

dices, who can persuade himself that the men who could do what is here recorded were selfish and worldly. These are not the scenes and situations into which persons of this description are most apt to go; and if living and dying in suffering from a sense of duty are not sufficient proof of sincerity, it may be well for those who are not satisfied to explain what sort of evidence they should be expected to give. But we must not forget that all this zeal and self-devotion produced no lasting result. The ground which, fertilized by the blood of the missionaries, bore much fruit for a season, relapsed into barrenness. Their efforts were too much addressed to the senses, and too little to the heart. They did not contain the elements of civilization within them. All that could be done by impression the Jesuits did; they understood perfectly when and how their energy should be applied. But they did not furnish the quickening principle; the effect of their labors died out when their influence was withdrawn, and now the places that knew them know them no more.

W. B. O. P.

Art. V. — ACTON'S AND ASPLAND'S SERMONS.*

The Unitarian ministers of Great Britain and Ireland — of whom there are nearly three hundred having charge of congregations — are called to occupy stations which present but few attractions except to devoted men. A considerable proportion of them have always come from the ranks of the Established Church, or of Orthodox Dissent, and it would be difficult to offer a test which, in the main, would be more decisive of their sincerity than that which they have met, when, after having passed through painful struggles in their own hearts and minds, they have subjected themselves to the

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* 1. *Sermons by the late Rev. Henry Acton, of Exeter, with a Memoir of his Life.* Edited by the Rev. William James, and the Rev. J. Reynell Wreford, F. S. A. London: Chapman, Brothers. 1846. 12mo. pp. cxvii. and 323.

2. *Sermons on Various Subjects, chiefly Practical.* By the late Robert Aspland, Minister of the New Gravel-Pit Chapel, Hackney. London: Chapman, Brothers. 1847. 8vo. pp. 482.

various and annoying penalties of an unpopular faith. Confessors and witnesses of this sort have appeared in England in number equalling the twenty hundreds of Non-conforming divines whose legal ministry was closed on St. Bartholomew's day. How many more, having shrunk from the necessary sacrifice involved in an open profession, have remained in the Church with opinions essentially Unitarian, it would be in vain to estimate. Nor should we care to discuss the question, whether in that false position they reflected the more disgrace upon themselves, or upon their real sentiments, or upon the Establishment.

As general liberality of sentiment advances among the various denominations of Christians in Great Britain, it might seem as if the position of Unitarians would also advance in a deliverance from popular opposition and perplexing difficulties. It would appear as if the approximation of a multitude of believers to the views of Christian doctrine and duty which the Unitarians have most zealously advocated must insure a large increase of their numbers. The consequence or result of such an acknowledged advance of liberality has not, however, answered this expectation. There is a reason for the fact, founded on well known principles of human nature. While legal penalties put a price upon Unitarian views, and these views stood widely opposed and broadly in contrast to the prevailing opinions of the mass of professed Christians, the zeal of Unitarians was ardent, they were ready for sacrifice, they loved the faith which they purchased, and they had artificial encouragements to sustain them in their protest against more popular and favored creeds. The bigotry of their opponents fed the fervor of their own hearts. But as the concession has been made by an increasing number of persons, that a Unitarian may be a Christian, and as in the ranks of Prelacy and of Calvinism men have multiplied whose general views have assimilated to those of Unitarians, the latter have aimed rather to modify the views of their fellow-Christians, than to inculcate their own views directly. The sons and daughters even of Unitarian ministers, and of the most prominent members of their congregations in the last generations, may now in many cases be seen in regular attendance upon the churches of the Establishment. In some instances, doubtless, an unworthy or questionable motive may lead individuals to forsake the fellowship of their fathers for one which can reward them with

higher social advantages. But it is altogether probable that many such deserters think it lawful and expedient for them to serve as a medium between approximating elements. We are aware that zealous Unitarians are pained at what they regard as faithlessness to the obligations of an honored parentage, and are less ready to bear their loss patiently when the plea of liberality or a conventional motive is urged, than when an absolute renunciation of Unitarian views is alleged as the cause of returning to the folds of Orthodoxy. We are ourselves distrustful of the policy of those who add their personal presence and weight to bodies of Christians whose leaders and methods they hold to be opposed to the true principles of Christian faith and duty. If there must be a wall of partition between ourselves and any other communion of Christians, we prefer that it should consist of honest, solid, and unequivocal materials, which there will be some credit in undermining and overthrowing, than that it should be composed of the bodily forms of some of our own lukewarm, time-serving, and calculating brethren. A man, who thus puts himself as a part of what he calls a friendly barrier between his earlier associates and those whose interest he has come to prefer, is very likely to set his back rather than his front to his forsaken circle, — and the back of a friend is a more disagreeable sight than the front of an enemy. But whatever opinion one may adopt on this point, it is certain that the real or supposed progress of liberal sentiments among Christians generally explains the fact, that in Great Britain and Ireland the Unitarians as a sect do not largely increase. Even the most zealous among them do not see the necessity of such strenuous efforts, such sacrifices, and such opposition to other Christians as were made by their fathers. On the same principle, the old Scotch Covenanters were far more ardent and enduring in their sectarian policy than are their successors of the Free Church of Scotland. It may be doubted whether any similar instrument could now obtain in that country as many signatures as are found upon the original Solemn League and Covenant preserved by the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. We find a confirmation of these remarks in a passage which we copy from one of the volumes now before us, and which on other accounts deserves perusal. It is taken from an article written by the late Mr. Acton, in reply to a charge given by the Bishop of Exeter, in which "the Bishop had congratulated his clergy on the small number of Unitarian societies in his diocese."

"We very much fear, from the undue importance which Dr. Philpotts seems to attach to the number of our congregations in his diocese, that he has fallen into the common error of supposing that Unitarianism exists in England, at the present day, only as the profession of a sect. He is greatly mistaken. He may be assured, that there is no people in the religious world who are so little eager as the sect of Unitarians concerning the immediate increase of their numbers. They would, doubtless, in the present state of Christian societies, rather see men worship with them than with other churches, — because they solemnly believe that hereby their worship would be confined to the sole proper Object of worship, 'the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' But that which they most desire and most rejoice to behold is, to see their views and principles, from their intrinsic truth and reasonableness, gradually influencing the sentiments of individuals belonging to all denominations of Christians. With this kind of evidence of the progress of their doctrines they are daily cheered in the present times. They see it amongst all sects. They see it, not least, in the most distinguished ornaments of the Church of England. There are some men now sitting beside his Lordship on the Episcopal Bench, from whose general views of Christianity we believe in our hearts that most English Unitarians, of the present day, differ infinitely less than either they themselves or the world in general suppose. Such men as Dr. Maltby and Dr. Whately may still profess their belief in the Trinity; and far be it from us, for one single moment, to question the perfect sincerity of their profession. But we say, nevertheless, that the views which these prelates have so ably defended, in their published writings on St. Paul's Epistles, concerning some of the most fruitful and long-standing points of theological controversy, are Unitarian views, — not simply Arminian, but Unitarian views. And we say, moreover, that to Unitarian authors in this country, to such writers as Locke, Taylor, and Benson, belongs the honor of having first demonstrated the Scriptural character of these views, before the mitred authorities of the Church of England had taken them under their patronage. Whilst Unitarians behold such signs of the advance of their *principles*, the Bishop of Exeter may be assured that they will never break their hearts about the comparative scantiness of their *numbers* as a sect." — *Memoir*, pp. xli. – xliii.

The perusal of sermons, and of some sketches of the lives, of two eminent Unitarian ministers who have recently closed their mortal existence in England, has suggested the previous remarks The late Rev. Henry Acton of Exeter, and the

late Rev. Robert Aspland of Hackney, felt through their whole lives all the difficulties which now beset the profession of Unitarian views in Great Britain; they triumphed over those difficulties in their personal experience, and they have done as much, perhaps, as any two individuals of their profession, to advance the honorable estimation of their sentiments, and to promote an increase of liberality among Christians generally. Both of them were of Orthodox parentage, and were educated under Orthodox creeds. Each of them encountered peculiar conflicts in attaining the views of Christianity to which he afterwards devoted his life, and which they have aided so essentially in imparting to others who have passed through an experience like their own. Doubtless they were both called to observe some instances of that desertion of their fellowship to which we have adverted.

We give precedence to the mention of Mr. Acton, because, though his life was nearly a score of years shorter than that of Mr. Aspland, it closed at an earlier date in time. The brief, but interesting and modest, Memoir of Mr. Acton, prefixed to the volume of his sermons by the care of two of his personal and ministerial friends, contains but little incident, for the subject did not afford it. The professional life and the character of a faithful Christian minister have sufficient interest in themselves.

Mr. Acton was born of humble parentage in the town of Lewes, in Sussex, March 10, 1797; he died August 22, 1843. His parents, who were members of the Established Church, apprenticed him in youth to a printer in his native town. He was reserved and thoughtful, and from childhood was remarkable for a retentiveness of memory which distinguished him through life. His apprenticeship in what may well be termed a literary calling gave him opportunities for mental culture, such as in his sphere of life he could scarcely have enjoyed in any other situation. An acquaintance with a fellow-apprentice of like intellectual tastes facilitated his acquisitions, an embryo literary society in the town may have owed to him as much help as it imparted to him, and from these beginnings and from such aid were fostered the early labors of one who became an eminent classical scholar and teacher, a polished writer, and a highly cultivated Christian man.

The independent and inquiring turn of his mind soon caused Mr. Acton to take a deep interest in religious themes,

and we find him attending at and addressing a monthly conference at the Unitarian Baptist chapel in Lewes. His evident zeal and capacity attracting notice, the Christian ministry was suggested to him, and the suggestion at once met his own desire. Six months before the expiration of his regular apprenticeship, he obtained an honorable discharge, and with the help of friends was placed under the tuition of "Rev. Dr. Morell, who then had a flourishing school at Hove, near Brighton." Here his character won esteem, and his assiduous diligence attained its rewards, giving promise of eminence for the pure-hearted and faithful scholar. In 1840, he preached the funeral sermon of his honored teacher, by request of the widow and family. Like most of the students for the ministry among the Dissenters in England, he preached on Sundays in vacant pulpits, and after a three years' course, in 1821, at the age of twenty-four, he became the minister of the Presbyterian congregation at Walthamstow.*

Furnished with all the knowledge of Greek tragedies which in our day has won a bishopric for two of the living prelates of England, Mr. Acton devoted himself to the work of the ministry in the small though old and most respectable Dissenting society in that town. He was here the successor of a train of worthy and honored men, of whom he thus wrote in a letter to a friend announcing his invitation: —

"When I consider the train of worthies who have occupied that pulpit, — when I consider that I have to succeed to the profound learning of Hugh Farmer, — to the deep-toned and pa-

* Many of our readers may be perplexed by the application of the term "Presbyterian" to congregations of Unitarians in Great Britain and Ireland. Our habit of associating the word with the Calvinistic churches of the Middle States of this Union and of Scotland leads some among us to forget that the term has no reference whatever to Christian *doctrine*, but relates solely to *discipline*, or the method of ecclesiastical government in one or in many congregations. In general, the English Unitarian congregations succeed to the bodies of Presbyterian Dissenters of Cromwell's time. At that period these congregations intended to establish a regular mode of government among themselves by presbyteries and synods, to distinguish themselves from the Independents or Congregationalists. The plan was partially carried into effect in Lancashire and London, but failed on account of the disorders of the times. While the title, "Presbyterian," remained with the congregations who had intended to come under that form of government, it was used in their records, and has since been retained. Thus the present Unitarian congregations, whose history goes back to that period, are still designated in this way, though they have in fact been governed by Independent principles, that is, not governed at all, except by the gradual development of experience and truth, meeting the risks which the process involves.

thetic eloquence of Fawcett, — to the masterly and vigorous intellect of Radcliffe, — to the perfect taste and high attainments of Mr. [now Dr.] Hutton, — to the elegant simplicity and metaphysical acumen of our friend Mr. Cogan, — I know not whether I feel most elated with my good fortune, or diffident from the unequal manner in which my abilities will meet it." — *Memoir*, p. xxi.

The last named of these gentlemen was the intimate friend of Mr. Acton at Walthamstow. On his occasional visits to London, the subject of this notice became acquainted with the most eminent Unitarian divines, and so readily was their regard extended to him, that in 1823 he was chosen as a substitute, upon the disability through illness of the regularly appointed candidate, to preach in London the annual sermon on behalf of the Unitarian Fund, — the germ of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

In the year 1823, Mr. Acton became colleague pastor with Rev. James Manning over "George's Meeting," Exeter. Here, too, he was the successor of a line of eminent and devoted men, — of Pierce, of Towgood, of Kenrick, of Carpenter, and of Hincks. Here Mr. Acton married, and with increasing power laboring for a score of years, he won for himself the honors of a faithful minister, and here closed his days. Besides his ministerial cares, he engaged successfully in the work of a teacher. We are not surprised to find mention in his Memoir that he failed in the discharge of pastoral duties. However much or little stress may be laid upon the value of those services which a minister discharges in the homes of his hearers, it is safe to say that those services cannot be well performed by one who from necessity or choice has the care of an academy, or of any large number of pupils. It is not only the occupation of so many hours in their oversight which stands in his way as a pastor, but the cast which such employment gives to his thoughts, and its action upon his temper and feelings, interpose great impediments.

Mr. Acton was chiefly distinguished as an extempore lecturer on religious subjects to promiscuous audiences gathered on Sunday evenings. This is a mode of influence exerted in England much more frequently than here. An opportunity is in this way afforded to a Dissenting, and especially to a Unitarian minister, to gain a hearing from multitudes, from among whom he is sure to secure valuable acquisitions. To

the people of his own charge it is likewise attended with great advantages. A preacher, who has the well furnished mind and the interesting delivery which belonged to Mr. Acton, can in such lectures impart instruction of the highest use, which his hearers would have obtained in no other way. He can give them the essence of a dozen volumes in a shape which they can profit by, when, if they had been left to themselves, those volumes, read one by one or in succession, might have involved them in endless perplexities.

Mr. Acton was eminent as a controversialist. Besides several occasional sermons, he published, after delivery, series of discourses "On the Dignity, Office, and Work of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Explanation and Defence of Unitarian Views of the Gospel," and "On the supposed Apostolical Succession and Authority of a Christian Priesthood." Fourteen of his sermons accompany the Memoir. By his personal friends they must be highly valued, for he filled a deep place in their affections, and an honorable place in his own communion. As a contribution to our religious literature, these sermons will be an appropriate memorial of a Christian scholar who has passed away from the earth, and will probably be as effective as any equal number of discourses in fixing the faith and sanctifying the lives of all who shall read them. While they are not remarkable for any rhetorical or striking characteristics, they are eminently evangelical in tone and sentiment. Christian ideas are the basis of their instructions, and are so presented as to prove that they were reproduced in the mind and heart of the writer.

The following passage is an illustration of the sentiment, that Jesus Christ was morally independent of the outward circumstances of which he still availed himself in his preaching.

"Here we behold a man, made in all respects like unto his brethren, entirely raised above the power of all outward things to alter his own inward state,—and yet, not in the smallest degree alienated from other persons, or from external circumstances, by any selfish, fanatical direction of his own thoughts and feelings. Here we are brought to know a human spirit, in such perfect union with the spirit of God, as to be secured against the influence of all external beings or objects or events to corrupt its own internal moral condition,—and yet, continually exerting its own influence,—as it were, pouring itself out inces-

santly upon all persons and things external, to do them good or to turn them to good uses, — sympathizing in the most lively manner with all mankind, and regarding no event as too insignificant, no object as too mean, to be employed for holy and benevolent purposes. I say, we cannot form any higher conception of love, spiritual greatness, and goodness. Fixed and firm as the sun in his place, being himself the sun of righteousness, so far as concerns the essential qualities of his character, — steadfast as the moon in her course, and, like her, walking in brightness, so far as concerns the general purpose and tenor of all his conduct, — yet the particular actions and words of Jesus were as free, and as varied, as the winds of heaven. It is characteristic of all that is greatest and best among the works of God. Such freedom of speech and of action as he displayed could proceed from no other source than such inward purity and wisdom as he possessed. The wind bloweth where it listeth, — so is every one that is born of the spirit." — pp. 262 – 264.

The following extract is from a sermon entitled "Christian Fidelity and its High Reward."

"Let us confess the truth. There is nothing which we can contemplate, as having a name and a local habitation upon earth, — there is nothing which we can imagine, as existing amidst the purity and brightness of heaven, — more grand and beautiful, more amiable and precious, than this manifestation of entire moral faithfulness, in the whole life and character of a true child of God, a true disciple of Jesus Christ. This feeling of high admiration we cannot withhold from any unequivocal example of true virtue and piety. Happy were it for us, my brethren, if this feeling were not merely awakened in us occasionally, when we thus deliberate on these things in the religious assembly; but were experienced by us with more constancy, in all the scenes and trials of daily life. Would that it did not so often stop short of its proper end, in a mere sentiment of admiration! Would that it were kindled to a sentiment of fervent and abiding love; and so, as is the nature of true love, were always productive of the most strenuous endeavours to possess and to retain the beloved object! Why should we allow any sinful allurements of sense and the world to draw us continually aside from the pursuit of this spiritual and eternal good? Let me speak with you, my fellow-Christians, let us soberly commune in thought with one another, and with our own hearts, on this lofty subject. Why must it be so with us? Why should we live so slothfully, act so basely, so utterly beneath our nature, as to occupy ourselves exclusively with mere perishable good, and with no less perishable evil, with seeking mere temporal pleasures, and striving to

avoid mere temporal inconveniences or suffering, whilst we shrink from almost all sustained, vigorous efforts to obtain this good which shall never perish, this reward eternal which God has so graciously offered us in the Gospel of Jesus? Consider, how merciful is the invitation, how glorious is the promise, which we have received from heaven, — 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' " — pp. 315, 316.

The late Rev. Robert Aspland, of Hackney, was the most prominent English Unitarian divine of our age. Not that he excelled all his contemporaries in the various attainments and means of influence which a Christian minister can possess, but that a rare combination of traits and qualities united with some circumstances in his position to give him preëminence. He has left behind him those who possess more richly furnished minds, more scholarly acquisitions, more grace of utterance, and a higher talent for expressing thought. But there was a weight in his personal character, an authority in his bearing, and a solidity in his plans and deeds, which won for him a deserved esteem and an honorable regard. As from time to time he led the chosen representatives of his religious body to the foot of the throne, to offer to the reigning monarch congratulations or petitions and to receive the customary replies, he bore in his own person that gravity and respectability and dignity which would furnish no unfair symbol of what the Unitarian denomination is, or aspires to be, in England.

The parents of Mr. Aspland were Dissenters at the time of his birth. Having been attached to the Established Church, they had forsaken it for the fold of the Baptists, and he was educated under their influences. He was born at Wicken, in Cambridgeshire. In his early youth he suffered from the want of sufficient means of instruction in the neighbourhood of his home, and after enduring at different schools in the neighbourhood of London some of those hardships which insure strength, and walking unharmed through those temptations of the metropolis which ruin thousands, he entered a Baptist seminary at Bristol on a charitable foundation. His education was completed at the University of Aberdeen, and he became a Baptist minister at Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Aspland offers another most impressive example of the perils which attend the conflicts of a mind struggling to receive the tenets of Calvinism. Our own Dr. Mayhew

says in one of his sermons, with a severe wit, that while dungeons and fagots and civil penalties and all methods of compulsion will fail to win a convert to irrational views, the only means which promises success is to beat out the brains of the obstinate heretic. As if the brains were the chief impediment. But, after all, we are inclined to think that when a child of Calvinism meets the direful hazards at which that faith is held, when he calmly and seriously compares its lessons with Scripture and his own heart, his brains do not suffer the hardest struggle. Home and home ties, the reminiscences of youth, the warnings of early instruction, the first formed associations of a religious life, these are the sources whence come revulsions of feeling and groans drawn deep from the breast. Calvinism can ask no more honorable or sincere effort on the part of those who have reluctantly abandoned it, than the long conflicts which the understanding and the heart have endured in leaving its fold. How often have those conflicts been repeated, while acknowledged infidelity was the pit which opened before the sufferers, and covert infidelity — as ghostly advisers have pronounced Unitarianism to be — was the only other resource which offered itself to the distracted victims! It is not strange that the strength of Orthodoxy is now turned to the mitigation and relief of its own tenets, rather than to a fruitless attempt to win back its apostates.

Mr. Aspland's letters, from the very commencement of his real thought and study upon religious subjects, prove how earnestly and prayerfully he labored to reconcile the views which he had been taught, and which he wished to retain, with the reflections of his own mind and with juster views of Scripture.*

* No memoir of Mr. Aspland accompanies the volume of sermons, but such a memorial is already commenced with the promise of completion by his son, Rev. R. B. Aspland, of Dukinfield, in the "Christian Reformer and Unitarian Magazine and Review." Two chapters of this memoir, containing much valuable incidental matter, have already appeared in the numbers of that periodical for February and March last. We have also before us an "Address delivered at the New Gravel-Pit Chapel, Hackney, January 6, 1846, on Occasion of the Interment of the late Rev. Robert Aspland, by Thomas Rees, LL. D., F. S. A., and G. S.," and also a sermon preached on the following Sunday in the same place, by Rev. Thomas Madge, of Essex Street Chapel, London. The Rev. Dr. Rees, for many years the faithful colaborer with Mr. Aspland, pays a most appropriate tribute to his honored memory, and Mr. Madge, in a sermon of great beauty and impressive wisdom, traces the lessons of bereavement.

Mr. Aspland's labors as a Unitarian minister may be properly dated at the period of his succeeding Rev. Thomas Belsham in the Gravel-Pit Chapel, Hackney. We cannot refrain from a passing remark on the singularly inappropriate and uncouth names attached to many places in England; and we must confess that a full share of them belongs to our brethren. One of the dingiest and most sombre of all the nooks of London city is the place where the press issues a large number of our Unitarian publications; and this smoky, rusty, and gray old nook of ancient walls and chimneys is called "Green Arbour Court." Nor must our readers suppose that the excellent Mr. Aspland, with a lot harder than that of an old Covenanter, dispensed the word from a gravel-pit. The simple fact is, that the site, before the erection of the chapel, afforded gravel. And when we consider what innumerable localities, streets, objects, and things have to be designated in England, and especially in London, we ought, perhaps, to wonder that any names can be found for one half of them.

Through a long ministry, Mr. Aspland occupied a situation of large responsibility and trust in the service of his own denomination, and with his own flock he shared an affectionate esteem which falls to the lot of but few ministers. For several years before his death he suffered severely from painful disease, which at times completely prostrated him, and, though relaxing its hold of him at intervals, yet rendered uncertain all his plans and wishes. He projected and presided over most of the literary and political and religious measures which of late years have consolidated and advanced the interests of the Unitarian body. Over the larger field of human welfare, and in the great cause of religious liberty, he exercised an influence always salutary and never small. He had great weight with other denominations of Christians, and lived in most respectful intercourse and friendship with Dr. John Pye Smith, a distinguished champion of the prevailing views of religion in his own town.

Mr. Aspland was a thorough Biblical scholar and a master in controversial lore. The early part of his ministry embraced a period when infidelity, both in its more refined and in its coarsest character, had an extensive prevalence, and after a systematic course of study and much reflection upon the most effective method to rally the faith of the doubting and to fortify the minds of the exposed, he treated with

great power the theme of the Christian Evidences. This, indeed, seems to have been his favorite topic, and his mind was admirably fitted to discuss it. He took a leading part in bringing about a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, in securing to Dissenters the liberty of marriage in their own chapels, and in carrying out to its propitious results the recent Dissenters' Chapels Act. In the Unitarian Book Society, and in the "Unitarian Fund," Mr. Aspland was a zealous officer; and when those two societies were merged in the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, twenty-two years ago, he was the first secretary. He edited for many years the Monthly Repository, and afterwards the Christian Reformer, to the charge of the latter of which his son has succeeded. Nor in these enterprises did he seek to serve a sectarian purpose; he aimed to be a Christian patriot and a Christian philanthropist. A Unitarian minister of high position and commanding influence in Great Britain has many temptations to use his power for purposes of strife. The greater, therefore, is the credit due to a man who, with such qualities, never employs them acrimoniously, to alienate or to disorganize.

We have a delightful remembrance of Mr. Aspland in his own household, and while sharing his hospitalities. His children and their children did him reverence. He was evidently an object of mingled veneration and love from a large circle extending widely beyond the household. As we stood with him over the grave of Rev. Samuel Cary, of King's Chapel, Boston, who, dying at Royston, was buried at Hackney, we felt how strongly the sympathies of faith will unite strangers of distant lands to one another, and connect the living with the departed. We suppose that Mr. Aspland now rests in the same ground. His life closed on the 30th of December, 1845, in his sixty-fourth year.

The sermons of Mr. Aspland are strongly marked by the characteristics of his mind and heart. They have no ornaments of metaphor nor unusual phrases, but are solid, plain, and faithful exhibitions and discussions of great truths. The fact that he did not select them for publication shows that he must have been in the habit of perfecting his compositions with much finish and care. The peculiar risk which a divine of his position and talents is exposed to in Great Britain is that of falling under the Apostle's censure, by preaching "Christ of contention." Very difficult is it for some men

in such a situation to maintain the spirit of the Gospel and to teach its lessons in antagonism with those civil enactments, those social abuses, and those speculative opinions which sustain the popular theology. We do, indeed, find in each of Mr. Aspland's sermons a recognition of the errors, the truths opposite to which he would enforce. But there is no bitterness, no sarcasm, no artifice of controversy, no appeal to any but the highest feeling, on any page.

In a sermon enforcing the truth, that "Man is to do his Duty, and leave Events to Divine Providence," Mr. Aspland thus writes: —

"Wisely did our Lord tell his disciples to go to the cornfields for moral and religious lessons. Here reason and virtue are always seen in full progress, walking hand in hand. The scene may refresh piety and recruit faith. A truly religious mind, dissatisfied with its imperfect knowledge, baffled in its researches and bewildered in its conjectures, may turn to nature for sensible evidence, and in the contemplation gather calm assurance. A man of great learning tells us, that, rising up, ill at rest, from the study of the acutest book that was ever framed on the metaphysical argument for the Divine Perfections, he betook himself to the study of a nettle in his garden for proofs of the present Deity, working all things after the counsels of his own will.

"There is, in fact, a beautiful moral inscribed on the face of the earth. The historian of the creation scarcely wanders from plain fact when he represents the Creator and the creature, God and man, in covenant. Let man be true to the primeval law, and he will find it is not forgotten in heaven. How beautifully does the Poet of the Seasons recognize the covenant, when, after having described the husbandman's spring-labor, he thus apostrophizes the Supreme Power, the source of increase and abundance: —

> 'Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious Man
> Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
> Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
> And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun!
> Into the perfect year.'

"The sentiment of these lines is the same that is suggested by the apostle's words in our text, and that constitutes our present subject, — *Let Man do his Duty and leave Events to Divine Providence*, — not doubting, it may be added, of a good result.

"Is it objected at the outset, that experience shows that Divine Providence is sometimes adverse, meeting men in the way with disappointment and crosses, and sowing the salt of barrenness over all their labors? Let us, then, recur to Nature, as the storehouse of piety. The earth's seasons are not all and equally

propitious; there are partial failures; the harvest, the crown of the year, is sometimes blighted. Does the husbandman hence despair, and sit down sullenly to devour the seed of the future years? No. His natural piety, — a piety which never takes the shape of a creed, though it is, whether known or unknown to the possessor, the strongest of all faith, — his natural piety rebukes despondency and impels him to renewed labor, under the persuasion, that, generally and ultimately, wise and persevering industry will be rewarded with plenty. The analogy holds in all virtuous labor. Occasional disappointment is consistent with general success; nay, is sometimes the instrument of success, though in kind or degree different from what was contemplated. While, outwardly, all seems adverse, the work of moral and spiritual good may inwardly be going on well. But, I allow, the good may not be obtained or seen in this world. The triumph of Divine Providence is reserved for the world to come." — pp. 125 – 127.

From one of Mr. Aspland's yearly sermons to the young, entitled "Obligations on the Rising Generation," we have space only for the following passage.

"The religion of Jesus Christ is committed to the trust of the young, and on them, as the next generation, it depends in some measure whether it shall be kept up or abandoned, whether our houses of prayer shall be still open, whether the human race shall be without God in the world, whether our tomb-stones shall continue to record Christian hopes, and whether, when the Son of Man cometh, he shall find faith upon the earth! Let them examine this religion; let them look into it with all the aid of the growing light of philosophy and science; let them evade no difficulty; let them screen no defect; let them hide no blot; let them judge rigorously, so that they judge patiently and after full inquiry and research; let them judge of Christianity as a whole, and not by parts; let them make up their minds upon it, not by human expositions, ecclesiastical systems, or secular authority, but by its own representations, its own documents, its own divinely commissioned expounders, and, above all, its own Author and Finisher, alone Head in the Church, — and I am quite willing to abide by their decision, assured as I am, that, while reason sways the human mind, and goodness touches the human heart, and pure and kind feelings prevail in society, the Gospel of Christ will be found and felt to be worthy of all acceptation, the power of God and the wisdom of God, and the redemption of God's creature, man, and worthy especially of the acceptation of the young, with all whose natural sympathies and pure affections it is throughout congenial." — pp. 432, 433.

G. E. E.

Art. VI. — FANNY FORESTER'S WRITINGS.*

It is understood, that, under the pretty name of Fanny Forester, Miss Emily Chubbuck, now Mrs. Judson, has, from time to time, given these effusions to the public; and their popularity has been such, we believe, as to justify her in thus collecting and republishing them, — if popularity be the test of what is advisable in such a case. We can easily understand that she should have many admirers. A command of words, — and fine words too, — a lively fancy, an easy, dashing way with her pen, and a kindly sympathy with all goodness and beauty, have given her a power which the multitudes who devour periodical literature, as the locusts eat all green things, are quite capable of appreciating. The abundance of such readers almost makes the sober-minded mourn the invention of periodical literature. The abuse seems to outgrow the blessing; and though we know that blessings seldom come without apparently bringing a companion-evil, we should in this case be much discouraged, if we had not faith that the nuisance is one which may be abated without the least subversion of any thing good. As yet, however, we discern no break in the clouds. The quantity of light reading rained down upon the community through magazines and newspapers, — reading, too, which may be called moral enough and innocent in itself, — has been a sad and growing calamity; the supply and the demand mutually increasing, of course; and no obvious good to mankind being the result, in any proportion to the expenditure of — what? Labor? No; for this is one of our very causes of complaint, that there is so little of labor involved, whether we consider writer or reader. The melancholy expenditure, the utter waste, is that of God's most precious gifts, time and feeling. The evil is already so generally acknowledged among the observing, that the cry against it is becoming hackneyed; and, like all evils generally acknowledged, people are beginning to consider it one to be quietly endured. Such, plainly, has been the fashion with other and greater maladies of society; so, as yet, we can hardly expect any permanent and active uneasiness under this.

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* *Alderbrook: a Collection of Fanny Forester's Village Sketches, Poems, &c.* By Miss Emily Chubbuck. Second Edition. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 276, 263.

But the practice of collecting and republishing tales, essays, poems, and other fugitive articles, in volumes, commending them to the more serious attention of the public, and asking for them a place on the library-shelf, among books to be reperused, to be lent, to make an impression, is an additional evil, we think, and indicates an increasing sense of importance in the compilers of such works. The solicitation of friends is usually the plea for such a step, when the author in person introduces the children of his brain a second time to the public. It appears to us that the tasks of selection and introduction would be better left in the hands of impartial strangers. Modest merit often steals its way into notice through the periodical journals; and we do not believe that much which is really worth saving would be allowed to float down to oblivion through those obscure channels. This incessant republication shows the injury done to the public taste by such journals, as now conducted, in another way. If that taste were not lowered and rendered undiscriminating, few of these books would find a sale, and of course they would soon cease to appear. Their contents having been once skimmed over, they would never be cared for again. Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales" might assert their claim, and find it met; but the oceans of magazine sentimentalities and crudities would be stayed within their proper bounds. Now we are liable to a double deluge, and must set up what dikes and breakwaters we can. We must persuade men, women, and children to take refuge in an ark of common sense.

Books appearing under such circumstances challenge criticism peculiarly; but in the present case there is much to disarm it. Miss Chubbuck advances no indirect apology, pleads no "entreaties of friends"; and we like the simplicity with which she steps before us without explanation or preface. She leaves us to suppose that she is one of those who feel that their writings have had some influence, and may have more, if presented in a more permanent form; good influence she undoubtedly thinks it, for her aspirations are evidently all for good. There is nothing unfeminine in the ambition of the author; we hold to the good old creed of masculine and feminine intellect, masculine and feminine sphere, without derogation, however, to the latter. Her object in writing at all seems to have been the disburdening of her own heart of its many fancies; and in publishing, we

believe she has kindly sought the innocent amusement of her fellow-creatures, — in many cases, their higher good. She does not mingle doctrinal religion with sentiment; she is free from theological cant; but something throughout the book gives us the impression of a religious woman, feeling with all the depth of a pious nature how beautiful are all the works and dealings of God. There is a pervading expression of sympathy with the suffering, with those sinned against, with those who labor for others in the true, forgiving temper of Christ. We should have expected of such a writer the prompt acceptance of every opportunity for high self-denial, devotion to the good of others, and active usefulness. We have been particularly struck with her enlightened and liberal opinions on certain subjects, now viewed by dim and varying lights; the clouds of the past, and the sunlight of the future lending to them most uncertain, changeful aspects, — changeful, but ever brightening, as we believe, in Christian hopefulness. If her volumes express her genuine and permanent views of duty, as we catch them by glimpses, we rejoice that she assumes now the solemn and beautiful character of the missionary's wife, and would invoke a blessing on her distant and soul-trying labors.

The volumes consist of slight tales, sketches, and poems. There is a short dedication; and the single brick, strangely enough, is a fair specimen of the house. We should not have supposed any thing so laconic could have been so entirely characteristic of the author's style of expression, which is decidedly of the flowery-sentimental order. The horrid adverb, "half-tremblingly," carried us back to the Regina-Maria-Roche novels of our early days.

But genuine feeling has a redeeming power, no matter how tricked out. In the beautiful and touching story of "Save the Erring" is embodied a principle which would bring many a prodigal to his father's bosom. A young man beguiled into what are called the "follies of youth," — oh, what an injury to the young lies in these delicate expressions of general society! — one who has just fallen into sin and disgrace, is driven to desperation by the cold, unsympathizing harshness of a father. The tenderness of a mother and sister work upon the consciences of both the early transgressor and the stern parent; and the culprit, instead of rushing hopelessly upon his wild and wicked career, is redeemed and saved. In a single line an appeal is made,

which can seldom be applied to one, whose unseared heart is yet alive to the fearfulness of guilt, without success. "Stay, and make yourself worthy of the love that forgives so much." How every pure fountain of gratitude, generosity, tenderness, and hope must be set gushing by such words, uttered with a full sense of their import, and carried into daily action!

Another well told tale is that of "Grandfather Bray." Here the peace of a family is marred, the holy domestic joy of Thanksgiving day broken up, because a well-meaning, married son, with a common foolishness, has engaged in rash speculations, and nearly ruined himself and all dear to him. The upright old man cannot pardon; — no, though he professes to pardon, with the usual sophistry of the obstinate, he exclaims, — "I *do* forgive him, I told Minister Dean so; but I never will see him while I have strength to shut the door against him." This is a common kind of forgiveness among those who call themselves Christians, and we have often longed to ask them how they would feel under the prospect of precisely such pardon at the great day of account. Conceive of a merciful God declaring to the penitent, — "You are forgiven, but no nearer, — no more intercourse with me!"

The story of the "Bank-note" is one of the best in the book. There are fewer faults of taste, and the moral power reaches to more than one of those evils among which modern philanthropy is bewildering itself. The relation between rich and poor,—so perplexing even in the days of Lycurgus, that he sought to annihilate it at once, — the sources of crime, the comparative guiltiness of the same offences committed under different circumstances, are skilfully enough brought into the mind of the thoughtless reader, and left there for him to get rid of, if he can. A self-complacent, not bad-hearted, fashionable lady is set before us in her relation to a young seamstress whom she employs; and a sad conviction that both may have been drawn from the life, that hundreds might have sat for the picture, lends power to the pathos of the tale, with all who know any thing of these respective classes as they exist in our larger cities. We wish that more of the tales had been of this class; for we think the author has a moral power yet imperfectly developed. With regard to all compilations of this kind the difficulty is, that there is so little selection. A large book is published, where a small

one would have contained all worth presenting a second time to the world. What is written for periodicals is frequently hasty and careless in composition, seldom has any distinct or high object, and is frequently of a lower order altogether than the writer is capable of producing. The class of readers who are to read are before the mind's eye of the writer, with their eager omnivorousness, although he may be scarcely conscious of it; and he not unfrequently commits errors of taste with a sort of vague knowledge all the while that he is doing so. His better judgment would reject and prune, but it is not worth while for such a purpose. It certainly is not worth while to republish a single page thus written. Had Fanny Forester selected half the quantity of material here given us, carefully pruning it, we think her reputation would have stood higher. Her poetry is pleasing, but merely pleasing poetry is now as common as daylight. The corners of our newspapers frequently beguile the lover of verse with stanzas that would have built up the reputation of a Shenstone, at least, fifty years ago. Her prose is marred by an exaggerated tone, a frequent use of the same rich epithets till she is driven into extravagance for the sake of variety, and a *Willissy* luxuriance of thought, which is not at all attractive to the sober-minded reader, nor profitable to the young. As a specimen of the bad taste which sometimes disfigures her pages, we give the following passage: —

"Her joyous eyes looked out wonderingly from their sunny ambush, like two renegade stars that had leaped from their azure mounting, and set up for themselves in the amber shades of an October wilderness."

What sort of looking eyes they were we do not profess to gather from this description. We must in candor say, however, that as this was one of the first passages on which we chanced to open, we believe it is also the most objectionable in the whole two volumes. "An immense concourse of the proudest intellects our State can boast had assembled at ——," is the opening of a chapter, and leads us to wonder which of these wonderful United States it can be, that can summon an "immense concourse" of proud intellects upon any occasion. But many of her peculiarities, we must remember, are of a modern school, and may be unpleasant only to an old-fashioned taste.

Judging from the tales we have specified above, with

"Ally Fisher," "Uncle Stilling," and a few others, we feel that Fanny Forester, with a noble, distinct object before her, and a chastened taste, might have done that which we long to see done.

We grant that the young will have and ought to have fiction. Perhaps some of the old, too, may consider it as proper and wholesome food for their minds, now and then, just as the physical system is the better for grapes and peaches occasionally, as well as for meat and bread. To elevate and purify the whole mass of fictitious literature is the object of many who lament the mischief it is now doing to the rising generation, without the hope of exterminating it. A labor of Hercules it will be; tearing down the stable were scarcely less practicable; a fresh tide of black foulness pouring in is to be stemmed and dammed up. But strong muscles have undertaken the task, and something must be accomplished.

Writers so pure, loving, and virtuous as Fanny Forester, — (we like her fancy name, and as she has no longer any right to the other upon her title-page, we venture to use it,) — such writers will hardly be dealt with by these strong literary knights-errant. They have undertaken the sterner duty of expelling immorality from the arena of letters, first raising the cunning visor to show the monstrous face of the destroyer, then pursuing him through his agile circumvolutions, and driving him from the bold stand he makes, as he trusts to the bad taste of the corrupt and the timidity of the good. They have their work, and a glorious one, for the fight will be obstinate. Vice knows the power of the pen, and it will not be yielded by her without a desperate struggle.

To such writers, therefore, as the author of these volumes, we appeal. It is possible to give all the pleasure, and do all the good, of which fiction can be made the instrument, without having recourse to the love-story, and we solemnly believe this desirable. She has herself here presented us with more than one tale of true beauty and interest, without the slightest reference to the "tender passion." The best of hers are of this class. Why could she not have made this a definite purpose? Why could she not have sought to excite the interest of her readers in some good cause by all the charm of an engaging fiction, shunning the easy, hackneyed, dubious means offered by a love-tale? Would not an

immense step be taken towards the improvement of fictitious literature, if the whole machinery of Cupid could be discarded from novel, tale, and romance? Charles Brockden Brown had the independence to try this experiment. Miss Edgeworth, in the very best of her novels, has made the chief interest turn upon something higher than the success of an attachment between a youth and maiden; none, we believe, ever complained of "Helen" as a dull book. And in "Gertrude," one of the very best of recent novels, it is not about the heroine's marriage that our feelings are engaged. The formation of character as the chief object of existence, not the accomplishment of matrimonial hopes, is carried home to our bosoms. Very few writers of ability have as yet attempted this test of their own power, or the power of nature and moral truth; and few writers of ordinary capacity are very likely to forsake the broad, well-trodden way. We suppose that the greater part of the reading community are far from considering the incessant reappearance of one topic in every possible form as any evil at all, or as a thing to be dispensed with. They mistake the craving artificially excited, the taste fostered by an old bad custom, for a natural want.

But we would ask thoughtful mothers, who have daughters just emerging from spelling-book and grammar, if they have not a secret desire to keep all books in which the interest turns upon love and marriage, no matter how "correct," or how "well-written," from the tender minds of these daughters? And do they find this possible? In magazines, in newspaper stories, nay, in tales written for Sunday-school libraries, is there not usually a wooing and winning, a girl who loves, and a suitor, and a marriage to end all? Is not the marriage usually the consummation of the tale, as if it were the reward of virtue, the premium upon goodness, the end, instead of the beginning, of life's most serious portion? And connected with this evil, is not personal beauty made to appear to the inexperienced young mind worth a thousand times more than it is? Are not the descriptions of cheeks, lips, and eyes so wrought up in these fictions, as to vie in importance with all that is said of gentleness, patience, truthfulness, or virtue of any kind? We never wondered at the inquiry which a little maiden put to her mother very thoughtfully, after a long course of story-reading, — "Mother, do good girls always get married, whether they are handsome or

not?" Can any girl of twelve be permitted access to the common fictitious literature, though selected with the utmost care as to its moral tendency, without insensibly and permanently imbibing the idea, that love is the most intensely interesting of all subjects, marriage the first object for which she is to prepare, and a disappointment in love the greatest of woes? How much real but needless misery has thus been created none but the Reader of hearts can know. Much of the suffering is never known, much known only to be despised and ridiculed. What over-estimate of personal charms, what care in the adornment of them, what secret sorrow over the indisputable want of them, what romantic dreams, what hours of idle reverie that in remorseful after-moments would be thankfully recalled for better use, what waste of time, imagination, power, what mistakes in conduct, coloring all the rest of life, have grown from the perusal of these omnipresent love-stories!

Volumes of admonition have been wasted on the bewitched *readers* of fiction; we would expostulate with its *writers*, though with "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." We would not say, "Keep fiction out of the hands of the young, on account of these consequences, for we believe that now-a-days to be impossible. If you bring up your daughters in nun-like seclusion, and in ignorance of the art of reading, you may accomplish your object, perhaps; hardly otherwise." But we would rather say, "Give us a fictitious literature which shall draw its charm and interest from higher sources." It is true, that will require writers of some power. Such is human nature, that it is easier to create an interest in "affairs of the heart" than in any other form of trial or triumph; and for this very reason the host of ordinary writers flourish for ever on this ground, there kept in countenance, alas! by those who might well leave it to them. We call on those who by the magic of genius can paint virtue attractive, misfortune touching, moral truth engaging, to come to the rescue, and show us more frequently life as it is during the long years when people are not "in love." For the latter period is unquestionably a short portion of each man's existence; though love, as the eternal bond of souls and source of domestic virtue and happiness, may be the form in which God sheds his best benediction for years. Other passions rule the human heart, and strong ones too; the staple of life's joys and sorrows, its enduring and strong per-

plexities, may be woven into fictions of intense interest and the deepest moral influence; a glowing sympathy with all the duties of parent, child, brother, sister, friend, citizen, may be awakened. Greatly do we rejoice in the writers who have attempted this.

It is in vain to say, that, after all, nature does her work; that she fills the young heart with susceptibilities, and teaches it to love; that the very power of these stories lies in their meeting a want of the human heart. Let nature alone, then. She needs not the fuel you would throw upon her genial fires; they will burn more purely, if you do not feed them to madness. It is one of the very arguments we would use, that nature suggests true, wholesome, beautiful affection in her own due way and time; and that this love-literature forces it into unnatural, precocious, gigantic, unwholesome growth. Where the attachments would remain simple, unquestioning, quiet in their growth, under the control of good sense, art gives them a morbid vitality and false direction; where they have a tendency to run riot, she aggravates the evil tenfold. In vain you say, — "Young girls will dream of love and marriage; it is the natural order of things." We deny that they would, as a general rule; we deny that the way in which the novel-reading daughters of Eve dream of them is at all according to the natural order of things.

It may be urged, that the period in which the most solemn and important connection of life is formed is to every human being a period of serious, holy interest. So it is; and if it is not sufficiently regarded as such, let part of the blame rest with the light literature of the age. It is too holy to be so lightly approached, so flippantly described. No man, or woman, would choose to have his own days of anxiety and suspense, his season of hopes and acknowledgments, while his own married destiny still hung uncertain, exposed to the inspection of others; and we doubt if many high-minded persons do not, with an instinctive delicacy, shrink from reading detailed love-dialogues between even imaginary persons. We know that many dislike to read them aloud, however beautifully written, and we think this fact alone declares against the propriety of their being written at all. They cater to the curiosity of boys and girls, but disgust all who are really men and women.

To those who plead that these stories, when written by

sensible persons, serve to guide the young through the mazy season when such subjects will come to perplex them, we would put one question. Was ever a young man or woman wisely influenced in any love-affair by any book ever written? Collectively, we grant, the many books written on this topic may have had a power over the heart-troubles and connections of many a victim, — a power of the most equivocal, if not pernicious kind. But there is no folly or indiscretion which has not found its parallel, either directly or through perversion, in such pages.

To female writers, who usually have the gift to lend grace to the most ordinary domestic details, we would especially commend the task of showing that Christian writers can weave fictions of pure, useful, and strong interest from the materials of character and life which love, as a passion, touches not. It has been done often enough to show its practicability; often enough to make us wonder that those who might well throw aside the wearying, worn-out, hurtful machinery, still seem to think it their duty to use it.

L. J. H.

Art. VII. — THE JEWISH PROPHET.

The popular idea of a prophet — the only idea that most persons attach to such a title — is that of one who looks into futurity, who tells of what shall happen long before it takes place. He was first named "a seer," as we learn from the Hebrew Scriptures; and to this day, whenever he is mentioned, this impression of him is the prevailing one, that the eyes of his mind penetrated years and ages to come, and discerned, as if they were just passing, the events that revealed as yet no sign of their approach. And they seem ready to honor him more according to the distance of the transaction and the clearness with which he is supposed to discern it, than according to the weight and beauty of his spiritual instructions. This is an error that deserves some attention, not only from its being so common, but from its including several other errors in its superstition. It misinterprets the Scriptures. It mistakes the wants of the mind, by supposing that facts in history are of more consequence

to us than divine doctrine. It makes a false estimate of that "goodly fellowship of the prophets" who have been since the world began. It sets on foot many idle inquiries concerning the fulfilment of ancient predictions, as if such investigations were of indispensable religious importance. It opens the way to frivolous and disturbing fancies, as if any particular incidents of our own times were foreshown in the ancient oracles; or as if those sacred writings, instead of being applied to the noblest uses of the world, were to be tortured with inquiries as to when the world shall end.

The whole subject, indeed, of prophecy is apprehended very vaguely by the greater part of even the most intelligent Christians. Some are repelled by its real difficulties. Some are perplexed by the apparent confusion of its testimony, and the diversity of opinions concerning it. Some are content with the loose and scanty conceptions which they have accidentally formed, and give themselves no further concern for it; or else, for want of a few just principles established at the outset, they are liable to be carried away by the visionary interpreters who are continually adding new dreams to those that have been scattered.

We propose in the present article to offer some plain reflections that may be serviceable on this point. They may help to fix in our thoughts some principles that will recommend themselves as sound and sober, and be capable of a wide application.

We ask first, What is a prophet, in the Scriptural sense of that word? And we may begin with replying, that he is one who gives utterance to religious truth, of whatever kind; a chief speaker on subjects of solemn interest. In the early ages of society, they were comparatively few who had the gift of spreading out into words the sentiments that seem inspired from Heaven, and of being eloquent upon holy themes. They who possessed this faculty were thought worthy of that distinguished title. Thus, it was said to Moses, who complained that he was "heavy of speech, and of a slow tongue," — "not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since" the Lord had sent him to be his servant, — that his brother Aaron should be his prophet. We occasionally find the same liberal signification of the word prophecy; denoting merely the instruction which such a person communicates; or, still more simply, only discourses upon moral and divine subjects. We have an instance of this in the book of Prov-

orbs, the concluding chapter of which begins thus: — "The words of King Lemuel, the prophecy that his mother taught him"; and then follow wise and affectionate counsels for the government of his life.

Again, a prophet is one who speaks in an excited manner, and as if moved by a Divine impulse. Of this kind were those teachers in the primitive Church who are described and referred to often in the New Testament. They were remarkable for a certain vehemence of mind and fervor of expression, that were always construed into a more direct communication with the Holy Power in whose name they spoke. Further, the name of prophet was given to those who wrote in a style of peculiar elevation of God and sacred things; to the minstrels who chanted the praises of the Most High; to the poets, whose genius was regarded by the whole ancient world as a kind of inspiration. So Miriam is called a prophetess in the books of Moses, when she sang to her timbrel her song of victory on the overthrow of the Egyptian host. And the Apostle Paul, speaking to Titus of the Cretans, in whose island he dwelt, tells him that "a prophet of their own" had fitly described them, and then goes on to quote a line from a Grecian bard. In all these examples, there is no allusion to any gift of divination, to any ability of reading what should happen in after days.

But now we come, in the last place, to that idea. A prophet is also one who foretells events; and in that sense he is often spoken of, though we have seen clearly that such an idea was by no means essential to his office. John the baptizer was a prophet, and more; and yet he sent his disciples to the very Master whose way he came to prepare, asking him if he was indeed the commissioned one of God. We recognize in the Scriptures a power announced of discerning and declaring the future. It would be strange indeed if it were not there, when those Scriptures are a record of successive providences for the teaching and redemption of mankind; of a series of preparations for the perfect light of the world; and when the human mind itself is a natural diviner, — living in advance, and full of the coming days. What is so prophetic as the soul reaching forward perpetually, striving to penetrate into the secrets of time, inferring what shall be from what has been already, and straining its sight upon distant points and flying horizons, after a knowledge to which former experience can contribute nothing?

The wish of man always is to know of something that is to be hereafter. The imagination of man always is, that there may be those by whom that something can be told. We admit and maintain the idea of a peculiar, Divine guidance over the prophet's mind; but it is not consistent with the design of the present essay to enlarge upon this point.

We will now endeavour to show, in the fewest possible words and in the most general way, what manner of men those holy prophets of Israel and Judah were. They were no dreamers nor pretenders. They were no dealers in occult sciences. They were neither passive instruments for a supernatural voice to sound through, nor were they men who sought to be so accounted of. They were the patriots of their commonwealth, the poets of their faith, the counsellors of their princes, the guides of their people. Their position was eminently a national one. They had nothing to do with the priestly office; but were engaged, on the contrary, in resisting the encroachments of its influence, and exposing the abuses that mingled so easily with its traditions. They were rather the statesmen of their periods. Their voice was in all measures of great public concern. They gave their urgent advice in questions of war and peace. In their civil capacity, they observed closely the nations that bordered upon them at the north, or the south, or the east, and were quick to show where was the side of danger. But especially as the champions of their heaven-given law, and of the whole cause of righteousness and humanity, did they stand up and threaten and plead. If their doctrines often take a political cast, their policy is always religious. Uppermost in their glowing hearts is a zeal for the Lord's truth, and for a corresponding holiness. While the names of Syria, and Egypt, and Babylon, and of innumerable places nearer home, occur often in their verses, their thoughts spread beyond all the bounds of the earth's surface, and contemplate the triumph of goodness and eternal truth. If we allow that their country and its sacred institutions are the goal from which they start and to which they often recur, we must also admit that they look forward, beyond all the present divisions of the globe and its tribes, to a time when Judea should be proved to be the gem of its ring, the true and brilliant centre of all its religious improvement. When they are most local, they are still sublime. If they sometimes appear partial according to the letter, in spirit they are

always right. They announce a period, when the incompleteness of the law shall be fulfilled, and the ancient word of promise shall be made good. In the midst of political degradation and distress, they never lose sight of this high trust. They point on towards a spiritual prince, an anointed one, and to the reign of peace and goodness on the earth. They predict that glorious era, not with any calculating definition of seasons, nor with any minute relation of circumstances, but with a generous hope and confidence in the gracious appointments of God. They have not so much at heart any temporary success, any worldly fortunes, as that this blessed consummation may be accomplished for the human race.

Such is a slight sketch of that wonderful line of men. Though they spoke to the peculiarities of their own times, it is a speech that is applicable in great part to all times. Their purpose is chiefly a moral and religious purpose. They do not so much foreshow any changes that were to befall in the affairs of the world, as exhort the disobedient and unbelieving to change the course of their lives, and worship Him who orders all affairs according to his will, and who in his own time will raise up salvation for his people. We think it a great mistake, at the present day, to interpret the Scriptures under the idea that any prophecies, either of the Old Testament or the New, are awaiting their literal fulfilment in our own or any after generation. None of those holy oracles were meant to touch any part of the history of the modern world. None of them reach down to any of the transactions of the passing age. None of them wrap up in mysterious language any information as to what shall be in the latter days, or when those days shall arrive. Such information has been sought after by the curious, believed in by the credulous, pretended to by the designing. But it is not there. The ill-placed ingenuity that is employed upon such fancies only trifles with itself and imposes upon mankind.

After all, however, there is certainly a class of prophecies that does seem to anticipate history, and to delineate even in their particulars unborn events. We fully acknowledge this. We recognize in the holy men of old an extraordinary illumination from that Spirit whose prerogative it is to see the end from the beginning. The main purpose of what we have said is in opposition to the idea, that their chief office

is that of literal foretellers; or that, by scrutinizing what they have left written for our learning, we can gain any insight into the events that are yet to be, or "the seasons that the Father keepeth in his own power." A few simple statements may not be amiss in respect to this class of their sayings. Some of them, instead of being anticipations of history, are history itself, presented in a prophetic shape. Such are those minute details in the book of Daniel of what was done by the generals of Alexander the Great, when they divided his conquered kingdoms among them, and seated themselves upon bloody thrones. It is manifest that the record followed after the facts. Its very circumstantiality, so unlike the manner of the Jewish prophets, would be enough of itself to lead us to such a conclusion, if there were not arguments of a critical kind that abundantly confirm it. Others of them appear in an extremely figurative dress. They partake of the character of enigmas, or riddles, which were always held in great esteem by the wise men of Eastern nations. Some portions of the same book of Daniel, and almost the whole of that of the Revelation, are conceived in this manner, — a manner that does not recommend itself so well as it once did, and one which must necessarily contract a double obscurity by the lapse of years, when many local allusions may be supposed to have faded out and become forgotten. We cannot be always certain that we apprehend the precise meaning of such oracles; and the unlearned, and the learned too, may easily imagine in them what they nowise contain. But we understand enough of them to see this at least, that their references terminate near their own date. They cast no glance into the distant future, except with that eye of faith and hope which may be open in every devout heart upon the prospects and destinies of man.

There is one reflection more that belongs to this part of the subject, and is important to it. It is, that when events are predicted, the account grows particular just in proportion as the event draws nigh. The view is shadowy and general, according as the object is remote. A Jewish prophet does not speak of any foreign power till it has risen into political importance. He does not warn against it till it has become dangerous. He does not denounce it till it has shown itself hostile. How, then, can we suppose that he looked across unknown seas, and defined exact periods that are still

hidden from more than two thousand years of added experience? He spoke — "and still his speech was song" — agreeably to the scenes and usages that were immediately around him. How should we think that he can inform us of things that lay wholly out of the range of his precedents and conceptions? We degrade those noble spirits by so superstitious a reverence. We lose their true use by putting them to an imaginary service. They teach us of righteousness and temperance and judgment, — of the law of God, and the beauty of his perfections, and the glory of his works, and the equity of his ways, and the joy of his service, and the breadth of his compassion. They inspire thankfulness, praise, homage, trust. And is there any inspiration like that? Would we exchange those lofty lessons for dim prognostics of the destinies of a world which — for us certainly — must be ended soon? Let us have done with every childish solicitude about casualties and outward fates, and restore to their just value the principles and sentiments that have an abiding life. Instead of pretending to interpret "the vision that is for many days to come," let us remember the precept of the Saviour, that sufficient for each day as it flies are its duties and burdens. Instead of listening for predictions "of the times that are far off," let us employ wisely the opportunities that are at hand. What are accidents, compared with ourselves? Would we know where the prophets dwell, and what they reveal, we must inquire within. What is the depth of man's affection, the height of his hope, the capacity of his nature, the strength of his wise resolution, the sovereign good of his life? If we answer that well, it will be a better response than ever came from the sanctuary of a temple, or the ephod of a priest, or the volumes of gray tradition. Why augur of to-morrows and next-years, when now is the point for the most earnest attention to fix on? We may safely leave the universe to the Being who made it. It is enough if we can fill our small but faithful place. Duty and trust and love are not transient like the centuries. Our own thoughts are prophetic. If we have grace to order them aright, their last prophecy shall be one of peace. N. L. F.

Art. VIII. — WARE'S WORKS.*

Those who knew Dr. Ware only through the severe simplicity and single-hearted fervor of his pulpit services would hardly expect to find in him a remarkable specimen of versatility of talent, — of *manysidedness*, if we may be permitted to borrow from the German a term, for which the English of the dictionaries furnishes no adequate synonyme. Nor were we, who traced his intellectual efforts from year to year, fully aware how much ground they covered, so completely were his digressions from the trite path of professional duty veiled from observation by his oneness of aim and the beautiful symmetry of his character. We saw that his sheaves were all altar-gifts, marked with the unvarying *Corban*; but neglected to take note from how many and how various fields he gathered them. Had he done less, or wrought more carelessly, or with a less holy purpose, he would have been called a genius; but this is a term seldom applied, except where brilliant traits are thrown out into unnatural relief by gross faults or follies. He had none of those intense idiosyncrasies of mind or character which excite wonder and whet curiosity during one's lifetime; but his powers and resources grow perpetually upon our admiration and reverence, as in these successive volumes we review the memorials of his industry and zeal. It is hard to say in what department he might not have excelled. His tales, though written solely for religious edification, display, in the invention of incident, in easy narrative and spirited colloquy, a capacity kindred to that which has won for his brother's "Zenobia" and "Probus" a unique and unchallenged fame. His poetry was, for the most part, the recreation of his weariness or his sick-chamber; yet his least elaborate verse shows an affluent imagination and a finely tuned rhythmical ear, while not a few of his occasional hymns have detached themselves from their environments of place and circumstance, and become general favorites among the lyrics of the sanctuary. There are scattered through his works abundant indications that, had his avocations been more early and strictly scholastic, he might have been a subtle and cogent reasoner on meta-

* *The Works of Henry Ware, Jr., D. D.* Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1846-47. 4 vols. 12mo.

physical and moral subjects. Several of his lighter pieces evince the felicities of taste, thought, and style, which would have insured his success in any portion of that large and vague domain entitled general literature. Nor was even the comic vein wanting; for we have among the miscellanies before us two or three perfect gems of native wit and genial humor, free from verbal conceit, and manifesting a prompt perception of incongruity and a rare faculty of grotesque combination.

We suppose that Dr. Ware's sermons will do less for his reputation, in an intellectual point of view, than his other writings. Yet we express this opinion with a strong suspicion that there may be only a subjective and partial ground for it. We are sure that all who often heard him preach will so perpetually miss his eloquent presence and his impressive tones in these sermons, that they will do the dead letter less than justice. It may be otherwise with those who have no such regretful reminiscences awakened as they read. He entered upon his professional life at a period when the standard of the New England pulpit was much lower than it is now. Our New England churches, also, had lapsed, or rather risen, by slow degrees and almost unconsciously, from a liberal Calvinism to virtual Unitarianism, and the Calvinistic residuum had hardly begun to work itself clear from the mass which it could not leaven. Dr. Ware, therefore, with his eminently practical mind, and with his disposition to define and defend the doctrines and grounds of Liberal Christianity, was left very much to mark out his own course. The result was a style of preaching, which in explicitness, seriousness, and unction did justice to his simplicity and earnestness of heart, but which lacked the variety of aim, and the breadth of scope, which in the latter portion of his ministry he recommended both by precept and example. His parish sermons are distinguished by transparency of thought, unity of plan, evangelical sentiment, direct and cogent appeal to men's hearts and consciences, and a pervading recognition of the solemnity and the momentous issues of the relation between pastor and people. As specimens of hortatory and didactic preaching on the great truths and the cardinal duties of religion, they can hardly be surpassed. But we find in them few references to the details of domestic life, of business and of political relations and obligations, — few instances of the prolonged and minute application of

religious motives and sanctions to the current exigencies, temptations, exciting questions, and engrossing interests of the passing day, — little of that running religious commentary on the times for which, with his prudence and sobriety of judgment, he was eminently qualified, and which, we are well convinced, would have given yet additional power to ministrations which, even without it, have hardly had a parallel among us as to their efficacy in the formation of the Christian life and character. We are aware that the abatement which we here suggest to our otherwise unqualified commendation will be by many regarded as a merit, rather than a defect. We know that it is a prevalent theory (less so now than formerly), that preaching ought to be conversant mainly with the *God-ward* aspects of religion, — with the divine law, in the form in which it comes to us from the lips of Jesus and the pens of the Apostles, — and that if this be faithfully expounded and fervently enforced, our congregations may be safely left to make their own applications of it. But so manifold are the windings of self-deception, that in our view the only way of saying to the consciences of very many, "Thou art the man," is to track them through common scenes, to follow them to the shop, the counting-room, and the fireside, to repeat their words, criticize their actions, analyze their motives, and then with equal minuteness to point out what manner of men they ought to be. The Italian style of painting, in which majesty and beauty are chiefly consulted, and all that can suggest homely associations is excluded from the canvas, suits the genius of the theatre better than that of the pulpit. For sanctuary sketches we prefer the Dutch school, even though in its fidelity to the actual it may now and then border upon the grotesque, and may often bring objects of lowly utility into the foreground, in defiance of the canons of a more fastidious taste. For its spiritual uses we would prefer one of Latimer's sermons, with its off-hand life-painting, its photographic views of the interior of men's homes and hearts, to all that Massillon or Bossuet ever uttered.

In this estimate of the true aim and scope of preaching we are confident that we should have had Dr. Ware's entire concurrence. It accords with the whole tone of his instructions at Cambridge, — instructions which were most happily exemplified in his sermons in the University chapel. We trace, in those of his college sermons which have been given

to us in the volumes under review, a much larger liberty in the choice of subjects, and a more catholic taste and fuller affluence in illustration, than had marked his earlier discourses. This was in part, no doubt, to be ascribed to the interval of leisure which bodily infirmity had forced upon him, and which the kindness of friends enabled him to spend under circumstances eminently favorable to the most generous self-culture. But we cannot but think that he also entered upon the second stage of his professional life with an ideal not so much exalted as changed, — with a deeper sense of the necessity of studying human life no less than the divine teachings, and of adapting the unvarying Gospel to the infinitely diversified wants of all classes and conditions of men. He wrote many sermons expressly for the students, and these, if we may judge from our remembrance of not a few, and from the specimens which we now have in print, would bear the most favorable comparison with Arnold's Rugby School sermons, which it is the fashion of the day to deem perfect in their kind. They resemble Arnold's in the absence of that process of self-stultification by which many seek access (but without finding it) to the appreciation of a young audience, in the straightforward, manly style of address which presupposes many elements in hopeful development in the minds of the hearers. They excel Arnold's, inasmuch as they are free from the technical and ecclesiastical bonds which fretted and galled him through life, and from which a very little more energy would have wholly released him. They enter, with the most ready sympathy, into the joys and trials, the hopes and needs, of an academical career. They make strong appeals to the generous intellectual ambition of the successful student, and draw from the elements of his experience, and the staple of his desires, motives for the yet higher culture and nobler aims of the Christian heart.

Where the functions of a writer and a public speaker are united, excellence of style is a relative term; and a man of true taste and careful self-study will always fall into habits of writing adapted to his oratorical powers and endowments. The style, which is imposing and graceful in one whose physical powers make him preëminently an orator, appears inflated and bombastic from one whose voice lacks strength and compass, and whose manner as a speaker is reserved and severely simple. Dr. Ware's oratory was of this latter

stamp. His voice, with deeply impressive tones, had little variety of intonation, and much of his power of utterance grew from the very inadequacy of the outward organs to give full expression to the inward thought and feeling. In listening to him one was always made aware of more in him than found utterance, of a hidden fire, a reserved power, which shed but a part of its glow upon the benignant countenance, and put forth only a fraction of its energy in the always fervent, but not winged words. And his written style corresponds so perfectly to his delivery, that, as we read what we did not hear, we seem again to see him and listen to him, can catch the unforgotten tones, gentle in their utmost earnestness, and mark the quiet play of those features, which never lost their *Johannine* expression, or ceased to beam with an almost unearthly tenderness, even while he rebuked sin or portrayed the sinner's doom. His sentences have not that swell and roundness of finish, that full, sonorous volume, under which his voice would have broken down. They are concise and terse, compact with meaning, simple in structure, never loaded down with epithets designed for sound, not sense. His style is unsurpassed in transparency. It is eminently pure and graceful, and in the truest sense ornate; but free from ornament chosen for its own sake. Fancy is always made ancillary to thought and to impression; and illustrations, instead of standing apart as brilliant episodes, are so closely interwoven with the thread of discourse, as to attract separate regard only when viewed for the express purpose of criticism. Though Dr. Ware always wrote rapidly, we can see no traces of carelessness. A singularly delicate ear made his style always rhythmical and harmonious, and a taste spontaneously fastidious (if we may use a paradoxical combination of words which represents one of the choicest of rhetorical graces) selected his words and shaped his sentences, so that his most hurried writings would hardly bare amendment or pruning.

But it is time that we gave some more detailed account of the contents of these volumes; and we pass to this portion of our task the more readily, as our filial veneration and love for the author have made this rude attempt at a general criticism of his merits the most difficult undertaking of our twenty years' practice in the ungentle craft. Indeed, had we foreseen how often the pen would drop from our hand, and how often it would usurp the office of the inverted

stylus, we should have abandoned our work, not indeed to one (if such there were) who loved him less, but to some one who had not stood in that relation to him which his pupils can never outgrow. In the analysis of these volumes we shall present several extracts, not because we suppose that many of our readers will fail to possess themselves of the whole, but because it is due to the memory of one whose labors contributed so largely to the success of this journal, that we should not use sparingly the last opportunity of enriching our pages from his pen.

The first volume contains what the editor calls "Miscellaneous Writings in Prose of a *lighter* character," and a copious selection from the author's poetry. We can hardly acquiesce in the choice of the epithet which we have italicized; for, though most of these pieces are in the form of fictitious narrative, they deal with the gravest themes, and are as strictly and exclusively didactic as if they were sermons. The first of them is Jotham Anderson, which has probably done more than any twenty that might be selected from the best controversial tracts, to commend Liberal Christianity to regard and confidence in its practical adaptations and uses. This sketch embodies, under fictitious names and with the most felicitous grouping of incidents and characters, a portion of his own early experience, with graphic portraits of his parents and his maternal grandfather. We have here also the shorter stories, How to spend Holy Time, The Village Funeral, A Sabbath with my Friend, How to spend a Day, and Robert Fowle. Among these is inserted the Lecture on the Poetry of Mathematics, in which we hardly know which most to admire, the easy and graceful rhetoric, the affluence of attractive illustration drawn from a department which furnishes to ordinary minds so few sources of inspiration, or the deep religious sentiment which, without once obtruding its accustomed forms of utterance, makes itself felt on every page. How much both of philosophy and æsthetics is there in the closing paragraph!

"Science and Poetry, recognizing, as they do, the order and the beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of Devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from her altar. But in their natural characters they are coöperators, and, like twin sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating Power; Poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining Love. Science adores as a subject; Poetry worships

as a child. One teaches the law, and the other binds the soul to it in bands of beauty and love. They turn the universe into a temple, earth into an altar, the systems into fellow-worshippers, and eternity into one long day of contemplation and praise." — Vol. I., pp. 137, 138.

The poetry in this volume comprises a great diversity of themes, grave and gay, and, apart from its uniform and varied beauty, it brings us into very close communion with the writer in his domestic and social life, and is always redolent with the genial warmth of a loving and sympathizing heart. Several of the pieces, both playful and serious, were written for home eras and festivals; many of them addressed to cherished friends, and adorning, without veiling, by poetic diction the beautiful *naïveté* of social feeling, into which in smaller circles his habitual reserve gracefully faded away; many of them prepared for such literary and religious celebrations as called for a heart-offering in ode or hymn beyond the scope of a mere artificer of verses. Of the longer pieces, the Feast of Tabernacles, prepared for an oratorio by Zeuner, in the true spirit of the Hebrew bards, and the Vision of Liberty, written, almost at a sitting, to supply the unexpected failure of Percival as Phi Beta Kappa poet in 1824, deserve peculiar regard. Those who heard the latter can never forget the heart-eloquence of the delivery, or the burst of enthusiastic feeling from the immense audience at the allusion to Lafayette, then present. In the greeting that welcomed the patriot on that festival, it was difficult to say whether the smooth Athenian oratory of Everett, or Ware's subdued and chastened tones, suggestive of unutterable fulness of emotion, called out more copious tears from the nation's guest, or the more enthusiastic burst of sympathy from the listeners. The volume closes with extracts from an unfinished poetical autobiography, entitled My Dream of Life, which, even in its fragmentary state, would bear comparison with much of the contemplative poetry that has won a classical reputation. Instead of garbling any longer piece, we quote the following "Lines, written March 29, 1836," because they present so translucently the emotions of an humble and aspiring soul in its communion with the Source and Paradigm of moral perfection, — the frame of mind in which he, who looks for the time when "those that humble themselves shall be exalted," would pray that he might live and die.

"It is not what my hands have done,
That weighs my spirit down,
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,
And over earth a frown;
It is not any heinous guilt,
Or vice by men abhorred;
For fair the fame that I have built,
A fair life's just reward;
And men would wonder if they knew
How sad I feel with sins so few.

"Alas! they only see in part,
When thus they judge the whole;
They cannot look upon the heart,
They cannot read the soul;
But I survey myself within,
And mournfully I feel
How deep the principle of sin
Its root may there conceal,
And spread its poison through the frame
Without a deed that men can blame.

"They judge by actions which they see
Brought out before the sun;
But conscience brings reproach to me
For what I 've left undone, —
For opportunities of good
In folly thrown away,
For hours misspent in solitude,
Forgetfulness to pray, —
And thousand more omitted things,
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

"And therefore is my heart oppressed
With thoughtfulness and gloom;
Nor can I hope for perfect rest,
Till I escape this doom.
Help me, Thou Merciful and Just,
This fearful doom to fly;
Thou art my strength, my hope, my trust; —
O, help me, lest I die!
And let my full obedience prove
The perfect power of faith and love."

Vol. I., pp. 317, 318.

On reading this, we were reminded of a favorite hymn of Donne, which breathes the same general sentiment, and

which we quote, as illustrative of the catholicity of the same devotional feelings among Christians separated by the widest barriers of forms, and creeds, and centuries.

"Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

"Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

"I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, thou hast done,
I fear no more."

The second volume contains the Memoirs of Abbot, Parker, and Prentiss, together with several addresses and tracts, most of which had been previously published. In our estimation the most important of these tracts is "Sober Thoughts on the State of the Times, addressed to the Unitarian Community." This was printed anonymously in 1835, and we apprehend that much of the good that it might otherwise have wrought was dissipated in curious and perhaps querulous speculations as to its authorship. As we read it now, we are surprised that the *incognito* was preserved for a single week. There was no one else among us, who could have administered rebuke so wisely and so lovingly, who could have dealt so unsparingly with our deficiencies and faults, and shown so plainly all the while that censure was his strange and unwelcome work, and that he had not the heart to describe a morbid symptom beyond his clear discernment of the means of relief and remedy. We think that it was ill-judged in him (no doubt an error of excessive modesty) to withhold his name. So bold an exposition of evils and dangers, so resolute a treatment of themes so delicate, needed, in order to conciliate the right kind of atten-

tion, a name which could command entire respect and confidence; and many who spurned the nameless tract, while they quailed before its pungency and power, had they known their physician, might have yielded to his regimen. The "times" have not changed for the better, as to any of the points at which his strictures were aimed, and we sincerely wish that this pamphlet might now be republished and circulated by thousands under the author's name, that, in at least some few aspirations and efforts after a better state of things, we might see reason to believe that "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

From an essay on "The Importance of Principle in Religion" we extract the following, as presenting a view never more needed than now, when, with young men and maidens, and with too many old men also, the æsthetic aspects of religion are maintained as far surpassing in worth and power the old-fashioned notions of vital piety and whole-hearted self-consecration.

"The Christian community is full of men *partially* religious; of men who are satisfied to embrace the outside of their religion, and observe its forms and laws, without imbuing their hearts with its spirit, or causing its influences to pervade their temper and direct their tone of thought. Men are religious from birth, from education, from habit, from association; they are religious partially, thoughtlessly, coldly; they should be so heartily, devotedly, thoroughly. The chief reason is, they are not so from principle. If the religious life were founded on principle, instead of being left to accident, association, impulse, example, habit, it would be, more frequently than it is, the supreme and governing power in the character.

"Principle is a different thing from knowledge, or feeling, or habit. Either of these may exist without it. A man is often seen with fervent affections, or well instructed in duty, or of perfectly correct habits, who yet is not a man of principle. Principle refers to the rule and the motive; it goes back to the origin and beginning. It is what the foundation is to the building, or the root to the tree, or the fountain to the stream. It is to the Christian what his axioms are to the geometrician, what the laws of light and motion and attraction are to the natural philosopher. It is to his soul what the principle of gravitation is to the universe; pervaded by this, all the separate acts of his life keep their place, and all the detail of duty is regularly performed, just as the several bodies of the planetary system, being pervaded by this principle of gravitation, know their places, and

run around their orbits, and never depart from the appointed course.

"Being thus essential to the Christian character, we naturally trace to the neglect of it the lamentable deficiencies and inconsistencies which are so frequent among those who profess to be most deeply attached to a religious life. The great difficulty appears to lie in this, — and it exposes a copious source of practical error, — that they adopt and endeavour to follow religion, not as one thing, — not as a perfect whole springing from one root, the several parts of which are indissolubly joined together, and not to be severed from each other any more than the limbs from the body; but they address themselves to its distinct and separate parts; they attend to a certain set of doctrines, or a certain list of rules, good in themselves, but not when taken up independently of any thing else. When, therefore, a man has learned those doctrines, it does not follow that he conforms to those rules; or he may conform to the rules, yet reject the doctrines. They have no connection with each other in his mind. He has regarded them wholly independent of each other. So, also, where he practises one class of duties, it does not follow that he is equally faithful in another. The motives which prompt him to be honest do not make him temperate; the influences which cause him to love his neighbour do not lead his affections to God; his conscientious punctuality in public worship does not teach him to forgive those who have offended him. He acts on partial motives, and so separates from each other branches of duty which are properly inseparable. He wants that great fundamental motive, reason, rule, called *principle*, which would guide, control, regulate every thing, — pervading the whole system of thought and action with one uniform, consistent, ever-operating influence, which never relaxes, and from which nothing escapes.

"What would be the condition of the sciences and the arts, if their professors were to hold or teach them in this loose method? What would be thought of the geometrician who should know nothing of his science but some of its detached details, a few unconnected problems or modes of operation, without having settled and arranged in his mind the *principles* of the science? How would he succeed in practice, if he could not recur instinctively to those principles in every situation of perplexity or novelty? So, too, the chemist, the astronomer, the navigator, — how would they be involved in error and driven into peril who should depend upon any acquaintance with their science gained from insulated experiments and lying in detached parcels, without any common principles in the mind by which they are classed and to which they may be referred! If the right practice of these sciences is inwrought with their princi-

ples, so is the practice of religion. How can we hope for consistency and thoroughness where no fundamental axioms are kept in view?

"The importance to be attached to this view is evident from a consideration of the nature of religion. Religion is not a prescribed list of duties, a specified catalogue of doctrines, a given round of ceremonies. It is properly a profound sentiment of the relation of ourselves to God and of God to ourselves, attended by the consequences of such a sentiment. To fall short of this is to fall short of religion. The various doctrines, acts, forms, which constitute the visible and observable exterior of religion, are the consequences of the interior sentiment. If one strive to maintain them independently of that sentiment, he has no security for their genuineness or permanency; they may exist at some times, but there is no certainty that they will at others; or, if always, yet these are not religion, and cannot be transformed into religion. They are but the outward body, destitute of the mysterious vitality which alone gives it beauty and worth.

"Religion is essentially spiritual. It commands and requires the performance of all moral acts in the outward life; but it does not consist in those acts: those acts may be performed without it, from other motives, from reasons of expediency, policy, and selfishness; and they are not, and cannot be, acts of the religious man, except they spring from the internal impulse of religious principle." — Vol. II., pp. 285–288.

The third volume consists wholly of sermons. While among these we can find none unworthy of the author's reputation, — none that can fail to carry an effectual message of truth or duty to very many hearts, — we regard those on Miracles, that on the Christian Conjunction, and those on the Facilities and Hindrances to the Religious Life of the Scholar, as productions of peculiar excellence in point both of thought and style. The sermons on Miracles were written in the first access of the antisupernatural controversy, and do not, therefore, meet all the points that have been raised in its progress; but, so far as concerns the great fundamental questions at issue, we know not where to find a more able, thorough, and conclusive course of argument, or a more complete refutation of the grounds on which Christianity, as a miraculously authenticated system, has been impugned.

We are glad to recognize in so large a portion of this volume sermons expressly prepared for the students of the University. They are, as we have already intimated, of a

higher order of intellectual and literary merit than the sermons that belong to the author's parish ministry, and would, if published by themselves, form a volume of inestimable worth to the class of young men to whom they were originally addressed, — the more so, as this is a class seldom addressed in the ordinary ministrations of religion, while they are exposed to trials and temptations fully commensurate with their privileges, and altogether their own. The following passage is from an admirable sermon on the "Principles to govern a Young Man in the Choice of a Profession."

"The consideration which undoubtedly stands at the head of the list is that of the *necessity of obtaining the means of subsistence.* Existence itself is first of all to be provided for, — the indispensable prerequisite to all duties and enjoyments. It is vain to consult for other acts until this has been made sure, — so much so, that if it were possible for all other reasons and obligations to point decidedly to a given course, and yet, by that course, one should be unable to earn his bread, this single consideration would overbalance all the rest, because, simply, that without this every thing else would be impossible, would have no being. Man must live.

"So much is clear; and there is more of romance than of virtue in those who pretend that the means of living are to be despised, provided only that one does what he thinks his duty. But then, on the other hand, this consideration, binding as it is, is far more likely to be abused than neglected. Instead of urging it on the attention, it is necessary to prevent its being attended to too much. What is to be understood by this livelihood, which is first of all to be secured? Doubtless something more than the bare supply of the absolute bodily wants. This is extremely little, and in a civilized community would be taking a step backward toward barbarism. No man, where the arts and comforts of life have advanced as they have among Christian nations, can be truly said to have earned a *livelihood*, who is not able to live in the manner of those with whom he is to associate; so that the satisfaction of intercourse and friendship shall not be hindered by the petty annoyances of petty distinctions in modes and appearances. But beyond this there is no need to go. Can we say it is right to go? Yet how many are guilty of this wrong! They will not be content with competence; they must have abundance and luxury. They are dissatisfied with comfort; they must have splendor. They look for some place which will insure them opulent possessions. Their visions are of large estates, sumptuous living, and the artificial consideration and indolent indulgence which appertain to affluence. All this is wrong. All this makes no

part of the considerations by which one is to be influenced. It is false, — mischievous, — corrupting. He that allows himself to be governed by it puts himself in the way of becoming selfish, grasping, worldly; risks his simplicity, puts in jeopardy his moral principles and habits, and runs into 'many hurtful and deceitful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.'

"In answering the question, 'What is to be considered a *living?*' men immediately separate a thousand different ways, according to their previous habits of life, the society in which they have lived, their notions of worldly prosperity, their love of self-gratification, their ambition, and the numberless other things which go to make a man's idea of happiness. If men would cease to take counsel of these, — if they could calmly look with the eye of sober reason on life and its purposes, on the earth and its means of gratification, — it would be less difficult to decide this matter, and there would be less clashing than there is between this first obligation to make a worldly provision, and the subsequent obligations of a higher nature.

"Here, then, it is of importance that one study the true view of things, and do not allow himself to be deceived by the false maxims and artificial associations of the world. 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' The things essential to existence are extremely few, and easily procured: those essential to render that existence *happy* are very few more, provided one be self-governed and moderate; and a wise man will regard nothing beyond these, when he anticipates his calling in the world. He who accounts it necessary, or most desirable, to become rich, who connects his ideas of happiness and honor with large possessions and the artificial consideration which is attached to wealth, errs in his first purpose, goes astray in the very first step, and multiplies the hazards of disappointment and chagrin. Yet perhaps there is no error more common, — not the extravagant error of aiming at *great wealth*, as the object for which to live, — but the error of so setting one's desires on a *more than competence;* of so looking with contempt on the prospect of a merely comfortable existence, that the taste for simple and natural pleasure is lost, and the higher motives of virtue, usefulness, and truth lose their comparative estimation. Hence uneasy desires, restless discontent, dissatisfaction, repining and envy at the more successful; hence, in a word, *wretchedness*, in a condition where a well-ordered mind could be full of gratitude. In a commercial community, like that in which we live, which is rushing onward in a tide of prosperity that astonishes while we gaze, and infatuates the mind of those who are engaged in the commotion, — in such a community, especially, there is danger that the judgment be per-

verted, that the humbler but useful callings become distasteful, and multitudes of young men, to the peril of their innocence, at the risk of corruption and wretchedness, press into the crowded ranks of Mammon, and suffer themselves to forget there is any good but gold. It has been said by one who has long watched the commercial world in this country, that only one in seven of those who enter this walk succeed in it; that six in every seven fail, — a dreadful proportion of blanks, considering the quantity of blasted hopes and blighted integrity, of broken hearts and ruined characters, which it involves. And yet, into this desperate struggle how eagerly are our young men rushing! With six chances of ruin to one of success, how many are leaving the less crowded, the more certain, the more quiet avocations of professional life, for which their higher education had fitted them, — and in which competence, with cultivated minds and useful occupations, would be far happier in the long run, and far more honorable, than this ambition to grow rich in business, — whilst letters are forgotten, philosophy is deserted, the acquisitions of intellect are thrown away, and the mind, that might have illumined society by its genius, confines its noble powers to the pitiful drudgery of barter, and the miserable cares of gain.

"Let one beware, then, of being misled by assigning too large a place in his thoughts to this preliminary consideration of a livelihood. Let it not be greatest as well as first. It should be least. It is a necessary, not a high, moral, noble consideration. As little regard as possible must be allowed to it, in order that more may be allowed to others of a higher and more generous character." — Vol. III., pp. 255 – 258.

We have room for but one more extract, and that shall relate to a hindrance to the religious life, by no means peculiar to the scholar, technically so called, but lying in almost every one's path in these days of cheap literature, when the issues of a corrupt press come forth like locusts from the bottomless pit, and "unto them is given power as the scorpions of the earth have power."

"Another difficulty in the way of the student's religious culture is to be found in the abundance of intellectual fare amid which he lives, and the consequent temptation to occupy much time in reading for entertainment, — the temptation to amuse his mind with light works, rather than to apply it severely to stern studies. The state of letters, and the profuse issue of the press, render this a serious trial, concerning which warning should be loudly uttered. More new books are published every year than make up the whole extant libraries of Greece and Rome. The larger part of these are works of imagination, mostly frivolous.

The scholar feels that it is necessary to keep up with the age, as it is called; and the fresh covers which lie on every table beguile him to take here a little and there a little, till, by and by, his habits of steady application are injured, and he has little taste for any literature but that which amuses. Many a promising youth has been in this way irretrievably injured within academic walls. He comes up from his early home, where books perhaps were rare, and no time had been allowed for any beyond the prescribed list of standard authors suited to the first days of study; he finds himself in the midst of an endless profusion of all that days past and days present can supply, without adviser or guide beyond his own desire to know what others know and read what others are delighted with. He seizes volume after volume, as they accidentally present themselves. Thus he is soon the victim of an irregulated and insatiable taste, which devours without order or object; and, at last, comes out to life unformed, unstrengthened, and unready for the severe work for which he should have fitted himself. This temptation it is a great duty to resist. Let the eyes of every one be opened to it, who intends that his years of education shall make him a man. Otherwise, no scholarship grows up within the halls of a university more than within those of a circulating library.

"But the point to be aimed at here is, the injurious effect of such a habit upon the religious character. It is a serious impediment in the way of religious self-command and the indulgence of a devout turn of mind. The *general* remark holds true here, which asserts that any indulgence in known wrong is adverse to a religious spirit. He who gives way to this taste for frivolous reading is all the time *conscious* of doing wrong; his conscience accuses him daily of frittering away time, misusing talents, wasting precious opportunities, and enfeebling his mental powers: yet he still yields to the pleasing temptation. What chance has a religious habit of mind with him? He is unfitted, by this very enervating indulgence, for the enjoyment of any high religious exercise of mind; — not only *unfitted*, — the false and feverish excitement in which he lives has *indisposed* him to it, and, unless the admonition of conscience excite in him the resolution to break away from the temptation, he becomes its inevitable victim, and purposely gives up his religious improvement, that he may find temporary peace. Serious books and serious thoughts are only a perpetual reproach to him; and he flies from them, to absorb himself in the unreflecting luxury which he loves, sacrificing his moral strength to this poor and perilous gratification. There can be no doubt that, by this process, the Spirit has been quenched in many minds that once glowed with the honest desire of all right and heavenward improvement, just as in other walks of life the

unwary have been led astray by the gay company of the trifling and the alluring displays of fashionable pleasure. No duty can live in the midst of *dissipation*, whether of society or of the solitary chamber. Religion is a duty, and the self-indulgence which turns life into a scene of amusement, be it in the city or in the college hall, with dice or with books, is the deadly foe of that religion which is the chief duty of man. 'He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth.' The present time is squandered without honor or reward, while nothing is done to prepare for, but every thing helps to unfit for, the inevitable and infinite future." — Vol. III., pp. 331 – 333.

The fourth volume contains the admirable "Discourses on the Character and Offices of Jesus Christ," well known to a large portion of our readers, several occasional sermons, and the "Formation of the Christian Character," with a Sequel relating to the continuance and progress of the Christian life, which was left unfinished, yet was thought to contain too much valuable matter to be suppressed. Many of the *lacunæ* in the manuscript have been filled by extracts from sermons bearing upon the topics treated, to which Dr. Ware had made reference in the margin.

In closing this imperfect notice, we wish that we could let all our readers know, as only those who have performed similar labors can understand, how much they are indebted to Rev. Chandler Robbins for his taste, skill, and care in the editing of these volumes. A full third part of their contents was in manuscript, not prepared for publication, and the selection that has been made was made after a diligent examination of more than five hundred sermons, besides many writings of a different class. The works of the most careful writer present but a slovenly aspect to the public eye, unless they have undergone a thorough revision with the press in view. How thorough this revision has been on Mr. Robbins's part, as to those sermons and articles now published for the first time, will appear from the entire absence of any thing that could mark them as posthumous, and a uniformity of finish with that which we observe in those portions of the volumes which were simply republished. Happy would it be, were such editors always at hand, when partial friends offer, or an admiring public claims, similar memorials of the distinguished dead. A. P. P.

Art. IX. — THOUGHTS ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Pulpit eloquence is, essentially, the same as any other kind of eloquence. It aims at the same objects by the same means. Two distinctions, we know, have been made between the eloquence of the pulpit and that of the rostrum and the bar. These distinctions are entirely factitious. The first is, that in the pulpit the arts of oratory — voice, looks, and action — cannot be carried so far as in other places, where full indulgence may be given to them. Now the arts of oratory can be carried just as far in the pulpit as truth and nature will allow, that is, just as far as each speaker's skill and genius enable him to carry them. There can be no definite, set limits. And we venture to say, Whitefield and Massillon were as impassioned in the pulpit, as Cicero in the senate, or Garrick upon the stage.

The second distinction is, that the pulpit is confined to a narrow range of topics, from which it cannot depart without impropriety, while other departments of oratory are allowed almost universal liberty. This limited choice of subjects is no more true of the pulpit than of the senate, or the bar, or any other sphere of eloquence. In all these, the number of permissible topics will always be just in proportion to the speaker's amount of skill and fertility of genius. The pulpit orator who possesses these traits in the highest degree will be shut out from scarcely any subject; he will make nearly every one religious and appropriate to God's house. Much of the barren and ineffectual preaching, much of the listlessness and tedium complained of in churches, are to be ascribed to the narrow range and threadbare nature of the themes discussed. This need not and ought not to be so; and already many wise men reap a rich harvest for themselves and others, by not permitting it to be so in their pulpits. The most interesting and useful sermons, in the highest sense of those words, might be suggested by history, science, and art, — which are but other terms for God's providence, works, and laws, — linked as these all are with the external welfare and natural culture, the internal purity and elevation of man. It is impossible that any thing should be, and not sustain relations to the soul and its destiny. Every thing that is, therefore, exerts, or is capable of exerting, influences upon us, as intelligent, moral beings. How wide and how varied,

then, is the field of subjects appropriate to the Sabbath and the sanctuary!

The pulpit now offers a more favorable opportunity for exertions of true and lofty eloquence than any other place. For, first, the preacher here stands before his audience, in the name of God and truth, to plead for religion, to cry aloud for the most sacred duties, the most vital interests of men. He stands up, the representative servant of the Highest, the Wisest, the Best. This, if he be a faithful man, clothes him with a dignity and a power nothing else can give. Then, he addresses an assembly not exposed to turmoil and confusion, but silent and attentive. He speaks during the quiet of the Sabbath day, when the feverish pulse of business no longer throbs. He chooses his own topics, which may always be those, therefore, in which he feels the freshest interest. He conducts the whole discussion in what manner he pleases, and as far as he pleases, without blame, dispute, or reply. And finally, he treats of the most important and thrilling themes that can possibly occupy the attention of human minds, — the soul, its destiny and the means of its fulfilment, the universe, truth, eternity, and God. His audience, we are aware, are not in that state of previous fervor best fitted for the purposes of the sophist and the demagogue, but they are in that state of placid attention best calculated for the rational and just influence of true eloquence; so that if he has not the external stimulant of some secular occasions for the most ardent action of his faculties, neither has he their temptations to rant and fustian, the mere ebullition of a shallow excitement. Moreover, if the preacher have not the attraction of novelty, in subject, thought, and illustration, in a degree at least equal to any other public speaker, and if, in consequence, he lose the immense assistance of curiosity, it is certainly not the fault of Christianity or the pulpit, but of his own short-coming. We maintain, therefore, upon the whole, that all the concomitants of time, place, occasion, audience, and subject are most happily adapted to his purposes, if he will but use them properly.

And yet, comparatively speaking, how little of eloquence is heard from the pulpit! How few preachers, notwithstanding all these advantages, and their continual practice in writing and speaking, deserve to be called really eloquent men! — we mean in comparison with what they ought to be, not with any reference to other professions. Why is this so?

The intrinsic difficulty of the art, arising from its great complexity and nicety, and requiring, for the attainment of a high degree of excellence in its exercise, the most commanding endowments, the most delicate gifts, and the most varied acquirements, will partly, but not wholly, account for it. It cannot spring from the peculiarities of the age, the demands of the public, the common standard of taste, or any adverse influences external to the pulpit, for nothing else in the world is so universally loved and admired, so enthusiastically followed and applauded, as eloquence. The splendid orator is almost apotheosized. It cannot result from any insurmountable obstacles whatever, as is proved by the brilliant examples of success scattered here and there as exceptions to the lamentable generality. It must arise from one of four causes, all of which are to be sought in the clergy themselves.

They either have not talent enough for eloquence; or they consider it comparatively unimportant and beneath the dignity of a divine religion; or they are unwilling to pay the price of its attainment in patient study; or, finally, they do not know in what it consists, and thus miss it while they seek it.

In regard to the first of these causes it may be said, that if a man has not talent enough to urge the objects of Christianity with the power of eloquence, he has no right to stand in the high place of the Christian ministry. Men are needed there who have talent, and can command respect, and exert a controlling influence upon the community. No good man, indeed, whose heart is devoted to Christ and God, and whose labors are acceptable to his people, should be excluded from the Lord's vineyard because his talents are not such as enable him to exhibit the highest forms of eloquence. Such a man will still preach with much success. He will have the eloquence of earnest sincerity, energy, faithful devotion to duty, fervent piety, and self-sacrificing labor in the cause of humanity. And these *are* eloquent. They plead with moving pathos and power. Every preacher can be eloquent, in this sense, if he will; and he who is not has no business to be a minister. Let not this judgment be deemed severe. Any one, who could know how much injury is done to the cause of religion by the incompetency of its servants, would be amazed and grieved to the very heart. Any kind of weakness or unworthiness in an advocate is but too apt to reflect those qualities upon his cause in the estimation of

others. A large class of persons of talent and cultivation, but indifferent to religion, will not spend their Sabbaths in listening to men whose abilities and personal qualities give them no claim to attention, whose entreaties and warnings seem too much like inherited formulas mechanically repeated from memory, or the unmeaning technicalities of professional cant. One of the deadliest foes to pulpit eloquence is this professional, technical style, so very prevalent among preachers. Suppose every preacher in our country to-day to be an eloquent and truly good man; with what glorious rapidity the power of the Gospel would extend, and its fruits appear! Right speedily would the moral desert bloom like a rose, and the Mexican and the American lie down together in peace. Such ought to be the fact. The Christian ministry is not a profession to be reserved, as a forlorn hope, for those unable to succeed in any other. The labors of the pulpit orator are noble enough, and difficult enough, to call for the consecration of the very first order of talent.

In the second place, to say that ministers should not seek the aid of common and natural means to recommend the doctrines and precepts of religion, but should rely wholly upon the grandeur of the subject, the justice of the cause, and the assistance of God, is the part of fanatics, not of wise men. It is contrary to the analogy of all life and labor, and the teachings of all experience. As well might we rely upon the fertility of the earth, the hunger of man, and the goodness of Heaven, for a harvest, without sowing seed or cultivating the soil. If it be beneath the dignity of religion to ask the services of poetry, painting, and eloquence, it is unworthy of her high vocation to call for any human aid, and her cause should be left altogether in the hands of God. The little which is done proves that more ought to be done. The Father of lights works through instrumentalities, and sends down every good and perfect gift in answer to toil. The more noble and weighty a subject is, the more does it demand to be presented with a power and impressiveness commensurate with its importance. The more exalted and momentous the theme to be treated, the more extensive and profound should be the acquirements of scholarship, and the higher and more splendid the gifts of genius, brought to its treatment. A low and trivial subject may be put forth in a low and trivial way, perhaps, with some appearance of propriety. But immortality and virtue should be proclaimed

with an unction and an eloquence to be obtained by nothing but the deepest experience, the largest culture, and the severest discipline, based upon good talents, a pure character, and an unspotted life. The promulgation of Christianity merits the energy and the power of a god. There was a minister once who preached "Christ, and him crucified," so eloquently, that his auditors cried out, — "Behold, the gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." O that our pulpits held such orators as Paul!

If the third reason given for the dulness of preaching be a real one, and any minister is unwilling to pay the price of eloquence in labor, he is evidently unworthy of his station. For every purpose of Christianity requires that it have eloquent servants. The sins and sufferings of the world need this. The capacities of men for good and evil deserve it. All the interests of time and eternity to be pleaded claim it. The holy cause of truth itself demands it. And the opposing temptations and passions of earth and sense must have it. Men study eloquence long and well that they may get gold and acquire an earthly fame. And they get the gold and acquire the fame. And shall not the minister of the Gospel be willing to study it with equal assiduity, that he may conquer sin, diminish wrong, enlighten minds, save souls, purify society, do God's will, fulfil his own destiny, and win a crown which shall sparkle the more brilliantly in heaven, the more laboriously it was struggled for upon earth? By doing this, he will at the same time distinguish himself as a faithful and useful man. So that every motive, from the very highest to the very lowest, conspires to urge the preacher to qualify himself for wielding the weapons of eloquence. The pulpit affords the best opportunity for the gratification of that ambition which alone is pure and honorable before God and man; — a desire to do more good and be better than others; a sincere wish to have an excellent spirit, a spirit "finely touched" for "fine issues"; a noble aspiration to deserve to stand among the true heroes of the world, its best benefactors. The entire system of means for accomplishing this result centres in one focus to form eloquence. And by eloquence is meant no narrow and petty thing, but that grand aggregate of mind, heart and soul, character, talent and learning, which constitutes personal power.

The last cause we mentioned of the deficiency of pulpit eloquence is, that ministers sometimes fail of obtaining it in

consequence of misunderstanding its nature. No doubt, most preachers wish for eloquence, and strive for it with more or less earnestness. But how miserably they fail any one will be convinced, in nine cases out of ten, by listening to them a few minutes. One thinks eloquence consists in the thunder and lightning of speech; and he splits his throat, and tears his lungs, ranting and raving like a madman. He mistakes noise for force, superficial excitement for central intensity. He labors, not to be, but to seem, eloquent. Another considers it to lie in fanciful finish, in easy calmness and repose; and, not daring to esteem "a splendid failing more than a petty good," he writes and indolently reads off his pretty little essays, as glittering as icicles in the sun, and as cold too, and without a fault in them. Such performances may approach as near to eloquence, as a human form, beautifully executed in wax, approaches to the condition of a man, but no nearer. A third supposes it to be composed of good common sense, extensive information, and sound logic; he looks upon enthusiasm with horror, thinks it fanatical to be "zealously affected," and every Sunday preaches a sensible sermon as dry as a husk, or reads a dull collection of sentences strung together in cold continuity. The objection to this style of preaching is, that all its eloquence is like heat in an iceberg, latent. A fourth is perfectly satisfied that it is neither more nor less than the fruit of a fervid imagination; and having ransacked earth and heaven for imagery, his discourse is beautiful all over with rainbow hues, like its emblem, the bubble, and, like that, it is also hollow. He forgets that brilliant rhetoric without sterling thought is as useless as a house without an inhabitant, worthless as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Thus, one fails from one false notion, another from another. Some, also, fall below "the prize of its high calling" from indifference. They have heard of eloquence, they know there is such a thing, and that is all. It concerns not them, and therefore they care not for it. Of course they have none of it; for it is not a free gift, it does not thrust itself upon men. Brute strength is not obtained without labor; much less eloquence, the completest development and loftiest adornment of man.

He who wishes to possess the power of eloquence should first acquire a correct and adequate knowledge of what it is,

and then find out the means of cultivating it, and use them with faithful perseverance. To define and discuss its nature fully would require a volume. It would be comparatively useless too; that is something which each one must do for himself in order to reap much benefit from it. The chief object of eloquence has been said to be pleasure. But the wit and humorist please us, yet no one would call them eloquent. The reason is, that eloquence pleases, not by the gratification of mirthfulness, but by its harmony with truth, its adaptedness to the constitution of our entire nature. Pleasure, however, is never an ultimate object of true eloquence. It is only a means by which eloquence effects its objects. These objects are three; instruction, conviction, and persuasion. The attainment of all these objects is not, however, enough to constitute eloquence, for a person may instruct, convince, and persuade, by baldly presenting the truth, without being in the slightest degree eloquent. But whatever helps a man to effect these objects will also help him to be eloquent. Men may be eloquent, too, without achieving a single one of these objects. What *is* eloquence, then? Its true and full definition is, power exerted by one upon others, — power in a speaker, or writer, to make others sympathize with him, to call up in them the same emotions that exist in himself, to make them feel, think, act, as he would have them. The essential thing in eloquence is the possession and exhibition of personal power, which is the crowning glory of the gifted worker, the truthful and truth-loving man.

From the definition now given, it will be perceived that the striking and noble characteristic of eloquence is its universality. It has no limits within which it is "cabined, cribbed, confined." It is a perfect and universal whole. It is applicable to every subject. It can spring from the whole nature of the speaker, lay tribute upon the whole universe, and appeal to the whole nature of the hearer. This is the reason why eloquence, in its highest manifestations, is so incomparably the most thrilling and fascinating of all things. It touches more sympathetic chords, awakening more feelings of kindred power, than any thing else, and thus makes us, while under its influence, more vividly and completely conscious of our existence and personality than at any other time. The same fact also places in a strong point of view

the exceeding difficulty of eloquence, and thus explains to some extent its rarity and fitfulness. For where shall we find one with a nature perfectly developed? Where shall we find one with all truth at his command, ready to be used? Where shall we find an assembly capable of appreciating these? A man's power of eloquence is in proportion to the completeness and intensity of his nature, and the extent and readiness of his knowledge. In different persons it is as various as the members of the human race, being bounded in each by his nature and culture. He who would be eloquent, then, should, as a means, strive for perfection, by the completest development of every faculty, and the most energetic exercise of every power. Always, the men most eloquent are really the greatest men. At least, the greatest men have the greatest power of eloquence. As we call to mind those most renowned in the annals of eloquence, such names as Pericles, Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, Bacon, Chatham, and Burke cluster together in the most splendid constellation that studs the dome of the temple of fame.

No form of weakness can be eloquent. Eloquence is power. It is, then, the presence of excellences, not an absence of faults. It is a positive, not a negative quality, and of course must be based upon reality. Pretension and sham are its most irreconcilable foes. Affectation, assume what form it may, is the artifice by which weakness attempts to conceal its deficiency. It is the swollen strut of a pigmy imitating a giant, the hollow bluster of a coward striving to pass for a brave man. It is weak, negative, false, and for that reason wholly incompatible with eloquence, which is founded upon positive truth, candor, and strength. To be eloquent, it is necessary to be natural, frank, and honest; to have that without, a fair exponent of that within. Humanity is for ever loyal to heroism, glad to pay homage to personal power, proud to bow before a real king. Eloquence imperatively demands that its aspirant be bold, resolute, intrepid, — that there be nothing little or mean in him, or about him, — that he eschew and despise all plots and tricks, as beneath him, — that he sink cunning in wisdom, for the higher comprehends the lower. The great orator, in his triumphant moods, compels even his enemies to kneel and confess his nobility. But the slightest trace of cowardice breaks the spell. It is the ass's ear peeping through the lion's skin, fatal at once. The well-known eloquence of the rude men

of primitive times was the result of freedom from affectation and artifice, and of truth to nature in expressing their real emotions. To deceive nature is most difficult, and affectation is very sure to be detected. Before the awful presence of reality it shrivels, and dwindles away, and is not.

The manliness and dignity which come from a proper self-respect and self-possession add vastly to an orator's power. But there is hardly any thing else that detracts so much from his effectiveness, that so strongly argues littleness, and that so deeply displeases and prejudices an audience, as any manifestation of self-consciousness or egotism. For great personal power, a certain undisturbed self-command seems indispensable. But selfish vanity is both contemptible and hateful. To the pulpit orator there are four things standing in direct relation: his God, his subject, his hearers, and himself. He should remember the first three, and forget the last. Let him lose himself entirely in the truths he utters, the souls he addresses, the God he serves. In this way only will he reach the grand strains of oratory, and achieve the lofty triumphs of eloquence. Above all things, let him not dare to be proud, to feel that he is sufficient unto himself. O, it is pitiful to see a proud man! "There is none of the virtues doth sit so royally on a man as humility." All his life and strength are from One mightier than he. If "there is a spirit in" him, it is "the inspiration of the Almighty" that "giveth him understanding." It must be wisdom, then, in him, humbly to confess his own weakness and give the glory to God from whom "cometh his help," lest, "when the people give a shout, the Lord smite him, and he give up the ghost." Man becomes great by becoming the medium of greatness, the channel of truth, the instrument of God. His noblest privilege is, to be permitted to behold more of the light of heaven and reflect it to others. And to do this with sincere love is the chief source of personal power and the very foundation of eloquence. The greatest man is generally the most humble, the most conscious that his power is not his own, but derived. He is more sensible of dependence, because he sees more clearly the sources of his strength. And this clearer vision is one reason of his superiority. The original personal greatness of the greatest man is a very little thing, a very trivial affair. But there is an infinite greatness. Forms of truth and might, the presence and action of God, are infinite. And the wise man is

therefore wise, the strong man is therefore strong, because, by fulfilling the required conditions, he has increased his personal resources through the various assistance of the laws of the universe, the endless help of God. He does this by bringing himself, through thought, labor, and prayer, into harmony with the everlasting principles of wisdom and love, — harmony with the profoundest elements of the nature of man, — harmony with the character and active purposes of God. "This," to quote the admirable language of Cudworth, "giveth him a kind of omnipotency, since it in a sort bindeth the universe to support him, and engageth the Almighty to be his upholder." It is the conscious presence of truth sincerely loved, truth more powerful far than king, or woman, or wine, which makes the great orator mightier than himself, and enables him to speak better than he knows. It is this that flashes in his eyes, trembles in his tones, illuminates his features, and dilates his whole frame. John Milton, than whom no man had a better right to speak, said, — "True eloquence I find to be none other than the sincere and hearty love of truth." The blood of heroes who have perished in obedience to this sentiment has hallowed the ground by a thousand shrines of martyrdom. Now the speaker whose soul is continually in this state is thereby placed in a sympathetic communication with the spirits of the great and good of all ages, and with the progress of the race in liberty, justice, virtue, truth, and love, which strengthens and inspires him with a power not his own,

"To strike the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Then the possession and the enthusiasm of those great principles which alone make man great pervade his whole being, and enable him, in the noble language of Talfourd,

"to shed
On ears abused by falsehood truths of power
In words immortal, — not such words as flash
From the fierce demagogue's unthinking rage,
To madden for a moment and expire, —
Nor such as the rapt orator imbues
With warmth of facile sympathy, and moulds
To mirrors radiant with fair images,
To grace the noble fervor of an hour; —
But words which bear the spirits of great deeds

Winged for the future; which the dying breath
Of Freedom's martyr shapes as it exhales,
And to the most enduring forms of earth
Commits, — to linger in the craggy shade
Of the huge valley, 'neath the eagle's home,
Till some heroic leader bid them wake
To thrill the world with echoes!"

Experience is the great creator of power in the soul. Profound personal experience is the one great teacher of man, which scans the future with prophetic eye, and prepares for its emergencies from the past and the present, with growing power. It is by experience we build up the being we are. We do not know the meaning and use of any thing, nothing is really ours, until we have verified it, reproduced it, in our own experience, wrought it into the course of our thought, the custom of our feeling, the action of our life. The most momentous events will not awaken an emotion, the most thrilling thoughts will fall coldly upon us, unless we have something within us to recognize their grandeur and beauty. This something is mostly the gift of experience, using that word in its widest sense. There is a truth of vast moment in the remark which has been made, that "we see in an object what we bring the means of seeing." Experience ought to be so active and conscious a process, as to make us every day more capable of receiving valuable suggestions from every thing around us, more able and apt to appreciate and appropriate whatever of importance is contained in all we meet. Who, that intimately knows the history of any great man, does not know how his greatness grew up with his experience, little by little? None, but those who with an unfaltering faith in God have sounded the depths of suffering, comprehend the full meaning of the trite remark, that affliction is rich in experience. Adversity removes many delusions, and reveals many truths, which without it we should never understand. In the hour of woe we turn from the world to God. We turn our eyes from the shifting scenery of earth to the imperishable realities of heaven. We exchange, in that hour, the things of time and sense for the things of the soul and eternity. Then we penetrate deeper mysteries and ascend loftier heights than ever in the day of mirth or superficial content. Then we find a meaning in words we had before read with distrust.

"I know — is all the mourner saith —
Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death."

We can then realize that he who soweth in tears shall reap in joy; that, if we are faithful, the seeds of sorrow which sink into our hearts shall spring up unto a harvest of power. Experience is the prime fountain of eloquence. Nothing else can enable a man to use the materials of eloquence intelligently and consciously, with an earnest, vivid power. The following words, spoken of poetry, are equally applicable to oratory: —

"Expérience and imagination are
Mother and sire of song, — the harp and hand.
The bard's aim is to give us thoughts; his art
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.
And even when their looks are earthy, still,
If opened, like geodes, they may be found
Full of all brilliant sparkling loveliness."

No one can be an eloquent speaker who has not an eloquent experience within him. The chief condition of becoming an eloquent Christian minister is to have an eloquent Christianity in the heart.

A brief notice of the principal elements of eloquence, considered in the triple aspect of the man, the matter, and the manner, shall close the present article.

Among those considerations which the student of eloquence should ever bear in mind, his own character is preeminently of first importance. Character is that mysterious omnipresence in a man which constitutes his personality, and distinguishes him as an individual. Including his constitution, talent, tact, and something more, it expresses in a single word the aggregate of all he is. The character of a person at any given time is the sum of results produced by the powers and tendencies of his whole nature, and the entire experience of his life up to that time. Rejecting all mere seeming, it comprehends the whole reality of his consciousness. One's character determines his preferences and aversions, and, accordingly, to a great extent decides the nature and value of his productions. Affinities and repulsions are as influential in the phenomena of the spiritual world, as they are in those of the chemical world. Contraries hate each other, while like loves like, and seeks it. The same gener-

al law, which makes all things appear yellow to the jaundiced eye, renders a man's power of appreciation dependent upon his character; and this dependence is rendered still more important by the mutual relations between all subjects of thought, and the logical connection of all truths. His power of origination, also, is shown to be closely dependent upon his character, by that intimate inter-dependence of all the faculties of his nature, which is proved by a correct psychology. And if what a man *can* do depends very much upon his character, what he *will* do depends almost entirely upon it. That a great orator must be a good man is a remark older than Greece and Rome. There are two reasons for it. It increases his power in itself considered, and also enlarges the confidence reposed in him by his audience. Neither of these advantages can be easily overestimated; because, in the first place, the foundation of all personal power, all real greatness, is merit, real merit, of some kind, — and every form of merit is included in a self-forgetful, single-hearted, and all-pervading supreme love of truth; and secondly, because the reputed character of a speaker will essentially affect the interpretation put upon his sentiments and the weight attached to his words by others. The same speech, which is powerful as a two-edged sword when spoken by a man whose character is revered and loved, will prove wholly abortive when uttered by a man whose character is pitied and despised. It was said not long ago by one who himself exemplifies the remark, that the highest eloquence is always projected from a background of indefinite personal greatness or reserved power. Behind the speech there is a speaker greater than all words. The power put forth suggests a power kept back, which the imagination renders fearful. The eloquence of a minister's life and character, therefore, should give emphasis to that of his lips, and plead for him when he is dumb. When, at the close of the Revolution, Washington resigned his sword in the Senate, amid the tears of a represented nation, the patriotism, the fortitude, the awful integrity he had manifested, were more eloquent than the words he spoke. In order that the structure of eloquence be permanent and imposing, it must rise from the solid foundations of a massive and kingly character; it must be reared upon Christian truth by Christian love.

Nothing is more obvious than the importance of great and

various mental abilities to the orator. No man stands in so great need of universal talent as he. After moral greatness the highest quality of speech is intense intellectual power, and this, more than all else, is absolutely indispensable to distinguished oratorical success. Patrick Henry might triumph in the halls of eloquence without learning (though he was thoroughly informed in relation to the subjects upon which he spoke), but without this master-power he could never have triumphed. For marked, continuous influence over an audience, a speaker must be able either to advance new trains of thought, or to present old ones in new forms, and clustering with new associations and suggestions. To do either of these with striking effect, he must have talents securing to him at the same time correctness, versatility, brilliancy, and profoundness. He must have, as the first orators have had, superior powers of origination, combination, analysis, appropriation, expression, and illustration, that he may dissect the subtilest passions, unravel the most entangled meshes of sophistry, worthily portray the qualities of virtue and vice, and hold up the polished mirror of truth and nature before his fellow-men. Every possible gift, whether in apprehension, creation, or utterance, is of great use in the service of eloquence. Each little talent, each little growth, helps to make up that rare array of diverse yet accordant powers which once in a while meet to form one of those minds,

> "which shed great thoughts
> As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves
> In a kindly largess to the soil it grew on."

Such a mind is necessary for real eminence in oratory, — a mind with a curiosity sharp enough to question, an intellect strong enough to understand, an imagination active enough to vivify, and a memory tenacious enough to retain, all things. Eloquence is something which "cannot be brought from far." "It must exist in the man." Unless, therefore, the fire burn while he muses, unless he can originate it by his own force, he cannot be a true orator. A great and harmonious mind, like Shakspeare's, for instance, is eloquent at will, and without any laborious effort. Its own action is naturally eloquent, in consequence of its power and harmony.

In the analysis of eloquence made by most persons, far too little importance is allowed to those qualities which de-

pend most intimately upon the temperament of the speaker. We rarely attach due weight to the offices and influences of feeling. Frenchmen are said to be almost always eloquent; Dutchmen, hardly ever. A dull, heavy, sluggish movement of body and mind is the concomitant of a cold, phlegmatic temperament. Such a constitution, while it remains such, is utterly incompatible with that lofty and glowing enthusiasm indispensable to the great orator. Other things being equal, the degree of a man's eloquence will depend entirely upon his power of sympathy with things, persons, thoughts, and feelings, that is, upon the intensity of his sensations and perceptions, and the vividness of his ideas. When some *men* speak, all things seem to live and move, and you start with surprise and admiration. When others speak, all is tame, gloomy, and dead. The former have the earnest passion of an infusing soul, which the latter want. There is as striking a difference between the finest artistic arrangement of thoughts and fancies, when coldly produced by the intellect, and when animated with the Promethean fire of a genuine enthusiasm, as there is between a barren clod of earth, and that same clod when "the Lord God" has "breathed into it the breath of life" and it has become "a living soul." Whatever tends to increase the power of sympathy, by refining the sensibilities, or purifying and strengthening the passions, goes directly to increase the power of eloquence. There is sound philosophy in the idea, that strong emotions are a kind of inspiration, and enable one to make himself like an electric rod, a lure for lightning feelings. The student of eloquence, then, must make the cultivation of his affections a leading object of pursuit. He must cherish those sentiments and feelings which thrill to the heart whenever uttered, and make the blood leap in its pulses. To this end, let him live an inner life of growing intimacy and love with those things

> "Which always find us young,
> And always keep us so."

Let him be a lover of nature, for it is looking with love upon "the things that are seen," which renders them symbolical of "the things that are not seen," and leads man "through nature up to nature's God." A deep, heartfelt communion with the works of God spiritualizes a man, and, in the mysterious sympathies it awakens, opens some of the

most important sources of eloquence. The experience of Wordsworth has been that of others : —

> "For I have learned
> To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
> The still, sad music of humanity.
> . . . . . And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."

But above all, he who would be eloquent must have faith in God and man. He must have, springing from this faith, an earnest, self-sacrificing love for every law of God and every interest of man, as such. This alone will give him that absorbing conviction of the greatness of the cause in whose behalf his voice is to be lifted up, which will sweep away all lower considerations. And this is by far the most important requisite of eloquence. Power is the gift of faith. All those feelings which make men mighty naturally flow from faith. Extraordinary emergencies, giving rise to an intense faith in the justice or injustice of certain measures, have often kindled the coldest temperament to efforts of irresistible eloquence. Now the Christian minister should be so thoroughly penetrated and possessed by an unshaken faith in the good providence of God and the high destiny of man, and by a fervent love of doing good, that he can never stand in need of outward excitements even to set on fire every energy of his soul. The truth of Christianity should not lie in his mind as a dead formula, but live in his heart as a conscious, commanding presence. Then he will possess that formidable power which great reformers have had, when they

> "Scattered the living coals of truth
> Upon a nation's naked heart."

Then he can grasp the power of those aspirations that lie

> "Close by the brink of immortality."

Then he becomes sufficient for those great occasions on which the rights and interests of the race are put in peril. Haughty prelates and kings tremble then before a lone, hum-

ble man, who "can do all things through Christ strengthening him," — who cannot be turned back nor intimidated, because he is the servant of the Lord God Omnipotent. Let us have a love of God, and man, and truth, as real as our love of pleasure, and there shall no more complaint be heard about the rarity of pulpit eloquence! For the spiritual wants of our fellow-beings will be an incitement to ceaseless exertion, and the power of that infinite Being "on whose life-tide the stars are strewn like bubbles" will awe us from sin and folly, while his love wins us to wisdom and holiness, and his felt presence supports and inspires us.

Knowledge is one of the chief elements of all sterling and enduring eloquence, — that eloquence whose vitality does not depend on fascination of delivery. Facts and truths are the material of thoughts, and thoughts are the body of eloquence, without which it is a mere spirit and cannot be revealed by one to another. No principle ever mastered, no knowledge ever acquired, can be lost to the public speaker. If it be not turned to direct use, it will be of indirect assistance. For every new idea enhances the value of every old one by new relations and suggestions; and important truths, sinking into the mind, render it fertile with great thoughts. Everywhere and for ever men are like the Athenians who desired "always to hear or to tell some new thing." The more an orator knows, therefore, the greater will be his means of fastening the attention, gratifying the curiosity, and influencing the opinions of his auditors. The eloquence of such men as Cicero, Bacon, and Burke owed perhaps as much to their learning as to their genius; or rather, their learning entered into, and became an important part of, their genius. We may be assured, that without much learning, and much thought, there never was much true eloquence. He who aspires to its prizes must at every moment, and in all ways, be a learner. He will not be guilty of the folly of completing his education in seven years. He will strive to comprehend the laws of the universe, from those that regulate the tidal movements of that vast sea of stars which rolls through immensity its waves of worlds, to those that explain the microscopic beauties of the violet's cup. He will trace the lessons of history, from "the dim traditions of time's first golden moments," to the clear light of modern ages. He will try to master those philosophical systems which are the efforts of the giant minds of the race to solve

the problems of being. In a word, he will labor with indefatigable industry to familiarize himself with the more important facts in all branches of learning, from the infinite domain of theology to the minute mysteries of the animalcular world. Truth furnishes the basis and substance of eloquence, which to be complete only waits to be impregnated with ethereal fire and decked with associated beauty. The more knowledge an orator has at hand to work with, then, the greater are his materials, and the better is his chance of success.

A speaker may possess all the other qualifications for eloquence, and wholly neutralize their effect by the lack of perspicuity of thought and statement. He may have the inspiration of Homer, the learning of Plato, the action of Roscius, and the logic of Aquinas, yet, if his hearers cannot understand what he means, he will be little better to them than a natural fool. Unintelligibility is as strong a presumptive proof of muddiness as it is of depth, and casts much severer reproach upon the speaker than upon the audience; for it is his business to make himself understood. Obscurity is almost the worst fault of style; perspicuity, one of the most useful, pleasing, and beautiful merits. There are two qualities of style of such surpassing excellence as to excuse a multitude of minor defects. We mean an evident, hearty earnestness, pervading every line, and a crystal clearness, as noticeable as that of a transparent lake. These qualities imply truth to nature, and lead to all the desirable traits which characterize the best style. They confer upon a style an irresistible energy and an inexhaustible affluence. They give it an endless variety, by causing it to adapt itself to the peculiarities of subject, thought, and occasion. That habit, which some have, of expressing all things in one dull, unvarying style, as if all things were just alike, is a fatal foe to eloquence, because it is a gross violation of nature. It is most true that "great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet," but it is full as true that the glory of form ought to correspond with the grandeur of soul, — that nature commands a different utterance for great thoughts, and a different reception for great deeds, from those given to petty thoughts and mean deeds. "Truths of power" deserve to be uttered "in words immortal." The very words used by a great orator in his grander moods haunt us for ever after. Language seems to be his living and conscious slave. Mil-

ton's statement is its own proof, — that "whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others; when such a man would speak, his words (by what I can express), like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places." There is but one way in which a man can make himself master of a style capable of doing justice to all his abilities, and that is, by unceasing labor consciously directed to that object.

But of all the instrumentalities of eloquence, perhaps none has met with such general, deep, unmerited, and unfortunate neglect among us as the cultivation of the voice. An eminent elocutionist states, that in our country not one public speaker in a hundred has a passably good voice, and as small a proportion pay any attention whatever to its culture. No wonder, then, that but few men speak eloquently. Why! if a class of men should be as unwise in their business as this, they would at once be called arrant fools, so far forth. Who has not heard tones drawn from a musical instrument, that have vibrated with a wild power through his whole frame, and others that have filled his heart with sadness and his eyes with tears? But there is no instrument which for power over the soul can be compared with the human voice. Now we should deem that musician mad, who did not, before attempting to enchant people by his performances, make himself master, not only of his science, but also of the hidden powers of his instrument, by the intelligent and persevering study and practice of years. And yet we act as if we expected that the most marvellous voice of man, an organ which "can discourse most eloquent music," an instrument of more wonderful and various powers than any other, the only one with a spirit of immortality in it, might be played upon to perfection without any arduous practice, might be mastered far "more easily than a pipe." Not so have thought the greatest orators the world has ever seen. Knowing that power must be earned before it can be had, that price and value are equal, they have labored with unwearied efforts to develop and perfect the voice. We all know the example of Demosthenes, — how he spoke with pebbles in his mouth, to improve his articulation, — how he wandered on the sea-shore and mingled his voice with the roar of waves, to strengthen his lungs. And Cicero tells us, that for more than twenty

years he allowed scarcely a day to pass without studiously engaging in elocutionary exercises. And these were the orators whose power over men was almost without a limit; who could sway every passion of their hearers at will, now kindling their enthusiasm to a blaze, now melting them into tears and sobs, and now freezing their very blood with horror. Do we expect to wear their laurels, without performing their labors? Do we expect to possess and wield the grandest power our natures are capable of, without winning it by the most patient study and toil we can undergo? Let us learn better from our own failures, and from the brilliant success and usefulness of those men whose voices

> "Have shed celestial music on the breeze,
> As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
> Befits the lip of Phœbus."

It is wonderful how much of the effect of oratory depends upon the quantity and quality of the voice, — how frequently a bad voice entirely destroys the eloquent effect of a splendid passage, and how often an address, which passes for a magnificent performance when delivered, proves to be a trivial and trashy affair when published. The tones of a fine voice are eloquent in themselves, apart from what is spoken, and add to a speaker's power, not only by their immediate effect upon his hearers, but also by kindling his own emotions and enabling him to feel thoroughly what he says. There is a strong natural tendency to adapt the style of composition to the quality of voice, and this is an important secret of effective speaking. The action of a cultivated, sonorous voice is also conducive to health, and exerts an exhilarating influence upon the mind. But a bad voice, being generally ill-managed, interferes with the healthy action of the organs of speech, irritates the delicate texture of the vocal apparatus, and induces painful and dangerous disease. Its weak, shrill, cracked tones, also, are enough to neutralize a host of good qualities in a speech. The profound logician, the brilliant rhetorician, ought also, and all the more for those very reasons, to be a good elocutionist. Is it not too bad, that by neglecting the culture of the voice, by not acquiring that volume, compass, majesty, sweetness, brilliancy, and flexibility which patient and judicious practice alone can give, so many men of fine genius and erudition permit themselves to be thrown into the shade by persons who have "vox, et

præterea nihil" ? It is as important that momentous thoughts and noble sentiments be expressed by the tones of voice as by the arrangement of words. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" deserve to be uttered in tones that will strike to the very depths of our being. There is no excuse for the neglect of elocution. Every inducement urges the public speaker to attend to it. The cause of truth and humanity demands it. It is the Christian minister's duty in the sight of God and man to fit himself for the utmost usefulness of which he is capable. But a defective voice, a poor elocution, greatly lessens his power in the pulpit, and it is, therefore, not merely his interest, but his solemn duty, to remedy it. Such an elocution cannot do any thing like justice to his real merits and abilities. It cannot let the words fall from the tongue with a natural and graceful ease, like new coins, neatly finished, from the mint. Above all, it cannot vary in harmony with the varying nature of the sentiment and the varying importance of the thought. It either rushes on in a little stream of conversational small talk, or drowns the ear in a tedious monotony of ponderous declamation, in both instances equally violating the most imperative requirements of genuine eloquence. Strict truth to nature requires as great a variety in the delivery of a speech, as there is in its thought and feeling, and this cannot be effected without a finished elocution. It is very evident that one of the chief conditions of a noble oratory must remain unfulfilled, until eloquent thoughts, eloquently clothed, are also eloquently uttered.

He who has studied the history of eloquence in the lives of its most successful examples, or has carefully analyzed the sources of any popular orator's power, will certainly not deem some attention to personal deportment and the graces of action beneath his notice. Demosthenes said, that "action" was the first, second, and third requisite for an orator. And a Roman historian declared of Hortensius, that his action was so fascinating, that many did not know whether they went to the forum to see him or to hear him. There are tricks of action resorted to for petty effect, which no one should stoop to imitate. But a pleasing, dignified bearing, a graceful, impassioned action, add in no small degree to a speaker's power, and therefore are worthy of his attention. To excel in this department of eloquence, he must detest all affectation. He must throw fear, constraint, and stiffness to

the winds. He must cultivate a thorough sincerity and naturalness, yet with an eye to grace and energy. With a reference to his own improvement, let him investigate the forms and motions of nature, study the standard specimens of art in painting and sculpture, and observe the best living models around him.

The reason why there are so few examples of eminent success among the votaries of eloquence is, the completeness of powers, the universality of endowment, necessary for it. Some men are fine rhetoricians, but never eloquent, on account of meagreness of thought, the absence of a solid substratum of truths. Others are profound logicians, but never eloquent, on account of coldness, obscurity, tedious detail, or repulsive formality. There is an ultimate union, of dependence and sympathy, between all the faculties of man's nature. This connection is singularly intimate and influential. It renders man a unit, and makes it necessary for him to be addressed as a whole, before eloquence can do its perfect work. The facts of consciousness prove that the imagination loves to be treated reasonably, and that reason delights in the company of the graces, taste, fancy, and imagination. Reason, ruling by divine right as king over the other faculties, is jealous if they attempt any action without its own presence and sympathy. Yet it is a kind and social monarch, unwilling to engage in any enterprise without the companionship and coöperation of the subjects which it rules, yet loves. This implies something of the arduousness of the task undertaken by the student of eloquence. But if the attainment be difficult, it is also glorious. Surely no self-consecration and denial, no study and toil of years, should seem too severe to him who, by perfecting his nature, would increase his eloquence, and render himself not wholly unworthy to stand among those noble men who have been the faithful servants of God in the Church. For eighteen centuries the world has been taught by men inspired with the spirit of Christ and the truth of his religion, whose thrilling tones have made the wicked tremble and the righteous rejoice. God has at no time left himself without witnesses whose pure and lofty eloquence has wrought mightily for the salvation of souls and the progress of humanity. Christianity has never wanted her champions endued with the invincible might of an eloquence from heaven, and God forbid she ever should! Armed with the faith and love of the cross, their lips touched with a

burning coal, they have gone forth "conquering and to conquer." From that awful night in which the rude barbarians, sent to seize the meek and lowly Jesus, exclaimed, "Never man spake like this man," — from the memorable time when Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and before trembling Felix, — through the dark age when the honest words of Luther made the Roman hierarchy shake like a coward, and gave an undying impulse to the dissemination of the knowledge and enjoyment of the most sacred rights of man, — down to the present hour, — by the eloquence of its Apostles, the lives of its heroes, and the blood of its martyrs, — the kingdom of heaven has been extending its realms and gathering in its subjects. During its progress, how many eloquent lips have been sealed, how many tongues of fire are silent and cold now! But their words have left echoes to linger in the air and haunt the holy shrines of history for ever. And blessed be God for the living voices in his Church, whose earnest appeals even now are falling upon our ears, in behalf of that Christianity whose complete triumph is destined "in the good time coming" to sweep away the contaminations of sin and regenerate the whole earth.

A word more only, in conclusion. Eloquence is the thrill of power and delight with which nature recognizes truth. Its highest forms require a complete harmony with truth, and the perfection of the orator rests on the perfection of the man. His thoughts must be truth to the mind, his voice music to the ear, and his action grace to the eye. For the attainment of such results he must love the Lord his God with his whole heart, mind, soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself. He must take delight in all forms of goodness, beauty, and truth. He must feel in his single breast the heroism of a thousand men. He must have nerves firm as iron, sensibilities delicate as the sensitive leaf, a will unbending as adamant, a heart so sympathizing that he cannot help weeping with those that weep and rejoicing with those that rejoice, a rigid correctness of logic, a striking fertility of illustration, a diction fluent like a stream, clear like crystal, and varied like sunset, a memory loaded with the golden fruits of a ripe scholarship and a liberal culture, and a character pure, generous, commanding, aspiring evermore to God. Imagine one who realizes all this, and in the person of the perfect man stands before you the embodiment of the Christian orator.

W. R. A.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Discourses on the Lord's Prayer. By Rev. JASON WHITMAN, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Lexington, Mass. Portland: S. H. Colesworthy. 1847. 18mo. pp. 239.

THIS is an excellent little volume, containing eleven discourses, — seven on the different clauses and petitions of the Lord's Prayer, one on "The Devotional Habits of the Saviour," one on "Prayer, a Duty and a Privilege," one on "Helps and Hindrances to Prayer," and one on "Family Prayer." A different arrangement would have added, we think, to the interest and impression of the volume. The general topics, "Prayer, a Duty and a Privilege," etc., should have been discussed first; then "The Devotional Habits of the Saviour" might have been presented, and thus the mind have been led along, and prepared for that which is evidently intended to be the main purpose of the volume, and to leave the strongest impression on the mind, namely, the Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, which Mr. Whitman justly observes in the first sermon "is not to be regarded as a prescribed form to be used by all men on all occasions, to the exclusion of all other prayers," but "is to be considered rather as containing the elements of an appropriate and acceptable prayer, — and is important, not merely that we may imprint its words upon our memories, but that we may impress its tone of feeling, and its general spirit, upon our hearts." We know not that we are correct in this criticism. We can only say, that in reading the volume through in course, the arrangement of the topics was not in harmony with our feelings. When we had finished the Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, we were disposed to lay the book down and commune with God in spirit, and meditate upon the beauty and majesty of that character whose example and whose words had been so clearly and so forcibly presented to us. We were not prepared, we were not disposed, to be led on to any general discussions. We wished these had been presented first. Others, however, may not experience this defect (if it be a defect) in the arrangement; and all will admit that the volume forms a valuable addition to our works on practical religion.

Mr. Whitman writes with an earnest purpose, in a direct, clear, forcible style, addressing himself to the conscience and the understanding, to convince and persuade, rather than to the heart, to awaken momentary emotion and feeling. In reading these Discourses, we were reminded, by contrast, of a criticism we once heard made upon a sermon, — that the writer in preparing

it "paid more attention to the words than to the thoughts." This surely cannot be said of Mr. Whitman. His chief attention is evidently occupied with what he has to say, rather than how he shall say it. While his style has no great rhetorical polish or finish, it is commonly accurate, always clear and forcible, and his writings always interest and instruct, because we find in them just and strong thought, flowing naturally and easily from a clear mind and an earnest heart. These are eminently the characteristics of the volume before us, which we trust will be extensively read. As a clear and satisfactory exposition of the spirit and meaning of the Lord's Prayer, it is valuable, and no one can read the whole volume without having a deep devotional feeling awakened, or without finding himself largely instructed as to the method by which this feeling is to be cultivated, and the manner in which it should express itself. * L.

The Christian Liturgy, and Book of Common Prayer; containing the Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Apostolic Catholic, or Universal Church of Christ. With Collects and Prayers, and Extracts from the Psalter or Psalms of David. Also a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1845. 18mo. pp. 458.

We have no idea who the author or compiler of this volume may be, nor do we know whether it is used by any body of Christians among us. Though its title-page bears the date of 1845, we believe it has but recently been offered to the public. It has evidently been prepared with great care, and by one who feels that in a true worship of God the main thing is a thoroughly devout spirit. The religious feeling which pervades it, and its freedom from — what is too common both in liturgical and extemporaneous prayers — an attempt to make the devotions of the church a means of indoctrinating the worshippers in a sectarian creed, would be sufficient to commend it to attention.

But we are led to notice it particularly, because of the purpose which it has in view. Its object is to provide a liturgy which shall comprehend those doctrines, and those only, which are essential to guide the mind in a right worship of God. It is obvious that men who differ as to the origin of sin, or as to the precise nature of the atonement, may nevertheless equally love God, may be alike grateful to him for his mercy, and desire his approval, and seek his will, and adore his infinite perfections. They may differ on many theological questions, and yet may have the same sentiments of devout trust and reverential grati-

tude, and may equally feel the need of the Divine help. If they may thus agree in what is essential to devotion, why may they not unite in religious worship? If they will abstain from obtruding into the act of worship those theological speculations which have no necessary connection with it, why may they not bow together before that God whom they all adore? The volume before us is founded on this idea. Its professed purpose is, not to teach a creed, but to give expression to those feelings which should be in man's heart when he looks up to God. It would leave the theological questions on which sects divide to be settled by each individual in his own way, while it would draw all Christian people together in the sentiment and offices of devotion. It may be doubted whether it is possible for a plan like this to be fully carried into effect. But it is so desirable that Christians should feel that the holiest union is that which is based on similarity of moral and religious sentiment and purpose, rather than on a metaphysical creed, — the unity of a devout spirit amidst diversities of speculative opinions, — that any effort to promote such a state of things must be held in honor.

The basis of this volume is the Book of Common Prayer used by the Episcopal Church in this country. It contains, with slight alterations, its forms of prayer and its order of service. But something is added to the devotional part, and more subtracted from the doctrinal part. In the forms, there would seem to be a leaning towards the Catholic Church. We find not only the sign of the cross made on the child's forehead in baptism, but the altar may have on it a crucifix, and at communion-time lighted candles, as emblems and memorials of the most important events in Christian history, while among "spiritual works of mercy" are reckoned prayers for the dead as well as the living. From its articles of faith every thing like Calvinism is carefully and thoroughly weeded out. The liberal tone of the author's mind is seen in the aid which he has derived from a little work of Dr. Channing, in framing a catechism for children. Yet he is no Unitarian. He is not only a Trinitarian, but he has presented the doctrine of the Trinity in a new form. He supposes that there is one only true and Almighty God, the great Spirit of the universe. "From this Godhead there are three beings in union, — the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." These three beings, mysteriously united, are apparently emanations from the Supreme and Almighty God of the universe, through and in whom he manifests himself, and by whom he created, and saves, and blesses the world. Each of them sustains such relations to man as to be a proper object of religious worship. And thus we have prayers and acts of adoration addressed, separately, to Almighty God, to our Father in heaven, to our Saviour Jesus Christ, to the Holy Ghost, and to the Trinity.

The volume contains a good selection of hymns, and some pages of rules for devout living and for self-examination, such as are found in Catholic manuals. We have pointed out its principal peculiarities. The alterations from the Episcopal Liturgy are almost invariably improvements; and although it may not be destined to become the devotional manual of the "Universal Church," we have been interested in it as one of the indications of a tendency to a greater moral and spiritual union among Christian people, amidst many differences of speculative opinion.

P.

A System of Intellectual Philosophy. By Rev. Asa Mahan, President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, in the Oberlin Collegiate Institute. Second Edition. New York. 1847. 12mo. pp. 390.

Notwithstanding the jeers, and reasonings, and earnest and angry protestations of many well-meaning men, it is impossible not to see that Idealism or Spiritualism, under some of its various forms, is gradually gaining ground in England and in this country. Here we have the second edition of a manual of Intellectual Philosophy, prepared beyond the mountains by one who says, "The individuals to whom I feel most indebted as a philosopher are Coleridge, Cousin, and Kant"; who pronounces Cousin's criticism on Locke "one of the finest specimens of philosophic reasoning to be met with in any language"; and who says of Paley's Natural Theology, "To me such treatises appear really worse than useless, if presented as grounds of proof of the existence of God." It is but justice to add, that President Mahan, while he adopts, for the most part, Kant's analysis of the Reason, and Cousin's Method, thinks that he has detected important errors in both, which give a skeptical or a pantheistic tendency to their speculations.

We have no right to expect in every new text-book of philosophy a new philosophy; it is enough, if the form in which received doctrines are stated and illustrated is unexceptionable. President Mahan is not, however, a blind and slavish follower either in philosophy or in theology; but evinces, as occasion offers, an original, free, and acute mind. As evidence of this, we might refer to his treatment of several topics in the work before us; particularly, Association, Imagination, the Secondary Ideas of Reason, and the Intelligence of Man as distinguished from that of the Brute. We think that a careful reading of Mills's System of Logic would have led him to modify in some respects his chapter on Reasoning. As regards style and general execution, it is plain that the author has given a good deal of attention

to the division of the subject, and the arrangement of the parts; the form is also compact, and the diction is in most places appropriate; but a more rigid principle of exclusion would have left out a few passages clearly objectionable on the ground of judgment and taste. W.

Select Treatises of Martin Luther, in the original German, with Philological Notes, and an Essay on German and English Etymology. By B. Sears. Andover. 1846. 12mo. pp. 382.

This work of Professor Sears, while it does credit to his learning and diligence, will be serviceable to the public in various ways. A careful examination of it will show, what the compiler asserts in his Preface, that "particular attention has been paid to the peculiar structure and idioms of the [German] language, to the exact signification of difficult words, to synonymes, to the connection existing between etymology and usage, and, in short, to every thing which should tend to remove from the mind of the student vague generalities in respect to the meaning of words and phrases." The selection is made mostly from Luther's earlier writings, and embraces the "Sermon on Indulgences," published in 1517, his Exposition of the Thirty-seventh Psalm, and of John xiv., and two Addresses, one to the German nobility, in 1520, and the other on the subject of Public Schools, in 1525. The learner will find in the notes all the assistance he may desire; and though he will meet in the pieces given some antiquated expressions and constructions, he cannot fail to notice with admiration the fresh, glowing style, and vigorous, pithy thought of the great Reformer. L.

Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius. By Harriet Farley. First Series. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 300.

We do not understand this title; but we like the book. Miss Farley is well known to the public as the editress of the Lowell Offering, and most of the articles contained in this volume are republished from that work. They are very miscellaneous in form, style, and subject, — tales, phantasies, allegories, essays, and poems; but they all bear the marks of patient thought, varied culture, and a rich fancy, and are pervaded by a vein of sterling good sense and right moral feeling. We prize them for the eminently sober views of life which they offer, for the wholesome lessons of duty which they teach, and for the high incentives to industry and self-improvement which they present. We

prize them, too, for their healthy tone as regards the conventional distinctions of social life, — for their freedom from sycophancy and adulation on the one hand, and an agrarian and levelling spirit on the other. They would convey to a stranger a very just picture of the authoress, — an independent, self-respecting factory-girl, who is content to occupy her own position, to fill her place with duty and usefulness, and to leave her endowments of mind and heart to determine her social position and relations.

With the poetry in this volume we are more than pleased. We can understand it, feel it, and enjoy it. We have not indeed marvelled at it, as at Emerson's "Sphinx." Nor have we lost ourselves in the effort to trace back the sources of its inspiration to obscure fountains choked with the dust of unknown ages. But it has touched fountains of deep feeling in our own soul, and we frankly confess that we would give some half-dozen of those recent volumes of verse, which, in the charms of limping rhythm, inexplicable meaning, and hitherto inconceivable bathos, claim the uppermost regions of Parnassus, for a dozen more such pieces as "Lines to the Comet," "The Mouse's Visit," and "The Lame Child to her Mother." * P.

A Statistical View of the Population of Massachusetts, from 1765 *to* 1840. By JESSE CHICKERING. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 160.

MR. CHICKERING has with much care and diligence prepared a series of "Tables," accompanied by remarks, intended "to exhibit the increase of the population of Massachusetts, and the *changes* which have taken place in the number and proportions of the inhabitants in the several parts of the Commonwealth, during the period of seventy-five years," over which his researches extend. Every page bears marks of faithful industry. Considerable space is given to "the colored population"; and the whole pamphlet has a value beyond that which might suggest itself to one who should merely glance at its columns of figures. G.

A Treatise on Grammatical Punctuation; designed for Letter-writers, Authors, Printers, and Correctors of the Press; and for the use of Academies and Schools. By JOHN WILSON. Manchester: Printed and published by the Author. 1844. 12mo. pp. 120.

THE title of this book expresses its object with sufficient exactness. It is a small treatise, prepared by one who, both as a writer (author of "The Concessions of Trinitarians," and "Scrip-

ture Proofs and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism") and a printer, has had experience of the difficulties of an accurate punctuation, and of the carelessness of writers; who frequently send their manuscripts to the press, not only defaced by incorrect orthography, but deficient in the necessary points and marks, to the no small annoyance of compositors and correctors, to say nothing of the "sufferings" of editors from a similar cause. As a manual, it will afford help both to writers and printers. In general, we think Mr. Wilson's principles of punctuation sound, and they are well illustrated by examples. In comparison with some other labors in which the author (who, we are happy to say, has now transferred his residence to this city) has been engaged, this is an humble one; but those who are aware of the importance of punctuation in rendering the meaning of a writer clear and definite will duly appreciate its utility. L.

The Blessings of Sickness. Boston: S. G. Simpkins. 1847. 24mo. pp. 60.

THIS is a reprint of the sermon of Buckminster on the "Advantages of Sickness." It forms a neat minature volume, and is introduced by a short preface by one of our brethren, who justly calls it "a rare gem of pulpit eloquence and wisdom." L.

My Early Days. By WALTER FERGUSON. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1847. 16mo. pp. 144.

WE thank Mr. Greene for reprinting, in a fair type, this fictitious autobiography, which we read years ago with great delight, and have often asked for since at our bookshops in vain. G.

Justification. A Sermon preached December 13, 1846. By THOMAS T. STONE, Minister of the First Church in Salem. Salem. 1847. 8vo. pp. 19.

Ireland's Wants. A Sermon preached in the South Congregational Church in Lowell, February 21, 1847. By Rev. HENRY A. MILES. Lowell: O. March. 1847. 8vo. pp. 16.

The Account Rendered. A Sermon preached at Jamaica Plain, February 21, 1847. By JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. On resigning his Pastoral Office there. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 15.

A Discourse commemorative of the Life and Ministry of Rev. Zephaniah Willis, delivered before the First Congregational

Society in Kingston, March 14, 1847. *With an Appendix.* By AUGUSTUS R. POPE, Minister of the Society. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 47.

God and Our Country. A Discourse delivered in the First Congregational Church in Roxbury, on Fast Day, April 8, 1847. By GEORGE PUTNAM, Minister of that Church. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 8vo. pp. 29.

Eulogy on John Pickering, LL. D., President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Delivered before the Academy, October 28, 1846. Dy DANIEL APPLETON WHITE, Fellow of the Academy. Cambridge. 1847. 8vo. pp. 106.

The Bible, the Rod, and Religion in Common Schools, the Ark of God on a New Cart: a Sermon. By Rev. M. HALE SMITH. *A Review of the Sermon.* By WM. B. FOWLE, Publisher of the Massachusetts Common School Journal. *Strictures on the Sectarian Character of the Common School Journal.* By a MEMBER of the Mass. Board of Education. *Correspondence between the Hon. Horace Mann, Sec. of the Board of Education, and Rev. Matthew Hale Smith.* Boston: Redding & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 59.

Sequel to the so-called Correspondence between the Rev. M. H. Smith and Horace Mann, surreptitiously published by Mr. Smith; containing a Letter from Mr. Mann, suppressed by Mr. Smith, with the Reply therein promised. Boston: William B. Fowle. 1847. 8vo. pp. 56.

Reply to the Sequel of Hon. Horace Mann, being a Supplement to the Bible, the Rod, and Religion in Common Schools. By MATTHEW HALE SMITH. Second Edition. Boston: J. M. Whittemore. 1847. 8vo. pp. 36.

MR. STONE traces the doctrine of Justification through some of its prominent historical developments, points out the false ideas which have been connected with it, and states the true doctrine, which is simple and clear, and which furnishes a key to the correct interpretation of the Epistle to the Romans. His Sermon is the result of much thought, and demands thought in the reader; it is a fresh production, coming from his own mind, and not a mere compilation from theological text-books. — Mr. Miles does not attempt to stir the feelings by a picture of the distress of Ireland, but presents some just and forcible views on what he conceives to be the causes of that distress, that is, the ages of misrule under which she has suffered, and the many wrongs she has endured, which have kept her degraded, — "pressed down to the dust, — almost always at the starving point." — Mr. Allen's Sermon, on resigning his pastoral charge at Jamaica Plain, contains

a review of his short ministry there, and an exposition of the principles which guided him in a discharge of its duties, — manifesting a deep sense of ministerial responsibleness, and written in language simple, modest, and affectionate, and in a manly, Christian spirit, worthy of all commendation. — Mr. Pope's Discourse is what such a performance should be, containing a record of the more important incidents in the life of the deceased, with a tribute warm and reverential, but not overcharged with laudatory epithets, to his many excellences of character, — an "outline of the history of the parish" of which he was minister, being given in an Appendix. — Dr. Putnam's Discourse bears upon some of the questions of the day, particularly those which relate to the responsibility of individuals for the acts of the nation, and the course to be pursued when the nation, or its government, commits some great sin, — either, for example, engaging in an unjust and unnecessary war, or in some form recognizing and sanctioning slavery. He argues strenuously against the *ultra* doctrines frequently maintained in connection with these subjects. His reasons have great force, and seem to us to be founded on common sense and to be consistent with Christian principles.

Judge White deals in no general and extravagant panegyric, but with a beautiful simplicity and chasteness delineates the character and gives some account of the labors — professional, literary, and scientific — of one of the most distinguished scholars of our country. Great as was Mr. Pickering's fame, those not intimately acquainted with him will be surprised at the extent and variety of his acquisitions of which the Eulogy gives evidence. A very considerable portion of it is devoted, and we think properly, to his earlier days, his childhood and youth, showing under what influences his character was formed, and with what fidelity he used his privileges, laying broad and deep the foundation of his future reputation and usefulness. The value of such a life as an example to the young is beyond estimate.

The titles of the three pamphlets, the first of which commences with what has been called the "New Cart" Sermon, we have transcribed and given at length, but must spare ourselves the labor of comment. We will only say, that the Secretary of the Board of Education had, in our opinion, very just cause of complaint against Mr. Smith, and in the "Sequel to the so-called Correspondence" has presented him in an attitude in which no man of elevated moral feeling and delicate sensibility would think it very desirable to stand before the public, and that the "Reply" by Mr. Smith exhibits more passion and flippancy than sound argument, and does not relieve him from the charges brought against him by the Secretary.

INTELLIGENCE.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Ecclesiastical Record. — We are glad to notice indications of a returning sense of the importance of permanent ministerial relations. Four of our ministers, as we know, have been recently solicited to remove from congregations with which they were happily connected to other fields of usefulness, and have decided to remain with the people to whom their instructions had become alike familiar and dear. We do not call in question the right of a destitute congregation to invite a minister from another place, and circumstances may exist which shall render it proper for him to accept their invitation, even at the cost of dissolving pleasant bonds of professional life. But that the custom of brief ministries, and the expectation of such a ministry, on the part of both pastor and people, which now seems to prevail, are bad in their influence on the churches, on the clergy, on those who propose to enter the pulpit, and on the general interests of religion, we so strongly believe, that we cannot refrain from repeating our conviction, in the hope of awakening in other minds a concurrence with our judgment. — Several of our ministers dissolve their pastoral connections this spring. Rev. Mr. Forbes of West Bridgewater has closed his ministry in that place. — Rev. Mr. Williams has resigned his charge of the congregation in Wayland. — Rev. Mr. Sears, after in vain seeking restoration to health, has been compelled to close his ministry at Lancaster. — Rev. Mr. Edes has resigned his connection with the church in Bolton. — Rev. Mr. Wight has decided to leave Dennis. — Rev. Mr. Stone will leave the people in Brewster on the first of June. — Rev. Mr. Harrington of Albany, N. Y., has relinquished his charge of the congregation in that city. — Rev. Mr. Stone of Beverly has dissolved his connection with the society which he has faithfully served for many years, that he may take charge of the ministry-at-large in Providence, R. I.; from which Rev. Mr. Babcock has retired.

In contrast with the habit of the times to which we have adverted, it is pleasant to notice such a celebration as was held at Brookline, March 15, 1847, on the close of the *fiftieth* year of Rev. Dr. Pierce's ministry in that place. Religious services were attended in the Congregational meetinghouse, where Dr. Pierce delivered an historical discourse, and prayers were offered by Rev. Mr. Haven, pastor of the Harvard (Trinitarian) Church, and Rev. Mr. Shailer, pastor of the Baptist Church in Brookline, and Rev. Dr. Gray of Roxbury, and appropriate original hymns were sung; after which a collation was provided in the townhall, where addresses were made by different gentlemen of the clergy and laity present, and valuable expressions of the regard of his friends were presented to Dr. Pierce.

The congregation worshipping in the church of the Divine Unity (First Unitarian church) in the city of New York have recently made an effort highly honorable to themselves, by which they have raised among their own number the sum of $ 23,000 for the payment of the debt occasioned by the building of their present church; which, although it cost nearly $ 90,000, is now free from all incumbrance excepting a

loan for the purchase of the land on which the house stands, the interest of which is paid from the annual receipts of the society. — The Church of the Disciples in Boston have purchased a site on which they will proceed immediately to erect a meetinghouse, — on Beacon, near Tremont, Street. The house will be a plain but neat structure, placed back from the street, and approached through a deep porch or vestibule. — The congregation gathered in this city by Rev. Mr. Fox, under the title of "The Church of the Warren Street Chapel," have purchased a piece of ground on Indiana Place, fronting Washington Street, on which they propose to erect a house of worship. — The Unitarian society in Norwich, Conn., are making efforts to obtain means for the erection of a meetinghouse, the hall in which they now hold their worship being on many accounts unsuitable. — The "Church of the Pilgrims" in Lowell also wish to erect a meetinghouse as soon as possible. — The society in Haverhill are making arrangements to rebuild their church lately destroyed by fire.

Benevolent Fraternity of Churches. — The thirteenth anniversary of this institution was celebrated in the Federal Street meetinghouse in Boston, April 8, 1847. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Parkman, Henry B. Rogers, Esq., the President of the Fraternity, made some introductory remarks on the character and claims of the ministry-at-large. The Annual Report was then read by the Secretary, Rev. Mr. Waterston, embracing extracts from the semiannual reports of the ministers appointed by the Executive Committee, — Rev. Andrew Bigelow, D. D., Rev. Warren Burton, Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, Rev. Samuel H. Winkley, and Rev. William Ware, — and also from the semiannual report of Rev. Charles F. Barnard, minister of the Warren Street chapel. These reports showed both the great need and the great usefulness of such a ministry as is maintained by the Benevolent Fraternity. Addresses were then made by Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop of Boston, and Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, and after a few remarks from Benjamin Seaver, Esq., the meeting was dissolved.

The officers of the Fraternity for the year 1847–48 were chosen at the first meeting of the new Board, April 18, viz.: — Henry B. Rogers, Esq., *President;* Rev. Robert C. Waterston, *Secretary;* Benjamin Seaver, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop and Abiel Chandler, Esq., with the President, Secretary, and Treasurer, *ex officio*, Executive Committee.

The friends of this institution may be congratulated on the increase of its efficiency. Two ministers have been added to the number engaged in its service at the commencement of the last year. The Pitts Street and Suffolk Street chapels are under the special care of Messrs. Cruft and Winkley, while Dr. Bigelow and Messrs. Burton and Ware devote themselves more particularly to visiting among the poor. The expenses of the Fraternity are necessarily increased. They will probably the next year exceed $6,000, which can easily be raised by promptitude and a moderate liberality on the part of the Branches.

The anniversary of the Warren Street Chapel Association was celebrated on Sunday evening, April 18, 1847. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Bartol, the Annual Report was read by Rev. Mr. Barnard, the minister of the chapel, and remarks were made by Charles G. Loring, Esq., who presided, Hon. James Savage, and Rev. Henry Giles.

Religious Denominations in Boston. — The valuable "Report" made by Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, on presenting the tabular results of the late census of the inhabitants of Boston, — in which we find a large amount of information carefully digested, — offers, under the head of "Moral and Religious Institutions," some facts in regard to the amount of provision for the religious instruction of the people, and the relative strength of the different religious denominations, which may interest our readers.

"*Church Accommodation.* The subjoined table shows, for each denomination, in alphabetical order, the number of societies, the number of churches, their aggregate cost, the extent of their accommodations, and also of the other places of worship. The original cost of the churches was ascertained, when practicable; and when it was not, the value was estimated.

Denomination.	Societies.	Churches	Cost of Churches.	Seats.	Halls.	Seats.	Total Accomm'n.
Baptist,	12	10	$ 393,000	10,500	2	630	11,130
Catholic,	7	7	400,000	8,400			8,400
Episcopalian,	10	6	287,000	4,950	4	1,150	6,100
Methodist,	10	9	152,500	6,300	1	1,000	7,300
Orthodox,	14	11	685,500	11,549	3	1,600	13,149
Unitarian,	21	18	823,500	15,975	3	2,000	17,975
Universalist,	8	6	130,000	4,720	2	800	5,520
Others,	17	11	375,000	11,600	6	3,000	14,600
Total,	99	78	$ 3,246,500	73,994	21	10,180	84,174

"There are several religious denominations which have only one or two societies each. Concerning some of them we were unable to procure satisfactory information. Of these, there is one New Jerusalem, which has built an elegant church in Bowdoin Street; two Christian; two Freewill Baptist; one German Evangelical; one German Lutheran; and one Mormon. There is also a Quaker meetinghouse, but there are few, if any, Quakers in Boston. These are classed in the table under the name of others.

"*Expenses of Public Worship.* The following table shows the number of clergymen, the amount of their salaries, what is paid for music and the contingent expenses of public worship, and also the total expenditures.

Denomination.	No. of Clergymen.	Salaries.	Music.	Contingent	Total.
Baptist,	11	$ 13,500	$ 2,850	$ 4,875	$ 21,225
Episcopalian,	9	14,400	3,335	5,020	22,755
Methodist,	10	7,731	1,667	5,477	14,875
Orthodox,	14	22,600	6,100	10,825	39,525
Unitarian,	22	35,720	10,262	12,452	58,434
Universalist,	9	8,300	1,760	3,952	14,012
Total,	75	$ 102,251	$ 25,974	$ 42,601	$ 170,826

"Several of the societies have two clergymen each. The annual salaries paid to individual clergymen vary from $ 3,000 (the highest) to $ 300 (the lowest). There are twelve Catholic clergymen in Boston, some of whom are not paid stated salaries, but depend upon transient collections, and fees for baptisms and marriages. The amount of the expenses of their worship cannot therefore be stated. It may be safely estimated that the

whole amount annually paid in Boston, on account of religious worship, is not less than $ 200,000.

"*Population of each Denomination.* ..... In the subjoined statement we have endeavoured, from the best information we possess, and by a comparison of all the facts, to classify the whole population of the city. The numbers given of some denominations may vary somewhat from this estimate, but they would on the whole, we think, be a near approach to an actual enumeration. The table shows the number of communicants in the churches, and the proportion they bear to the whole population.

Denomination.	Population.	Members of Churches.	Proportion per cent. to whole Population.	
			Population.	Church Mem.
Baptist,	10,500	3,833	9.18	3.35
Catholic,	30,000		26.23	
Episcopalian,	6,000	1,631	5.25	1.42
Methodist,	8,000	2,331	6.99	2.03
Orthodox,	14,500	4,830	12.68	4.22
Unitarian,	18,000	2,810	15.74	2.45
Universalist,	6,000	1,428	5.25	1.24
Unclassified,	6,000		5.25	
Residue,	15,366		13.43	
Total,	114,366		100.00	

The results which these tables present are certainly creditable to our city. In a population of 114,366 persons, ninety-nine places of public worship were open on the Lord's day, (the number both of the population and of the religious societies has since increased,) affording accommodation to 84,174 persons. If we exclude young children, and aged and infirm persons, who cannot attend public worship, it appears that, so far as the capacity of the buildings is concerned, ample provision is made for the religious instruction of the people. One of the most curious items exhibited in these tables is that which shows the expense of the *music* in the Unitarian churches to exceed $ 10,000 a year. In the different societies, this charge varies even more than the salaries of the ministers, in some cases exceeding $ 1,000, in others probably not entering at all into the amount of annual congregational expense. The salaries of the clergymen, it will be seen, are highest in the "Orthodox" and Unitarian societies, averaging in each of these denominations about $ 1,600.

Roman Catholic Church. — As many persons are seriously alarmed at the growth of the Romish Church in this country, and others err on the other extreme of unconcern about the increase of a Communion whose fundamental principles are hostile, as we conceive, to the cause of Christian truth and liberty, our readers may be glad to have before them some "statistics" derived from "official information," and evidently free from exaggeration. We take them from the "United States Catholic Magazine and Monthly Review," which borrows them from the "Metropolitan Catholic Almanac" for 1847, published in Baltimore.

"*Statistics of Catholicity in the United States.*

Dioceses.	Churches.	Other Stations.	Clergymen.	Dioceses.	Churches.	Other Stations.	Clergymen.
Baltimore,	63	20	84	Nashville,	6	20	7
New Orleans,	48		60	Natchez,	5	16	4
Louisville,	43	75	40	Pittsburg,	57		34
Boston,	38	15	46	Little Rock,	6	10	7
Philadelphia,	71		58	Chicago,	40	60	41
New York,	120	100	124	Hartford,	8	14	9
Charleston,	21	50	20	Milwaukie,	31	34	29
Richmond,	13	12	11	Vicar. of Texas,	10	17	13
Cincinnati,	70	50	77	Oregon City, Walla Walla, & 3 Suff. Sees,	15		26
St. Louis,	43	25	80				
Mobile,	12	30	20				
Detroit,	28	20	24				
Vincennes,	51		41		812	577	864
Dubuque,	13	9	8				

"From the preceding statements, it will be perceived that, in the territory of the United States, there are 2 archbishops, 23 bishops, 1 vicar apostolic, 834 priests, and 812 churches; whence it follows, that, during the past year, there has been an accession of 98 to the number of priests, and 72 additional churches have been erected or dedicated to the worship of God.

"By comparing the statistics of this year with those of 1837, we find that, during the last ten years, the number of *dioceses* has doubled itself, and also the number of *bishops*, not counting the coadjutors of each period. Within the same time, the number of *priests* has been more than doubled, and that of *churches* has been nearly tripled, the ratio in the former case being almost 9 to 4, and the latter 27 to 10. The annexed figures will show this remarkable increase more clearly: —

	1837.	1847.
"Dioceses,	13	26 and 1 Vic. Apost.
Bishops,	12, Coad. 4	24, Coad. 2
Priests,	373	834
Churches,	300	812

"The number of bishops and dioceses would be still greater were we to include the nominations made by the fathers of the Sixth Provincial Council, the confirmation of which by the Holy See is daily looked for."

From the "Almanac," which is now before us, we also learn, that in the United States there are 21 "Ecclesiastical Institutions," with 244 "Clerical Students," 13 "Male Religious Institutions," 24 "Literary Institutions for Young Men," 43 "Female Religious Institutions," 66 "Female Academies," and 88 "Charitable Institutions." Of the "literary institutions for young men, only thirteen are colleges properly organized; the rest are establishments of a minor order." "There are fourteen periodicals devoted to the interests of the Church"; twelve weeklies, one monthly, and one quarterly. Two of the weekly papers are German, and one French."

The number of the Catholic population in the United States cannot be accurately ascertained, for the want of sufficient returns from all the dioceses. In eighteen of the dioceses the number is estimated, on what are presumed to be proper data, at 927,700; and if to this estimate "we add the supposed number of Catholics in the remaining dioceses, we shall have 1,173,700."

In Mr. Shattuck's Report, embracing the census of Boston for 1845, from which we have quoted in the previous article, the number of Cath-

olics in this city is estimated at 30,000, or more than one quarter of the whole population. This is a larger proportion than we should have allowed, and the estimate is confessedly founded on imperfect information; but Mr. Shattuck offers some strong reasons for regarding it as nearly correct, and in a recent Catholic publication the Catholics in Boston are rated as high as 35,000. The whole number in the *diocese* of Boston, however, which includes the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, is only computed to be 75,000.

Conversions to the Roman Catholic faith among the clergy of the Established Church in England continue, and several persons of influence among the laity of both sexes have followed their example. The latest account which we have seen, entitled to credit, states that "the number of clergy who have joined the Church of Rome during the last eighteen months is about seventy; the converts from the middle and upper ranks of the laity considerably exceed that number." Against this defection from Protestantism may be set the reports of many instances of renunciation of their hereditary faith by Catholics in Ireland, and the disposition manifested by individuals, and in some cases by communities, in the Catholic countries of Europe to receive Protestant teachers; besides the actual secession from the Papal Church by the adherents of Ronge and Czerski, which we confess we think of little importance except as an indication of the temper of the times. So far as the number of those who have attached themselves to these reformers might be taken as an element of hope, it is, in comparison with the whole Catholic population of the Continent, too insignificant to be regarded.

The new Pope has not fulfilled all the promise of his first official acts. In some respects an enlightened man, and more liberal and far-sighted than his immediate predecessor, he is quite as strenuous a champion of Papal authority, and as ready to perpetuate ecclesiastical abuses. His liberality belongs, we suspect, exclusively to his position as a civil ruler. He has issued, in due time after his accession to the Papal chair, two documents, neither of which is suited to create a high estimation of his literary or intellectual character. One is an "Encyclical Letter" to all the prelates of his Church, written without any vigor of style or force of thought, abounding with quotations from the fathers, and betraying the usual impotent jealousy of Protestant heresies and associations. The other is a more remarkable paper, "announcing to the Catholic universe an Indulgence in the form of a Jubilee," worthy of the age of Tetzel. "Imitating the example which his predecessors have given in the commencement of other pontificates," he "gives and accords a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins to all and every one of the faithful of both sexes dwelling" in Rome, from the 6th to the 27th of December, "who shall twice visit, during these three weeks," three, or one of three, specified churches, "shall there pray with devotion during some space of time, shall fast on the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of one of these three weeks, and during this period shall confess their sins and shall receive with respect the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, and shall give some alms to the poor, each one according to his devotion"; and to persons residing out of Rome, or travelling by sea or land, the same indulgence on very similar conditions. Permission is also given to the faithful to choose for themselves a confessor, who "may absolve and loose them *in foro conscientiæ*, and for this time only,"

not only from ecclesiastical censures, but "also *from all sins, excesses, crimes, and faults, however serious and enormous they may be.*" This, as we should construe it, is broad enough for all purposes, good or bad, for which it may be needed. With such documents before us, — in one of which Mr. Brownson tells us, with an impiety of reverence that is truly admirable, that "God himself speaks by his vicegerent on earth," (and we presume he would say the same of both, for he is not a man to be afraid of logical or moral consequences,) — we doubt if the Church of Rome is likely to enter on a reformation of either doctrine or practice under Pope Pius IX.

Brownson's Quarterly Review. — Our mention of Mr. Brownson reminds us that we have not taken such notice of his zeal in behalf of "the Church" (the Episcopalians dispute with him the monopoly of that name, however) as he may have expected. He is evidently desirous to draw his Protestant neighbours, one and all, into controversy, and ourselves among the rest. We have no intention of entering into a passage of arms with our former friend, the present champion of ultra Catholicism. Of Mr. Brownson's sincerity we have never entertained a doubt, whether he threw himself, with all the ardor of his impassioned nature, into the extreme right, or left, or centre of the Christian body. We confess that the frequency and earnestness of his protestations begin to create in our minds a suspicion that his allegiance to the Church is not as *whole-hearted* as it was at first. He writes like a man who is trying to satisfy himself, by the vehemence of his own declarations, that he has no doubt on the subject. One thing we give him all credit for, — his fearless consistency in maintaining the legitimate deductions from Catholic principles. When he affirms, that "no man has the right to be of any religion but the Catholic, and no one can be acceptable to God or gain heaven unless he is a true, firm, sincere, conscientious Roman Catholic," though we cannot subscribe to his opinion that "the Catholic is no bigot, never uncharitable," only "exclusive," we apply to him his own words, — "We like the man of strong convictions, who has the courage to act up" — and write up — "to his convictions." We wince, perhaps, at being called "heretics" in every article and on every page, in something, too, of the tone with which we can imagine an Inquisitor to have uttered the word, and we involuntarily start when we come upon a passage speaking of a consummation which shall take place "under God and the intercession of his Holy Mother"; but we remember that Mr. Brownson never stops half way, and we thank him for showing the people the true character of the Catholic faith. This, we believe, is a service which his Review is doing, for which we ought to be grateful. We know of nothing in the English language better suited than this journal to convince an intelligent Protestant of the utter destruction which the prevalence of Catholic principles must work to all freedom, political or religious. So long as he shall write with the same frankness which has marked his past articles in defence of the Papal pretensions, we shall esteem "Brownson's Quarterly Review" a valuable coadjutor in enlightening the public mind upon the dangers with which religious liberty is threatened in this country.

One word of advice we venture to give, which it would not surprise us to learn that he had already received from nearer friends. Let him

say less about himself. His egotism grows wearisome, and not only offends good taste, but weakens the impression which a more infrequent allusion to his own experience might leave. Mr. Brownson should avoid this fault, both as a writer and a partisan. His style is, almost beyond example among our journalists, at once clear and nervous; his thought, strong and intelligible. Grant him his premises, and he reasons admirably. His illustrations are both easy and felicitous, — as when he says, in a paragraph now lying under our eye, that "Dr. Pusey's notions approach no nearer to Catholicity than the vegetable oyster does to the animal," — a sentence which one would remember for its point, even if he questioned its truth. But his repeated allusions to his own history, and the intensity of his expressions of reverence for the Papal authority, are at least rhetorical mistakes. They amuse rather than impress us. The prominence given to the individual is just so much deduction from the force which his reasoning or his appeals might have with his readers.

Ordinations and Installations. — Rev. Octavius Brooks Frothingham, of Boston, a recent graduate from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor of the North Church in Salem, Mass., March 10, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Frothingham of Boston, from 2 Timothy ii. 15; the Prayer of Ordination was offered by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; the Charge was given by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Flint, and Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Salem.

Rev. Leonard Jarvis Livermore, who graduated from the Cambridge Divinity School the last summer, was ordained as Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in East Boston, Mass., March 24, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, from Hebrews x. 23–25; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Adams of Templeton; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Ware of Cambridge, and Coolidge of Boston.

Rev. George T. Hill, of Albany, N. Y., lately a member of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Hubbardston, Mass., April 14, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Harrington of Albany, N. Y., from John xvii. 17; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Bond of Barre, Bradford of Bridgewater, and Adams of Templeton.

Rev. Farrington McIntire of Fitchburg, a graduate of the last class from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as minister of the Unitarian Congregational Church and Society in Brattleboro', Vt., April 15, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, from Acts vi. 10; the Prayer of Ordination was offered by Rev. Mr. Brown of Brattleboro', former pastor of the church; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston; the Right Hand of

Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Moore of Deerfield; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H.; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Everett of Northfield, Bridge of Bernardston, and Willis of Walpole, N. H.

Error. — The date of Rev. Mr. Adams's ordination at Templeton, given in the last number of the Examiner, should have been January 13.

Dedication. — The Lee Street Church in Cambridge, Mass., was dedicated to its appropriate uses, March 25, 1847. The Sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Muzzey, from Isaiah lvi. 7; the Dedicatory Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; an Address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Hall of Dorchester, and Robbins of Boston.

OBITUARY.

Rev. Zephaniah Willis died at Kingston, Mass., March 6, 1847, aged 90 years.

Mr. Willis was born in Bridgewater, February 24, 1757. He first entered Yale College in 1774; but, after passing two years in that institution, he went to Cambridge, and graduated there in the class of 1778. He devoted a few months to teaching, in Quincy and in Sherburne, and then, after the custom of that day, read theology for a brief time, under the nominal direction of Rev. Mr. Reed of Bridgewater. As early as March, 1780, one year and a half only after leaving college, he began to preach to the parish in Kingston, and in May received a unanimous call to become their minister. He did not preach to any other society, but he was not ordained until October 18, 1780. He retained the sole charge of the congregation until 1828, a period of forty-eight years. An arrangement was then made, by which he entirely withdrew from the active duties of the ministry, although there was no formal dissolution of his connection with the society. From that period he remained in retirement, devoting himself in the summer to gardening, in which he was particularly distinguished, and which had become one of his greatest pleasures, and passing his leisure hours in reading and the offices of hospitality until his death.

Many years have passed since Mr. Willis relinquished the labors of the ministry, and it is not easy, at this day, to estimate his service justly. He had a reputation for classical attainments in early life. He was a man of sound sense, and discriminating in his judgments. His style was direct and clear. But he was probably never distinguished as a preacher, even in his own day. His influence must have been the result of his general character, rather than the effect of any strong impressions from his pulpit services; and in his character there were elements of power. He was, naturally, extremely diffident and self-distrustful; and this diffidence was increased by his consciousness, as he would have expressed it, of the inadequacy of his preparation for his work. No experience ever removed it; and it crippled many of his efforts. Still, his

manly good sense, his conscientiousness, and his wonderful prudence secured a universal confidence and respect, and gave him an enduring influence. His forbearance and prudence were constantly manifested. No word from him ever increased the excitements of the trying seasons of his ministry. And when he relinquished its active service, although he had a strong desire to complete his half-century, he did not express his wish, — only saying, "It is better for one to suffer for the parish, than for the parish to suffer for one," — and joined in all the arrangements for the settlement of another with entire good-will. He was a model, too, in his relations to his several successors; kind and gentle in all his judgments; never censuring, and ever most ready to commend.

It would not be possible, perhaps, to state his precise religious views. He did not agree, probably, with modern Unitarians in all respects. His faith in relation to Jesus was once thus expressed, in his own nervous language, — "That he was infinitely higher than the highest archangel, and infinitely less than God." But he never preached a doctrinal sermon. He was remarkable for his entire liberality. He utterly rejected all spiritual domination. In 1782, a Confession of Faith was drawn up for the church, to satisfy some of its members; but, although it was expressed in the most liberal form, Mr. Willis felt bound to record his distinct protest against the principle involved in every such instrument. And to that freedom he was always true.

He lived to an extreme age, yet his faculties remained unimpaired to an unusual degree. For three years he had been the last survivor of his class. He was deeply affected when he found himself left thus as the last of his early companions. He has gone to join them now. His life was passed in peace. And when he was borne to the grave, the serenity upon his countenance seemed to say, that he had gone indeed to his rest. B.

Rev. George Moore died at Quincy, Ill., March 11, 1847, aged 35 years.

For more than six years Mr. Moore had been the pastor of the Unitarian or Second Congregational church and society in Quincy. He may be said to have been the founder of that society, having been its first pastor, and been associated with all its interests, trials, and growth from its infancy. From a handful of disconnected worshippers it has grown into a united, devoted, and increasing congregation. In the words of a notice of him in a Quincy paper, — "To his little flock his loss may almost be termed irreparable. The spiritual teacher and the loving friend — whose presence was sure to bring cheerfulness into the fireside circle, and consolation to the couch of pain — is gone from them for ever! But they are not the only mourners. The sufferers in prison, in poverty, in affliction, will long cherish the blessed memory of him who so often visited them, and ministered to their wants, both of body and of mind." This was the reputation he had earned among those not of his society. An eminent physician of Quincy, of another denomination, once said, that there was no man whom he so often met at the sick-bed of the friendless poor as Mr. Moore. He had also triumphed over a strong prejudice against the peculiar form of faith which he held, by the force of his Christian character. The severe tone of remark, and the repulsive spirit which pained him in the early part of his ministry,

had given place to a general respect, and in many instances to a cordial sympathy. This was manifested in his last illness and at his funeral by members of other denominations in visiting him, in offering their churches, and in uniting in the funeral services, — presenting a beautiful example of Christian liberality.

Under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, and of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America," Mr. Moore had done much missionary labor in the West. He has proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ, in many a log cabin, to the rude pioneers of the West, who had walked miles over the prairie, to hear what to them was so rare and so precious. He has then lain cheerfully down on their beds of straw, and seen the stars of heaven through the openings in the roof. He has distributed a large amount of books and tracts, and planted seeds of holiness, and awakened trains of thought and spiritual aspiration, that, like the seed of the husbandman, shall bring forth a blessed harvest, while he is sleeping in his grave.

He was born in Concord, Mass., near the spot where the Revolutionary struggle commenced, on the 4th of May, 1811. His childhood was remarkable for nothing except obedience to his parents, a love of home, and great gentleness and purity. Although not forward in the development of his powers, he had a deep-seated love of improvement, and when told by his father that he had decided not to send him to college, he replied, — "I shall comply with your wishes until I am of age, but then I shall certainly go." His father then sent him. He graduated at Harvard in 1834, with a spotless character, and a good standing as a scholar. He taught one or two years in Plymouth, and graduated at the Divinity School in Cambridge in 1839. He preached with success in several parishes, and there were indications that he might receive a call from one or two large congregations. But a year or two previous he had made a journey through the West with his brother, and seeing the great spiritual wants of that region, like Paul at Athens, "his spirit was stirred within him," and he made an inward consecration of himself to this work, at the sacrifice of long-cherished plans of happiness amidst the scenes and institutions and friends of New England. Having selected Quincy as the scene of his labors, he was ordained as an evangelist, November 4, 1840, in the old church in Concord, in which service his venerable and beloved pastor, Dr. Ripley, then in his eighty-eighth year, took part. In the same month he went to Quincy, where, in spite of the continued allurements of home, and renewed temptations held out to him by two or three societies in New England, he labored on from the smallest beginnings, with the faith, the patience, and the cheerfulness of a martyr. He is one of the best examples our denomination has afforded of the true Christian missionary. With the most practical talents, with a deep moral and spiritual nature, with a thorough culture, intellectual and spiritual, he sacrificed every worldly wish, and devoted his life to Christ and the church, to God, and his fellow-men. And the results were such as to encourage all to go and do likewise. As Unitarians, as Christians, as philanthropists, we all owe him a debt of gratitude. May the same spirit actuate others, until all the most arduous places in the church are as nobly and faithfully filled!

F.

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NEW YORK: C. S. FRANCIS & CO.

LONDON: JOHN CHAPMAN, 121 NEWGATE STREET.

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